This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 00934785 1

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Fighting
VWA

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TAP 1927
INDEXED

Vol. IV. No. 1. April, 1927

The FIGHTING FORCES

V. 4.
Apr. 1927
Jan. 1928
UWA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

GALE & POLDEN, LIMITED
LONDON, ALDERSHOT & PORTSMOUTH

Price Five Shillings (Net)

Digitized by Google

PRUDENTIAL BONUS INCREASED

THE Directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., have declared in respect of the year 1926 an increased Reversionary Bonus payable on all participating Policies in the Ordinary (Life) Branch of the Company.

The new rate of Bonus is

£2 4s. 0d.
PER CENT.

This represents an addition of £22 to the amount of every £1,000 (with-profit) Prudential life policy.

To young men who assure their lives before age 28, this represents more than the amount of the annual premium for a whole life with-profit policy. Or, put in another way, the representatives of the man who assures in the Prudential before age 28 will, assuming this rate of bonus be maintained, *receive* £1,000 *in addition to* the amount paid by way of premium.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Representatives everywhere *Mention this magazine*

P.P. 107

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

MODERN WARFARE: AEROPLANE DROPPING WHITE PHOSPHOROUS BOMB OVER A BATTLESHIP ... ... *Frontispiece*

PAGE

EDITORIAL 1

REVIEW: "THE WORLD CRISIS" 15

CO-ORDINATION OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES. By Lieut.-Comdr. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P. 22

TACTICS AND MECHANIZATION. By Colonel J. F. C. FULLER, C.B.E., D.S.O. 29

COMBINED SERVICES (By courtesy of the Editor of "The Aeroplane") 39

NAVAL GRUMBLES 48

"THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S NATURAL AERODROME" (Part I) ... 56

THE 40TH DIVISION, U.S. ARMY. By Lieut.-Colonel J. M. SCAMMELL, U.S. Army 62

A WEAPON OF OPPORTUNITY (Short Story). By "COTSWOLD" 68

DARTMOUTH OR A DUCAL DREAM? By Lieut.-Commander W. N. BARSTOW, R.N. 78

NOTES ON MAROCCAN METHODS OF FIGHTING. By Commandant LAMBERT, Régiment 21e d'Infanterie 87

THE LOST TROUT (Short Story). By "VIVE LE SPORT" ... 92

EARLY BRITISH WAR MEDALS. By "NOMAD" 95

THE PHANTOM DHOW (Short Story). By "SCOBER" 106

SERVICE STATIONS: (6) CATTERICK CAMP. By Major H. A. J. PARSONS, M.C., Royal Signals 115

A RECORD OF SERVICE: THE STORY OF GHULAM MOHAMMED, BEARER. By C. A. L. BROWNLOW 120

THE BARREN HILLS (Short Story). By DONALD ANDERSON ... 123

TOMMY ATKINS. By R.Q.M.S. BRASINGTON, 1st Bn. Gloucestershire Regiment 136

WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED: (10) KENYA, AS SEEN BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE. By "A. B." 138

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE EX-REGULAR. By Sergeant C. HALLIDAY, 2nd Bn. The Leicestershire Regiment 143

THE BOOKSHELF 147

GALE & POLDEN, LTD., LONDON, ALDERSHOT AND PORTSMOUTH

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Digitized by Google

P&O

CRUISES, 1927.

The new twin screw, oil-burning s.s. "RANCHI," 16,000 tons gross register, is one of the most luxurious vessels in the P. & O. Company's fleet and therefore one of the most luxurious afloat. This year she will make

THREE SPRING-TIME CRUISES FROM LONDON:

May 6—SICILY, VENICE and the COAST OF DALMATIA. 27 Days; Fares from 45 Guineas.

June 3—LISBON, the BALEARIC Is., CORSICA, SARDINIA, &c. 17 Days; Fares from 27 Guineas.

June 21—The AZORES, MADEIRA, the CANARY Is., MOROCCO, &c. 17 Days; Fares from 27 Guineas.

Pictorial Brochures, "P. & O. Spring Cruises," and "The Book of the Ranchi," on application as below.

SUMMER CRUISES:

July 9 and July 23—THE FJORDS OF NORWAY. 13 Days; Fares from 20 Gs.
Aug. 6—NORWAY and the NORTHERN CAPITALS. 19 Days; Fares from 30 Gs.
Aug. 26—THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN. 14 Days; Fares from 21 Gs.
Sept. 10—CYPRUS, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c. 28 Days; Fares from 48 Gs.

Pictorial Brochures, "P. & O. Cruises," and "The Book of the Ranchi," on application as below.

P. & O. Short Sea Voyages: Gibraltar, Tangier, Marseilles, Algiers, Egypt, Port Sudan.

Handbook and Sailings on application.

For Handbooks, Cabin Plans, and all information apply:
P. & O. Chief Passenger Office (F. H. Grosvenor, Manager),
14, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA LINES

Under Contract with His Majesty's Government.

Regular Mail, Passenger and Freight Service.

TICKETS INTERCHANGEABLE.

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL SAILINGS.

From **London and Marseilles** to **Gibraltar, Egypt, Aden** and **Bombay** every week; to **Colombo, Straits, China, Japan** and **Australasia** fortnightly. From **London** to **Malta** and **Calcutta** fortnightly; **Port Sudan** direct, 4-weekly service, by Australian Mail Steamers.

P. & O. Australian Tickets interchangeable one way by New Zealand Shipping Company (via Panama) or by Orient Line.

BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS.

From **London** (R.A. Dock). To **Calcutta**, fortnightly, via Suez, Colombo and Madras, with connections: *Red Sea Ports, via Aden; Mauritius and Malabar Coast, via Colombo; Northern Coast Ports, Rangoon, Penang, Malay Ports and Singapore, via Madras; Arracan Ports, Rangoon, Moulmein and Straits, via Calcutta.* To **Brisbane, Rockhampton, Townsville,** and **Cairns,** direct, 4-weekly. To **Bombay** and **Karachi,** transhipping for **Persian Gulf,** fortnightly. To **East Africa** (*Beira*), via Marseilles, Suez, Port Sudan, Aden, Mombasa and Zanzibar, 4-weekly.

Chief Passenger Office P. & O. and B.I. Companies:
14 COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1. (F. H. GROSVENOR, Mangr.)
Freight or General Business: P. & O. & B.I. Offices, 122 Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, Gray, Dawes & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
373332A
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1928 L

The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. IV APRIL, 1927 No. 1

EDITORIAL

The Past Quarter.

Service events during the past quarter have been almost spectacular. First the dispatch of our armed forces to Shanghai, then the publication of Vol. III of Mr. Winston Churchill's *World Crisis*, which has created and is still creating a very considerable stir in naval and military circles. We deal with this very remarkable book elsewhere in the Editorial and in a special article. Mr. Churchill's versatility has placed us in the somewhat difficult position of agreeing wholeheartedly with most of his military criticisms and disagreeing almost equally strongly with his views on Jutland. And finally the Estimates. Considered individually, the Estimates, with the exception of the Territorial reductions and the cost of the Admiralty Office, call for little adverse criticism; on the other hand, the lack of any co-ordination in their preparation and the need for still closer co-operation between the heads and staffs of the three Services are two factors which have received little attention, and which the nation from no single point of view can afford to see indefinitely postponed. To revert to Shanghai, the Chinese problem as we see it through the medium of the Press presents a confused picture, but this clears if we bear in mind certain ruling factors that govern the actions of the various groups and parties. First, both the Chinese leaders and their followers are out for personal profit, and the richest prize in China is Shanghai. Secondly, movement is restricted either to the railways or

Digitized by Google

to the rivers, for roads do not exist. Thirdly, the population is varied in type and is not one homogeneous block of people. When the Chinese rid themselves of their Emperor, they cast aside the only real unifying force in the land. The prospect of their again becoming united is remote. The only force that may achieve this end is that of the sword, but, if the Chinaman is an artist at cutting off heads individually, the sword in the metaphoric sense is of the paper pattern type and is not likely to lead to decisive results.

Much stress is laid on Bolshevist propaganda among the Chinese. While it would be wrong to minimize this evil agency, yet the Bolshevist makes one fundamental mistake—he does not tell the truth. Now for propaganda to be successful in the long run, it must be true.

Since the Cantonese occupation of Shanghai the presence of our troops has been more than ever abundantly justified, and despite all the chaotic and fantastic happenings in and around the city, it is probable that our imperturbable sailors, soldiers and airmen will be the main factor in restoring order out of anarchy.

* * *

Naval Estimates.

Commonplace best describes the Naval Estimates for 1927-28 and the greater part of the First Lord's explanatory statement. New construction is scheduled in accordance with the five years' programme agreed to by the Government after the heated contest between the new Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Board of Admiralty in 1925; but ships due to be laid down will be delayed until late in the year, when the results of the forthcoming naval conference may be known. This seems to be rather in the nature of a political gesture, and is not justified by the existing strength of our cruiser force. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that our building programme is a replacement one, and does no more than keep pace with "rotting from the bottom." It is unfortunate that construction of the four new gunboats building for service in China has been held up by the coal strike, for they would be particularly valuable out there now.* Even the newest and largest river gunboats on the Yangtse are all over ten years old, and four of them saw particularly

* Since the above was written it has been announced that these four river gunboats are in process of shipment to Hong-Kong for re-erection and completion there.

Digitized by Google

hard service in North Russia. Moreover, these same four and two others completed the voyage round the North Cape and back to Eastern waters in the course of their adventurous careers—no small feat of endurance for such light craft.

The worst feature of the Estimates is the increase in cost of the Admiralty Office. It is fair to say that this is not due solely to increases on the civil side—the Secretary's Department shows a small, and the Accountant-General's Department a substantial, decrease on last year's requirements but it is the " under dog " who has suffered in the cause of economy. Charwomen and temporary clerks depart (probably to other offices in Whitehall), but the Admiralty Office remains top-heavy with superfluous seniors.

A fundamental error in principle is unblushingly published in the interleaved yellow memoranda : " The number of the civilian staff of each grade are fixed by the Treasury," we read. This is wrong ; subject to Parliamentary control of finance, it is the Board of Admiralty which should regulate the number of its employees, civil as well as naval. As things stand, my lords are clearly not masters in their own house. Sooner or later the Admiralty machine will have to be reformed. If it is done soon it may come from within ; if it is deferred, public opinion will enforce it from without.

* * *

China.

Since last quarter the fleet in the Far East has been materially strengthened. The reinforcements include no less than eight cruisers, two aircraft carriers, two flotilla leaders and sixteen destroyers, two river gunboats and a hospital ship, to say nothing of a thousand Royal Marines. The naval authorities are to be congratulated on the promptitude with which these forces were dispatched, once the Government had hardened its heart and realized, as we said in our last number, that it is the " big stick " which is most effective in dealing with the Oriental. " Sweet reasonableness " and the " Locarno spirit " he regards as being merely signs of weakness. Apart from the question of carrier-borne aircraft, as opposed to flying boats, the Fleet Air Arm, a very young branch of the Navy, may well take pride in the First Lord's statement that, except for a dozen R.A.F. observers for Army co-operation work, all the aircraft now in China are manned by personnel of that Arm.

Digitized by Google

The lawlessness following in the wake of civil war has spread to Chinese waters, where piracy is rampant. This should stir the imagination of many a boy who may have begun to think that the romance of the sea was dead.

* * *

The Naval Conference.

What object has President Coolidge in seeking a new Naval Conference, is a question which not unnaturally arises at the present moment. Ostensibly it is a well-meaning effort to assist in relieving the world of the burden of armaments. As such, our Government could scarcely have refused to take part in the meeting, and Japan has decided that she cannot afford to ignore it, but what are the practical aspects of the position? The conference is to endeavour to come to an agreement having as its object the limitation of cruisers, destroyers and submarines on the same lines as that in existence with regard to battleships and large aircraft carriers. The President is being beset by a "strong navy party," who apparently desire to see the United States Fleet raised to the 5 : 5 : 3 ratio in all classes of ships. So far as destroyers and submarines are concerned, America is already far in excess of that ratio; in number of cruisers she lags behind us and is roughly equal to Japan; but what of it? Our cruiser needs are dictated primarily by our Empire-wide commitments; our cruiser squadrons are scattered over the world and menace no one. Japan's cruiser needs are mainly confined to home defence and the security of her trade in Eastern waters. The naval forces of the United States are normally concentrated in her own waters, and their mission is almost entirely home defence. If America wishes to build a hundred cruisers, we cannot say her nay and it need not very greatly perturb us, but, equally, it will not materially affect the number of cruisers we require. It is difficult to see for what purpose America needs a large number of cruisers, or why she should seek equality in numbers with this country.

Possibly President Coolidge desires to be armed with an international agreement against his own too pressing "big navy" protagonists. As long as we do not commit ourselves to a reduction of our present total number of cruisers—just half what we had in 1914—we ought not to lose by going into this conference. Against this, the attitude of Italy and France

Digitized by Google

makes it highly improbable that any effective arrangement will be come to as regards submarines—the abolition of which we sought at the Washington Conference—so it is equally open to question whether we have anything much to gain. The size of cruisers is too technical a subject to discuss here, but may play some part in the discussions and in any agreement ultimately arrived at.

* * *

Winston's Jutland.

Although many will agree with Mr. Winston Churchill's military criticisms, naval opinion is pretty unanimous in condemning the views expressed in the latest volumes of *The World Crisis* so far as they concern sea warfare, especially his ill-balanced and frequently inaccurate account of the Battle of Jutland. In his earlier volumes he took no little credit to himself for the readiness of the Fleet for war and for the part played by the Navy while he was First Lord of the Admiralty. It is equitable that he should at least share the blame for failures. During his régime grave errors of strategy or misuse of units of the Fleet resulted in such losses as those of the three large cruisers sent to patrol the waters off the Dutch coast; of Admiral Cradock's flagship and another cruiser at Coronel; and of no less than five old battleships in the abortive attempt to force the Dardanelles. Space will not permit any detailed examination of his interpretation of the Battle of Jutland, but we can assure our readers that his misconception and decidedly prejudiced account will not go unanswered. By the time our next number appears, we have good reason to believe that a very full and effective answer will have been published; with this we shall deal in a special article. For the moment suffice it to say that Mr. Churchill has been most unfortunate in the choice of any advisers or instructors from whom he may have acquired such technical and tactical knowledge as he displays. In their general tone these chapters are similar to other strangely inspired and very biased accounts.

Behind all this business of "Jutland" lies a sordid intrigue which is gradually coming to light. Truth will out in the end, and it is to be hoped that the highest authorities in the land will follow Lord Fisher's dictum and "scrap the lot." The Navy is sick of the business, and looks for a return to the same clean and clear leadership as that which obtained

Digitized by Google

when a much-loved and respected Commander-in-Chief led the Grand Fleet into battle.

* * *

The Army Estimates.

The Army Estimates for the year 1927 stand at a total of £41,565,000, or £935,000 less than those for 1926. During the past six years a reduction of over £20,000,000 has been effected. The Secretary of State's memorandum which accompanies the Estimates is a very human document, and, despite the saving, there is certainly to be no decrease in the efficiency of the Army.

It is somewhat astonishing to find there has been no decrease in the Infantry establishment, but we understand comprehensive experiments will be made this year with the existing organization with a view to finding out the most suitable number of companies, platoons and sections in a battalion. It is to be hoped that hand in hand with these experiments, the functions of the Infantry as a whole in future warfare will be considered and an *official* pronouncement made at an early date. The number of machine guns in a battalion have been raised from eight to twelve. In this case there is not the slightest doubt that the *actual* strength of battalions at home will not allow of a machine gun platoon of twelve guns as well as four companies. The obvious solution seems to be to abolish one of the companies.

The changes in Cavalry will be drastic, but not as drastic as was generally expected. The Cavalry depot at Canterbury is to be abolished, each of the twelve regiments at home is to lose a squadron, the mechanization of First Line transport is to be carried out in stages, commencing with the six regiments comprising the 1st and 2nd Cavalry Brigades ; and, like the Infantry, the number of machine guns in each regiment is to be increased from eight to twelve.

Of the Royal Artillery, five heavy batteries at home are to be converted into medium batteries, and with the unbrigaded medium batteries at home will be organized into two medium brigades. Three heavy batteries at home are to be converted into anti-aircraft batteries and formed into a second anti-aircraft brigade. Four heavy batteries at home are to be organized into a mobile heavy brigade. Mechanized transport for all these units is to be provided gradually as funds become available.

Digitized by Google

Lost Opportunities.

Further economy in the Army Estimates could unquestionably have been attained by means of the abolition of the Barrack Department. This expensive department is in actual fact little more than a middleman. We can safely say that in the matter of allotment of barracks, equipment and furnishing of barracks, fuel, light, washing and even chimney-sweeping, units by direct dealings with Garrison Adjutants or Camp Quartermasters and with the R.A.O.C., Supply Officers, R.E., and in certain cases with contractors, could have their requirements met just as easily and more satisfactorily than through the present Barrack Department system. In our next issue we propose giving details of this suggested economy.

The continuance of the Equitation School at Weedon, in view of Cavalry reductions and increasing mechanization, seems hardly to be justified. Apart from costing something over £50,000 annually—over twice the cost of the Senior Officers' School—an exceedingly expensive building programme has been in progress for some time and is still continuing. The pre-war Cavalry, although 50 per cent. stronger, managed their equitation courses much less extravagantly, and on less ambitious lines than is the case to-day. This is equally true of the R.H.A.

* * *

The Experimental Mechanical Force.

The announcement of the formation of the Experimental Mechanical Force, which is to be assembled on Salisbury Plain under the command of Colonel J. F. C. Fuller during the present training season, is far and away the best bit of news we have had for a long time. Incidentally, this mechanical Force has obviously captured the public interest, and is prominently referred to in the Press as the " event of the military year." Generally speaking, the Secretary of State for War spoke very encouragingly about mechanization, and there is no doubt that, within the financial limits imposed, its progress will be fully maintained.

* * *

The dispatch of the Shanghai Defence Force is an example of the varied nature of the duties that the British

Digitized by Google

The Shanghai Defence Force.

Army is called upon to perform. The Great War led a good many of us to forget that the true rôle and primary object of the Regular Army is not defence against the land forces of first-class Powers, but the affording of protection to our oversea bases and scattered possessions. British interests are world-wide, and the Army never knows where it may be called upon to operate . In these days of mechanization, the large proportion of infantry in the composition of the force is of interest. This has been dictated by the nature of the task in hand being largely police work. The foot soldier is, perhaps, a better policeman than the tank, though the appearance of a tank in the main streets of Shanghai would, we think, have had an extraordinarily valuable effect. The Tank Corps will not be entirely unrepresented in Shanghai, where the 5th Armoured Car Company has already done excellent work.

Another point for comment is the selection of pack artillery. Owing to the lack of roads in China, the pack howitzer, which can be taken anywhere, has been found the most useful weapon in the artillery armoury.

Little mention has been made in the Press of the splendid way in which the reservists rejoined the Colours. It must have been hard for many of them to leave the civilian jobs into which they were settling and the little businesses they were building up. Out of all those called up, only four, we believe, failed to answer the summons. All credit is due to their loyalty.

* * *

The Territorial Bounty.

The abolition of the Territorial Bounty has aroused an immense amount of acrimony. It is not so much the abolition in itself which we deplore, for, in fact, the bounty did not exist prior to the war; it is the tactless manner in which the Territorial reductions have been announced which seems so unnecessary. We will briefly recapitulate what happened.

The Council of Territorial Associations, of which Lord Derby is chairman, is, under the War Office, the recognized administrative head of the Territorial Army, and consists of representatives from all the Territorial Associations throughout the Kingdom. On February 9th the Council held one of its ordinary quarterly meetings. On that very day the

Digitized by Google

Secretary of State for War conveyed to the Chairman, Brig.-General Sir William Bromley-Davenport (in the absence of Lord Derby), the *decisions* he had arrived at with regard to the Territorial Army reductions. These reductions involved a decrease in establishments, the abolition of the efficiency and musketry bounties, and other small economies. The Council were extremely indignant at this " bolt from the blue," involving far-reaching decisions, which they rightly felt should only have been arrived at after consultation with themselves. As one member said, " What is the good of us, if we are to be treated in this manner ? " Urged to a combativeness they might not otherwise have felt the Council forthwith appointed a Committee to deal with the Secretary of State's decisions. It was felt that the abolition of the bounty especially and the reduction of establishments in a lesser degree should be opposed tooth and nail. To cut a long story short, representatives from the Committee had an interview with the Secretary of State for War, who explained to them that he had to look beyond the requirements of the coming year only, that he intended to adhere to his decision about the bounty, but agreed to waive for the present the reductions in establishment. The Council had a further meeting on March 1st, and passed a resolution impressing on the War Department their opinion that no such momentous decision should have been promulgated without prior reference to them. And they were perfectly right. The whole matter received great prominence in the Press, and letters were written which did not hesitate to accuse the War Office of the most malignant intentions towards the Territorials. As a matter of fact, there is no question but that the War Office is absolutely sympathetic to the Territorials and fully appreciates their value, but as they invariably hide their feelings behind a curtain of silence, is it to be wondered at that they are regarded by many Associations as a hostile influence, to be treated always with the gravest suspicion. Actually a War Office representative is present at all the Territorial Council meetings, but it seems to be the rule that *he should never speak.*

That the Territorials will rise superior to all these unfortunate events and will lose neither in strength nor efficiency we, at any rate, firmly believe, more especially as it is rumoured that proficiency pay will take the place of the bounty. But we devoutly hope that a spirit of real military solidarity may

Digitized by Google

be created in the Army as a whole, Regulars and Territorials. The article "The 40th Division, U.S. Army," by Lieut.-Colonel Scammell, which appears in the present number of this Journal, is an object-lesson which is well worth attention, though it is to be noted that the United States Army has its troubles too.

* * *

Aircraft in China.

The Air Defence Force dispatched to China is composed entirely of units of the Fleet Air Arm. In addition to H.M.S. *Vindictive*, an aircraft-carrying cruiser belonging to the China Station, the aircraft carriers *Hermes* and *Argus* have both been sent out East. The Total Air Units in these ships amount to eight flights, four flights of Fairy IIID (reconnaissance) and four flights of Flycatchers (fighters).

Presumably the composition of this force was dictated by the fact that it was not possible to dispatch flying-boats, either as supplementary to or in lieu of some of the carrier-borne aircraft, on account of the small numbers available and the time it would have taken to tranship them out East.

Enthusiastic advocates of the carrier will no doubt claim that the extensive carrier-building programme which this country has indulged in has been a wise move which has been fully vindicated. We are very far from sharing this view. We would draw attention to the other side of the argument, and point out that had we paid more attention to the development of the flying-boat and established seaplane units in the more important strategic points along our sea communications—Singapore, for example—the dispatch from home waters of a large proportion of the carrier-borne aircraft would have been unjustified and uneconomical Apart from this aspect, we would stress the point that had conditions been different to what one may assume they are, and the potential enemy had possessed an efficient air force, however small, we could not have employed carriers without grave risk.

Flying-boats, besides being more suited for the work to be undertaken (and incidentally capable of employment in many directions which are impracticable to carrier aircraft), by reason of their mobility would have done the work more economically and efficiently.

Digitized by Google

A propos of the above, the Secretary of State for Air, in his covering memorandum on the Air Estimates, alludes to preparations which are in progress for the carrying out of a long-distance flight with flying-boats *with the object of developing the service air route* between India and the Far East. These boats will be got ready during 1927, and the intention is that in 1928 they should make an extensive cruise as a self-contained unit in Far Eastern waters, finally visiting some of the Australian ports.

Flying Boats.

Whilst we welcome this news, we cannot agree with the object as stated. In our opinion the object falls short of the mark. The development of the service air route between India and the Far East must be undertaken with the ultimate object of establishing flying-boat bases at strategic points along our trade routes, where they will be available for co-operating in war with naval forces for the protection of shipping.

* * *

Consideration of the Air Estimates can be confined to the following items :—

Air Estimates.

(*a*) Home Defence.
(*b*) Imperial Defence.
(*c*) Fleet Air Arm.
(*d*) Army Co-operation Units.
(*e*) Re-armament.

(*a*) *Home Defence.*—The operational units now maintained are equivalent to 63 squadrons, of which 56 are on a regular basis. The Home Defence Force consists of 28 squadrons, including 7 on a non-regular basis. More than half the original programme of 52 squadrons has thus been completed.

Of the 21 Regular Squadrons, 12 are Fighter and 9 Bombing Squadrons. It is intended to form two new Regular Squadrons and one new non-Regular Squadron during 1927.

No considerable alterations in policy are anticipated in connexion with the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces, the object being to develop progressively these adjuncts to the regular service on the lines already laid down. We are, however, of the opinion that the scheme is not one which has much to commend it. The difficulties appear insurmountable, for

Digitized by Google

until flying has become more general it cannot be expected that there will be any very great incentive to join on the part of the amateur who could only devote an hour or more a week to a task which requires constant practice before efficiency is attained.

(*b*) *Imperial Defence.*—In the sphere of Imperial Defence several important items are to be noted.

Firstly, the reduction of the Imperial Forces in Iraq, which has been rendered possible by the continued success of the Air Command, combined with the more promising political and military outlook. The Air garrison in Iraq is being reduced from 8 squadrons to 5.

In all $11\frac{1}{3}$ squadrons are at present located in Middle Eastern theatres. Six squadrons continue to be maintained in India. One of the R.A.F. squadrons in Iraq will go to Aden, which at present has only one flight; No. 45 Squadron will go to Egypt, and will there be re-formed.

(*c*) *Fleet Air Arm.*—Five new flights (equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ squadrons) are required for the complement of aircraft for H.M.S. *Courageous*. The strength of the F.A.A. will thereby be raised to the equivalent of about $11\frac{1}{2}$ squadrons. The aircraft of these squadrons, it is to be noted, are all of the land type.

No provision would appear to have been made for any expansion of flying-boat units. This, in our opinion, is to be deprecated as showing a complete lack of foresight or appreciation of our requirements in Imperial Defence generally. Our requirements in this type of aircraft are to be fulfilled, as hitherto, by the magnificent total of one flight, stationed at Calshot.

(*d*) *Army Co-operation.*—It is satisfactory to note that one new squadron is to be formed for Army Co-operation at home. This is called for by the development of Catterick as an Army Training Centre. This will bring the total of such squadrons at home to five. There remain abroad six Army Co-operation Squadrons (four in India, one in Iraq, one in Middle East).

(*e*) *Re-armament.*—We are glad to see that war stocks are on the point of exhaustion, and new types of machines and engines are increasingly coming into use, even though the inevitable result is a larger expenditure on the re-armament of squadrons. In spite of this and the projected increase of squadron strength, the vote for aeroplanes is only £42,000

Digitized by Google

more than last year; that for new engines, however, is £543,000 more.

* * *

The Secretary of State for Air and Others.

Sir Samuel Hoare's recent tour of inspection by air cannot be allowed to pass without a tribute being paid to what undoubtedly has been a very memorable flight. We are not among those who look upon the tour as mere propaganda, undertaken for the specific purpose of demonstrating the reliability and enhancing the prestige of British civil aviation. The Secretary of State for Air has done a great deal more than that. By his tour of inspection of the Royal Air Force stations abroad, he has brought himself into personal touch with an extremely important side of the service and in a manner best fitted to gain the confidence of all its members. He has seen at first hand the conditions obtaining throughout the various R.A.F. commands, and it is pleasant to note from his remarks on his return that he considered the standard of efficiency among all the R.A.F. units inspected was of a very high standard.

When Sir Samuel meets his colleagues in the Cabinet, he will do so with a wider experience and a more intimate familiarity with the problems of defence generally and air problems in particular.

The visit has, of course, afforded splendid testimony of the facilities which air travel affords, and Sir Samuel's example might well be followed by others in authority. The Secretary of State for Air was able to travel to the farthest limits of the Empire to study his departmental conundrums on the spot. The Secretary of State for War was apparently unable to get even as far as the Middlesex Guildhall to consult with the Council of Territorial Associations before deciding on the Territorial reductions in the Estimates.

* * *

Union Interalliée.

Officers of the Fighting Forces will certainly be interested to learn particulars of the Club of the Union Interalliée in Paris, of which Marshal Foch is the President. It is affiliated to the leading Service Clubs in London, and members of these, as we know from experience, will always meet with a very cordial welcome at the Union. Founded during the

Digitized by Google

war for the benefit of officers of the Allied Forces, it has since developed into an association with world-wide activities. On the roll of those who have been guests of the Union are the names of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe, the British Air Mission, the Cadets of Woolwich and Sandhurst, and many others.

Members of affiliated London Clubs are made Honorary Members of the Union for a fortnight upon the production of a letter of introduction from their secretary. This period can be extended for one or two months upon payment of a reduced subscription. Honorary and temporary members of the Club have, during the validity of their respective membership, all the privileges reserved by the Union for its members. They may take lunch, tea and dinner at the Club with their friends, of both sexes ; they have the *entrée* to all receptions, concerts, theatrical performances, lectures, etc., organized by the Committee, and are allowed gratuitously in the stage box at the opera, which is reserved by the Club on Mondays. Moreover, they may enjoy the advantages of an extremely well-managed sports section at Compiégne, where they may play golf and tennis, as well as make use of the rowing Club and bathing beach.

The Club house, which is situated at No. 33 rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, a few doors from the British Embassy, was formerly the property of Baron Henri de Rothschild. The garden is over four thousand square yards in area, and its lawns stretch right down to the Champs Elysées. In winter the Club house is one of the most comfortable spots in Paris ; in summer (and summer in Paris can be very hot indeed) a seat in the garden under the shade of the tall trees or a well-chosen dinner, on the lawn, with the right companion, under the artistically arranged fairy-lamps, will make the most insular of us agree that Paris—well, Paris is Paris.

Digitized by Google

"THE WORLD CRISIS"*

" Success in war will go to that nation which best knows how to economize its man power through the use of modern weapons."

[This review of Mr. Churchill's book on the Great War only deals with the narrative on its military side. The naval aspect is dealt with in the Editorial.—EDITOR.]

MR. CHURCHILL is frequently stigmatized as an amateur and a partisan. Yet amateurs can recognize the truth and partisans never lack enthusiasm. When it is a question of preventing, or at least, mitigating in a future war, the appalling butchery which characterized the Great War, let there be no bigotry, no display of over-sensitive " Service " *amour-propre*, decrying the voice of criticism from whatever source it may come. As we grow older and the passions of the past recede, let us not be afraid to think, to learn, to acknowledge mistakes, to face the facts, however unpalatable. Thus, from the sum of all our sacrifices, out of all the mud and blood of Passchendaele, we may weave lessons of enduring value, to hand down to the generations to come.

Mr. Churchill has written a great book. What though the irrepressible ego of our Chancellor runs threaded through the pages, here we have the story of Britain's immortal hour, immortally told. We venture to think the new volumes of *The World Crisis* will remain an English classic long after controversy has died down and History's final verdict has been given. Right or wrong in his arguments and theses, dilettante soldier, impetuous statesman, as his critics call him, Mr. Churchill must command the admiration of the English-speaking world as a man of letters. Brilliant, lucid, restrained, he paints with unfaltering brush scenes that remain indelibly on our minds. The beauty of his language, the clearness of his imagery, the vividness of his colour, hold us so powerfully that it is almost a shock to find one of his innumerable memoranda thrust indecently into the pages of the epic story of the Battle of the Somme. These same memoranda may serve to prove that their author possessed more acumen than other men, but face to face

* *The World Crisis* 1916-1918. By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.

Digitized by Google

with the ordeal of our glorious, selfless youth, we can spare no thoughts for Mr. Churchill. Constant in our minds we keep the picture of those undaunted thousands, " Martyrs not less than soldiers they fulfilled the high purpose of duty with which they were imbued. The battlefields of the Somme were the graveyards of Kitchener's Army. The flower of that generous manhood which quitted peaceful civilian life in every kind of work-a-day occupation, which came at the call of Britain and, as we may still hope, at the call of humanity, and came from the most remote parts of the Empire, was shorn away for ever in 1916. Unconquerable except by death, which they had conquered, they have set up a monument of native virtue which will command the wonder, the reverence and the gratitude, of our island people as long as we endure as a nation among men."

Mr. Churchill's main outstanding theme is an indictment of the manner in which the great ally offensives of 1915, 1916, and 1917 were carried out. The justice of his criticisms of the Allied military leaders rests almost entirely on his " Blood Test," which is the title of his second chapter. Aided by convincing statistics, he marshals his figures in a masterly and, to our mind, unanswerable manner. We can only quote briefly here.

" The British War Office published in March, 1922, its *Statistics of the Military Effort of the British Empire during the Great War*. A section of this massive compilation records the comparative figures of British and German casualties on the British sector of the Western Front from February, 1915, to October, 1918, inclusive. The British figures are compiled from the official records of the War Office. The German figures have been obtained from the Federal Archives Office at Potsdam. The result of the calculation is summed up as follows :—The total number of British ' Officer ' casualties was 115,741, and of German ' Officer ' casualties 47,256. The total number of British ' Other Ranks ' casualties was 2,325,932, and of German ' Other Ranks ' casualties 1,633,140. The casualties among British ' Officers ' compared to German were, therefore, about 5 to 2, and of British ' Other Ranks ' compared to German about 3 to 2."

Our losses at the Somme were 21,974 Officers and 459,868 Other Ranks, as against a German loss of 4,879 Officers and 231,315 Other Ranks, a proportion in the case

Digitized by Google

of Officers of 4 to 1. At Passchendaele more than 5,000 officers were killed outright, an appalling figure to contemplate; over 15,000 officers were wounded, and our whole officer casualty list in the Flanders offensive as compared to the Germans was in the proportion of 3 to 1.

Until Cambrai, that is to say, during all the siege offensives the British casualties were never less than 3 to 2, and often nearly double the corresponding German loss.

In the light of these figures what becomes of the policy of attrition? The question must arise, however much we dislike to put it, or those who were responsible may dislike to hear it, was anything achieved by our armies in 1915, 1916, and 1917 worth the sacrifice that was made, or were the methods employed, viz.: the attack of the enemy nearly always at his strongest point, with no attempt at surprise, the utter disregard of the potentialities of the enemy machine guns, in short, the naive policy of merely "killing Germans," and the "doctrine of the offensive raised to the height of a religious frenzy," was it justifiable, or does it stand hopelessly and utterly condemned?

The machine gun, whether in the opening phases or in the trench warfare which ensued, was the dominating factor of the battlefield, the insurmountable obstacle which brought all Allied offensives to a pointless conclusion. Artillery, however powerful, however concentrated, could not entirely subjugate this pest, and it was not until the tank appeared in September, 1916, that our men in the front line saw a weapon capable of dealing with this deadly opponent.

Every platoon commander *knew* that it was the German machine guns which raised the odds so appallingly against him every time he went over the top. Yet the Higher Command seemed unable to learn the lesson the rank and file and regimental officers were learning at such infinite cost. If anything should have opened the eyes of G.H.Q. to the error of their methods, it was the first day of the Somme offensive, which opened on July 1st, 1916. "Night closed over the still thundering battlefield. Nearly 60,000 British soldiers had fallen, killed or wounded, or were prisoners in the hands of the enemy. This was the greatest loss and slaughter sustained in a single day in the whole history of the British Army. Of the infantry who advanced to the attack, nearly half had been overtaken by death, wounds, or capture. Against this, apart from territory, we had

Digitized by Google

gained 4,000 prisoners and a score of cannon. It needs some hardihood for Colonel Boraston to write* ' The events of July 1st . . . bore out the conclusions of the British Higher Command and amply justified the tactical methods employed.'

The 8th Division lost in little more than two hours 218 out of 300 officers and 5,274 other ranks out of 8,500 who had gone into action. By the evening of July 1st the German 180th Infantry Regiment, who were opposed to them, was again in possession of the whole of its trenches. Its losses during the day's fighting had been 8 officers and 273 soldiers killed, wounded, and missing. Only two of its three battalions had been engaged. It had not been necessary to call the reserve battalion to their aid.

Such is the power of the machine gun in the defence.

The hoped-for " break-through " at the Somme, so confidently anticipated by the Intelligence Department at G.H.Q., was not achieved, though it must readily be admitted that the moral effect on the German divisions was incontestable, an effect from which they never fully recovered. This result was due entirely to the indomitable characteristics of the British soldier and was achieved by him despite the miscalculation of the Higher Command.

The fact remains that the campaign of 1916 was from beginning to end a welter of slaughter, which after the issue was determined left the British and French armies weaker in relation to the Germans than when it opened.

It is painful to reflect that despite the lessons learned at the Somme at such hideous cost, the Passchendaele offensive in 1917 was carried out on almost exactly similar lines. Only a few tanks were used, and obviously the ground was utterly unsuited to them. Here again there was no surprise, here again the ground was all in favour of the defender, here again the strongest position of the German line was selected for attack. " The frowning undulation of the Passchendaele—Klercken Ridge had been fortified with every resource of German science and ingenuity. The ground was studded with ferro-concrete blockhouses—' Pill-Boxes ' as they were soon to be called—crammed with machine guns, lapped in barbed wire, and unpenetrable to the heaviest bombardment." It was against a defence of this

* *Sir Douglas Haig's Command*, p. 103.

Digitized by Google

nature that our unprotected infantry were asked to advance, to once more carry out the impossible. The clogging mud made it impossible to supply the British field and medium batteries with ammunition at any distance from the only road maintained in being, and they had perforce to be massed in line by its side. Of the total losses sustained by our Gunners in the Great War, nearly half were incurred at Passchendaele. "By sublime devotion and frightful losses small indentations were made upon the German front. In six weeks at the farthest point we had advanced four miles. Soon the rain descended and the vast crater field became a sea of choking fetid mud in which men, animals and tanks floundered and perished hopelessly."

On September 27th, when the attack was seen to be hopeless and every dictate of common sense and humanity called for a cessation of these futile operations, Sir William Robertson wrote to Sir Douglas Haig as follows :—

"My own views are known to you. They have always been 'defensive' in all theatres but the West. But the difficulty is to *prove* the wisdom of this now that Russia is out. I confess I stick to it more because I see nothing better, and because my instinct prompts me to stick to it, than because of any good argument by which I can support it."*

Truly, as Mr. Churchill says, "these are terrible words when used to sustain the sacrifices of nearly four hundred thousand men."

"The Passchendaele offensive had ended in mire and carnage, when suddenly there emerged from the British sector opposite Cambrai a battle totally different in character from any yet fought in the war. For the first time the mechanical method of securing surprise was effectively used. . . . a method that had been pressed upon the British Higher Command for almost exactly two years. . . .

"The success of a few tanks in a minor operation at Passchendaele, where in the Army Corps of General Maxse they were correctly employed, was probably the means of rescuing the Tank Corps from the increasing disfavour into which their engines had fallen through being so long mishandled by the British Headquarters. November 20th was the date fixed for the project. All the requisite conditions were at last accorded. The Tanks were to operate on ground not yet ploughed up by artillery, against a front not yet

* Robertson, *Soldiers and Statesmen*, Vol. II, p. 255.

Digitized by Google

prepared to meet an offensive. Above all, Surprise! The Tanks were themselves to open the attack. With a daring acceptance of responsibility, Sir Julian Byng, who commanded the Army, ordered that not a shot was to be fired by the British artillery, not even for registration, until the Tanks were actually launched. . . ."

"The attack," says the historian of the Tank Corps (Colonel Fuller) "was a stupendous success. As the Tanks moved forward with the infantry following close behind, the enemy completely lost his balance, and those who did not fly panic-stricken from the field surrendered with little or no resistance. . . . By 4 p.m. on November 20th one of the most astonishing battles in all history had been won and, as far as the Tank Corps was concerned, tactically finished, for, no reserves existing, it was not possible to do more." In the brief life of a November day the whole German trench system had been penetrated on a front of six miles, and 10,000 prisoners and 200 guns captured, without the loss of more than 1,500 British soldiers. . . ."

Cambrai was carried out with a limited objective only, no suitable preparations were made to exploit it, the Germans counter-attacked and regained nearly all the ground won. If there had been no Passchendaele and if one-tenth part of the effort devoted to the preparation for Passchendaele had been given to Cambrai, the war might nearly have been won on November 20th, 1917.

To this day, nearly ten years after, criticism of the Somme and Passchendaele is often fiercely resented in certain quarters; yet there are a very large number of serving officers in the Army who are not satisfied with the stereotyped answer: "We had to attack when and where we did. There was nothing else to be done," and who agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Churchill, who sums up as follows:—

"Accusing as I do without exception all the great Ally offensives of 1915, 1916, and 1917 as needless and wrongly conceived operations of infinite cost, I am bound to reply to the question, what else could be done? And I answer to it, pointing to the Battle of Cambrai, '*This* could have been done.' This in many variants, this in larger and better forms, ought to have been done, and would have been done if only the Generals had not been content to fight machine-gun bullets with the breasts of gallant men, and think that that was waging war."

Digitized by Google

Here, then, is the enduring lesson of the Great War, and here we must leave the review of this fascinating book. We have no space to refer to Mr. Churchill's account of the French Armies, who through faulty leadership and calamitous administration suffered in the early stages disaster and overwhelming casualties far greater than our own and yet never failed to recover in a manner that must for ever stamp them as among the greatest of the nations. Nor can we deal with the vivid account of the great enemy offensive in March, 1918, where, for the first time since Ypres in 1914, the Germans lost two soldiers killed for every one British ; nor with the turn of the tide and final victory.

Slowly, silently, at first resentfully, but in the end wholeheartedly, G.H.Q. had learnt the lesson of Cambrai, and in the final glorious advance to victory it was the British armies brilliantly led, who played the predominant part.

And what of the future ? Strange to relate, after the war, re-action set in, the old discredited methods were revived, the " indigestible masses " of infantry were once more seen swarming to the attack over the training grounds. Those who were present at Quarley Hill at the end of the 1925 Manœuvres might well have exclained : " Are we Bourbons who learn nothing and forget nothing ?"

But recently a notable change has set in, the reactionaries have for the most part passed into oblivion, and though, here and there, the Old Brigade may still raise their frigid heads in virulent opposition, their voices are but those of lost souls crying in the wilderness.

The tenth anniversary of the Battle of Passchendaele will see the genesis of a mechanized brigade on Salisbury Plain under a commander who has from the earliest days championed the cause of modern methods of attack.

Experiments of every sort are being made with infantry battalions, and drastic alterations are on the eve of commencement.

At the head of this article we wrote the words : " Success in war will go to that nation which best knows how to economize its man power through the use of modern weapons."

These words were written by the present Commander of the 2nd Division, Major-General Sir Edmund Ironside, in his foreword to *The Basic Principles of Air Warfare.* So long as our Higher Command hold these views, inspired as we believe them to be by the present Chief of the Imperial General Staff, all will be well with the British Army.

Digitized by Google

CO-ORDINATION OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES

PRESENT POSITION—EFFECT OF THE GENEVA DISCUSSIONS—NEED FOR QUICK ACTION.

By LIEUT.-COMDR. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

(*Formerly Admiralty War Staff, London; Assistant Chief of Staff, Gibraltar.*)

AT the time of writing this article for THE FIGHTING FORCES we have taken the three principal discussions of the year in Parliament on the Estimates for the three Services. The Army Estimates were under discussion on March 7th, the Air Estimates on March 10th, and the Navy Estimates on March 14th. The present Parliament is rich in members of all parties with actual war experience, and contains many who have held high command in all three Services.

In the post-war discussions on armaments, the arguments in Debate are roughly divided into two—one line, taken by the Pacifists, sometimes allied with the economists, demanding drastic reductions of the money spent on defence; the other, the technical line, criticising the actual administration of the Services and the strategical side of the estimates.

A full discussion on strategy as it affects overseas bases, the distribution of the forces, and the preparations for actual campaigns is impossible in Parliament owing to the necessity of secrecy being observed. And although members may criticize and suggest, a full reply from the responsible Ministers of the Government is precluded.

But finance is as integral a part of strategy as the actual disposition of the forces. And the highest realm of strategy in peace time is reached in discussions on the best way of spending the available money. On every occasion this year when the Service Estimates have come under discussion, Service opinion in all parts of the House, and informed non-Service opinion as well, has combined in demanding some equivalent to a Ministry of Defence with its natural corollary of a combined General Staff.

Digitized by Google

This subject by itself is tabooed by the Government for some reason, and our Prime Minister has been deaf to requests from his supporters and from the Opposition for a special day in which to discuss fully the three Services taken together. It is, of course, necessary to get the estimates for the fighting Services through by a certain period in the financial year. But the taking of the three estimates separately means that anything in the nature of a detailed discussion on the advantages to be derived from a combined Ministry of Defence and a combined General Staff is ruled out of order by the Speaker.

Nevertheless, in spite of this inhibition on free discussion, it may be stated with confidence that opinion in the House of Commons, both Service and non-Service, and quite irrespective of party, is that there is a lack of co-ordination in the preparations taken for defence, a lack of co-operation in the spending of the money available for defence, and—perhaps what is worst of all—a lack of real association between the staffs themselves for the study of the very intricate problems associated with the defence of the Empire and the best means of carrying out the minimum defence measures demanded.

Let it be said at once that some progress in the desired direction has been made. Thus the three Chiefs of Staff of the Army, Navy and Air Force meet together whenever they desire and discuss certain problems common to the three services. Certain Standing Committees—as, for example, the medical committee of the three services dealing with the hospital question, etc.—also meet. But the three Chiefs of Staff are too exalted and too busily engaged in the day to day work of their own Services to tackle this matter thoroughly; while the Standing Committees are limited in their terms of reference, and in any case are not powerful enough by themselves to carry out a combined policy.

Again, the Committee of Imperial Defence is in existence under the Chairmanship of the Prime Minister himself. But this Committee meets seldom, if for no other reason than that the members composing it are extremely hard-worked and have many other activities.

The real function of the Committee of Imperial Defence has developed to-day into an attempted co-ordination of the defence Services of the Overseas Dominions with the Home Defence Services. The Committee of Imperial Defence is the only body corresponding to a Cabinet for the Empire,

Digitized by Google

and suffers accordingly by having to do the work of such a Cabinet where defence is concerned. The Committee of Imperial Defence cannot get down to the *detailed* discussion of a defence policy for the whole Empire; and its work, really political and hardly technical, properly belongs to some other body such as an Empire Cabinet, which at present is not in existence and the proposal for which might be viewed with jealousy by the Dominions. The Committee of Imperial Defence will never be able to tackle strategical questions in detail and in a thorough manner. Nor can it co-ordinate the work of the three Services.

And lastly, in case it should be thought that no progress is being made in the right direction, the work of the College of Imperial Defence must not be overlooked. The great usefulness of the College is in associating together the future senior officers of the three Services. But the work of the College must be academic, cannot be executive, and, though no one would wish to underrate its great value, it does not fill the purpose required.

Quite briefly, what is required immediately is some superior administrative body set up over the Army, Navy and Air Force, and responsible to Parliament. Automatically with the setting up of such a body would come the necessity of a combined General Staff with executive powers. This subject has been examined by numerous committees, some set up specially for the purpose, others formed for the purpose of economy, but taking the question of the better co-ordination of the Services in their stride, as it were. Some little actual progress has been made in co-ordinating the purchase of supplies for the three Services and in combining their hospital services. But, gratifying as these advances are, the great vital advantages of the combined Executive Staff and the combined Ministry for the appropriation of the available money and the high direction of the three Services are still to seek.

This subject will become much more urgent in the immediate future because of the deliberations of the two committees called to consider the question of reduction of armaments by international agreement. The first of these has been sitting off and on and with various sub-committees under the ægis of the League of Nations for three years. It is attempting the Herculean task of bringing into being an agreement between the fifty signatory nations of the League, great and small, for a mutual and simultaneous, though of

Digitized by Google

necessity gradual, reduction of their forces on land, on sea, and in the air.

There are those, including the American observers at the conference, who appear sceptical of any definite result. But there are others equally confident of some substantial success, including, of course, the enthusiasts of the League of Nations idea as a whole. It is impossible to prophesy. But if reductions are decided upon, and if this country agrees to make a reduction in its armed forces simultaneously with similar reductions abroad, the same old pull-devil-pull-baker contest will recommence between the War Office, the Air Ministry, and the Admiralty as to who is to bear the brunt of these reductions. If, as the result of the negotiations at Geneva initiated by the League of Nations, a substantial reduction is to be made in the Defence Forces of the Empire, the most careful co-ordination between the three Services concerned must be affected or we shall be faced with great confusion.

The other conference is the purely Naval Conference, the invitations to which at present have only been accepted by the three principal Naval Powers—England, Japan and America—called at the invitation of the President of the United States. It will be remembered that at the conference held at Washington, in 1921, agreement was reached limiting the construction of the largest types of war vessels in five Navies—England, Japan, America, France and Italy. Such limitation of numbers has actually been applied to battle-ships, battle-cruisers and aircraft carriers. Some agreed limitation might, as the result of this new conference to meet this summer, probably at Geneva, be reached with regard to the number of cruisers and other smaller vessels. It is even possible that France, Italy and other Powers may agree for their part; and, as a further result, some limitation will be placed on the construction of submarines. Any such agreement reached will obviously alter the whole basis on which our Imperial defence is founded. If the Navy is reduced in agreement with other Powers as a result of President Coolidge's Conference, there must eventually be reductions on the Army and Air Force.

Now let us look at this matter of the defence of the Empire from another angle. The total sum spent on armaments this year is, in round figures, £115,000,000 for the three Services. Of this sum, £15,500,000 is taken for the Air Ministry.

Digitized by Google

Failing some agreement for the limitation of Air Forces throughout the world, it is generally accepted that the British Air Force is too weak, especially in view of the fact that the defence of Mesopotamia, with a strategically bad frontier, is almost entirely dependent on the Air Force; and the same holds good, to a lesser degree, where the defence of Palestine is concerned. And because aeroplanes are used by the Army and Navy, and are in fact integral portions of these forces, very respectable Service opinion has felt that there is waste and overlapping owing to the very existence of a separate Air Ministry.

This battle of the continued separate existence of the Air Ministry has been fought and decided in favour of the Air Ministry. The subject cannot be re-opened.

If it be true that there is waste and overlapping, the obvious solution is a combined Ministry of Defence for the allocation of the whole of the money available for the three services. There is hostility to this from the Departments themselves. Probably a very sound instinct of self-preservation is the cause of this underlying hostility. Wherever members of the Services are gathered together there is general agreement that far too much money is spent on the purely office side of the administration of all three Services. This view has been expressed very strongly in Parliament in the debates on the Service Estimates this year. There are, of course, vested interests in the Departments concerned.

But where the efficiency of the Service is concerned, these vested interests must not be allowed to stand in the way. As things are to-day, every year we have a contest between the Army, Navy and Air Force on the one hand and the Treasury on the other. The Treasury officials engage in a battle on three fronts. It may be said by those who complain that too little money is allocated to their particular Service that they suffer from being taken in detail by the Treasury officials fighting on interior lines. The fact remains that in these annual engagements the weaker Service goes to the wall. In this case the weaker Service is the most newly-formed as a separate entity—namely, the Air Force.

Thus on Estimates of £15,000,000 this year the Air Ministry has been forced to effect savings totalling nearly half a million. These savings have been effected, in part, by the deliberate retardation of the programme of air expansion approved by successive Governments and decided

Digitized by Google

upon in 1923. We are simply not providing the Air Squadrons that it was agreed should be provided for the defence of the Empire.

Compare with the Navy.

The British Navy is certainly in a very strong position at the present time. It is modern, and relatively more powerful than it has been for a generation, as compared with any probable enemy. Yet in total estimates of £58,888,000 for the Navy, only £100,000 has been conceded by the Admiralty to the Treasury agitation for economy; and this £100,000 is really represented by temporary delays in ship-building, caused by the coal dispute and the general strike last year. Even the Army, which is not accused of being any too great in size for the responsibilities imposed upon it, and with a total estimate of £41,500,000, has saved nearly £1,000,000.

The Budget is expected to show a deficit this year. We cannot expect a sum of £115,000,000 to be available for defence next year. A very powerful weapon, not at present in the hands of the Treasury, may exist when next year's estimates are drawn in the shape of an agreement, tentative or actual, entered into for mutual international reductions of armaments either as a result of the League of Nations Conference or as a result of President Coolidge's Conference. But whether the Treasury is presented with this weapon for forcing reductions on the Services or not, the financial position itself will most certainly intensify the campaign for economy and the Services will be required to manage with less money.

There is general agreement that a Ministry of Defence will lead to substantial savings by making it possible to amalgamate many of the administrative departments of the three Services without loss of efficiency. Thus on the administrative side it would be possible to combine the three purchasing and contract departments, including the supply of stores, many of which, such as petrol, ammunition, forage, clothing and boots, are common to all three Services. The legal branches, medical branches, chaplains' and accountants' branches, might also be gradually merged into one with a great saving in personnel and consequently in expense. Take prisons as an example. Woking Military Prison costs £6,000 a year, and recent averages have shown sixteen prisoners undergoing sentence. This cost per prisoner works out at more than the cost of a boy at Eton.

Digitized by Google

It is much the same in the naval prisons, the present accommodation being, happily, too great. The two prison services should be combined.

The three Intelligence Services should be combined without more ado, probably with an actual increase in efficiency and certainly a great saving of money. And very great economies and efficiency might be looked for from the carrying out of the greatest reform of all—namely, the establishment of a combined General Staff for the three Services, dealing with the problems of Empire defence as a whole and taking common and swift executive action to meet all calls on the defence services of the Empire in peace and to prepare detailed combined plans for war.

A recent book by a prominent Minister has once more drawn public attention to the hurt we suffered during the Great War by the lack of a unified command of the Allied Armies, especially on the Western Front. The three Services themselves require unity of direction just as urgently. And with the steady increase in the efficiency and reliability of aircraft, the natural links between Army and Navy, this combined command becomes every year more urgent.

I have met no informed person on the subject who is not in favour of a combined Ministry of Defence and a combined General Staff *in theory*. What is right in theory is generally right in practice. The putting into practice of this great reform is admittedly difficult. But it would be far better to do it in peace time, with no serious international complications in sight, than in a time of crisis, stress and danger.

Digitized by Google

TACTICS AND MECHANIZATION

By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, C.B.E., D.S.O.

The Primary Tactical Function.

In war the object of a commander is to accomplish victory at the smallest possible cost and loss, and the means whereby he attains his objective in the field is by developing mobility through protected offensive power. He strives to attain freedom of movement and action through combining a variety of arms and weapons in such a manner that fighting power is expended economically, by which I mean the obtaining of full value for losses sustained and for energy and material used up.

It is obvious that changes in civil life must intimately affect the life of an army. It is equally obvious that changes in science, industry and engineering intimately affect the nature of weapons, and as long as these civil changes continue we must expect coincidental changes in weapons, and the means of movement and protection we employ. As weapons change so must tactics, the art of fighting, change, and as this art changes, so must organization and training change, just as they do in civil engineering and industry. Yet whatever these changes may be, our primary tactical function remains the development of mobility through protected offensive power; all other tactical functions are subsidiary to this one, because, in fact, it embraces them all.

The Obsession of Offensive Power.

From the close of the Napoleonic Wars—that is, when steam-power began to forge ahead and remodel civil life—right up to the outbreak of the Great War, we find a vast and never-ending improvement in weapons, that is in offensive power; but we find no comparable improvement in means of protection, that is other than through weapons themselves. Further, means of tactical movement remain unchanged—namely, muscular, human or animal.

Before the outbreak of the war this unceasing improvement in weapon-power threw tactical ideas out of focus. It was considered that mobility could be developed through offensive power alone, and that offensive power—that is,

Digitized by Google

hitting—would provide its own protection. The primary tactical function was then shorn of one of its essential elements, and the result was that tactics became deformed. Immediately the war began, human nature, the primary function of which is to cling to life and shun death, immediately readjusted the balance by suggesting the trench to the soldier, so that the protective element might be reintroduced.

In the circumstances it was the only thing that could be done. Nevertheless, though offensive power was now protected, no mobility worth talking about could be developed from it. Gas, as a means of asphyxiating life in a whole area, was rapidly countered, and even the most powerful artillery bombardments resulted only in limited penetrations, and the formation of battle salients in which the attackers suffered more heavily than the defenders who held their outer perimeters. By these means the war could only be ended through attrition; tactics had ceased to be an art, they had degenerated into mathematical calculations of bullets and shells.

The Influence of Petrol.

In the history of war, if it is not so to-day, it will one day be realized that the introduction of petrol-power marks a change as all-embracing as the introduction of gunpowder. Gunpowder changed the form of war, but it did not change its primary tactical function. Before fire-arms were used, battles were mainly assaults; after they were adopted they became attacks culminating in assaults. Armies advanced by roads, then deployed, frequently within view of each other; then they attacked over two to three hundred paces of ground, and finally delivered an assault. In both cases mobility was developed from protected offensive power.

By the beginning of the present century, the range and accuracy as well as the volume of fire of weapons had increased to such an extent that the assault became the exception and not the rule. This was well recognized after the Franco-Prussian and Russo-Japanese Wars, with the result that tacticians saw that frontal attacks had become unprofitable, therefore they advocated enveloping attacks instead.

In the Great War fire-power was largely increased by the general adoption of the machine gun, and such vast numbers of soldiers were deployed that more frequently than not fronts became continuous, and, until they were

Digitized by Google

broken, enveloping attacks were rendered impossible. The question of how to break the enemy's front had therefore to be answered before mobility could be regained. It is here that petrol-power came to our assistance.

The Influence of the Tank.

The influence of petrol-power on the war was so stupendous that it has not even to-day been fully appreciated. It changed the whole form of war, and it will continue to change it as surely as it has and is changing the form of civil life. Last year there were 22,000,000 motor cars in the United States alone, that is one to every five inhabitants. In this fact can be read to a very large extent the future of armies.

Without petrol-power the great artillery battles would have been impossible, since the millions of shells fired could not have been carried forward from the rail-heads. Without petrol-power the aerial bombardments of London, Paris and other cities would have been impossible, and without it armoured-car and tank attacks would have been unknown. It is with this last-mentioned weapon which I will now deal.

Strictly speaking, the tank is not a weapon; it is an armoured cross-country vehicle which carries weapons; it is, in fact, only a mobile machine gun, or gun mounting, just as a ship is. It was introduced and used during the war as an assault weapon, and since infantry fire could not aid or stop its advance, when it was used the assault preceded the attack. Strictly speaking, the infantry attack ceased to be an attack, and became a follow-up or slow pursuit.

The weapon which assisted, or resisted, the tank was the field gun. As the war proceeded it became more and more obvious that, on ground over which tanks could move, infantry, either to assist or resist a tank attack, were useless. Infantry, who since the introduction of gunpowder had become the queen of the battle-field, were relegated to the position they held during the Middle Ages. They could still fight in woods, swamps and amongst hills, but their reign over the plains was at an end. This, in my opinion, is the supreme tactical lesson of the war: petrol-power enabled armour to be re-introduced, and armour enabled offensive-power to be protected; thus it enabled the primary tactical function to be re-introduced. It re-established tactics as an art.

Digitized by Google

The Problem of Mechanization.

An art can only be appreciated by people possessing some knowledge of it, or by those born with an artistic temperament. In 1919 military artists were sadly lacking, and the result of this was that, in place of taking the above lesson to heart, all great armies went back to their 1914 military organization plus an extensive increase in small-arm fire-power. It was not the bullet which was the decisive factor in 1918, it was armour, and since, in all civilized armies to-day, bullet-power is about three times as great as it was in 1914, we are in a worse tactical position than we were thirteen years ago. As far as I can see, the only solution to this problem is mechanization.

What is our object in mechanization? It is to endow the army with a higher energy than it possesses to-day; it is to replace and supplement muscle-power by mechanical-power. The problem which faces us is identical to that which faced industry on the advent of steam-power. We have got to replace muscle-work by machine-work, and the energy latent in oil and petrol enables us to do so.

This energy enables us to attain a vastly higher degree of mobility. It enables us to carry more powerful weapons, and to supply them with greater quantities of ammunition, and it enables us to protect ourselves with armour. By means of petrol we can become artists of war; without it we can only remain foot-sloggers, bullet-sloggers and bullet-slogged. It appears to me that there is no choice but that we must mechanize, and I will now inquire into how we should proceed.

Thinking in Functions.

First and foremost we must get the present form of war out of our heads. What is this form? Battles waged by cavalry, infantry and artillery. We must forget these arms, and no longer be chloroformed by their names or organizations. We must cease to think in names and must learn to think in the terms of tactical functions. This is the first step towards rational, in contradistinction to chaotic, mechanization. For example, a carpenter has a bag of tools, but he does not think of them in terms of hammers, pliers, saws, etc., but in those of the functions of these tools. He thinks in terms of boring holes, sawing planks, hammering in nails, etc. He uses his tools according to their powers.

Digitized by Google

If you were to ask him which is his decisive tool, he would think you were mad, for each is superior to the other when properly used.

The functions of a carpenter are to bore, cut, hammer, pull and stick, and he possesses a variety of tools in order to carry them out. If anyone invents a new type of tool which enables him to carry out the function required more economically than with those he possesses, should he have the money to buy it, he buys it, because his wages depend on his work; he does not get his back up and fight the new tool tooth and nail. Yet this is what the soldier does with every new weapon invented; frequently he looks upon an invention as a personal insult.

In my opinion, if efficiency and economy are our aim, the soldier must cease to think in names, and learn how to think in tactical functions, because functions remain the same, and names very frequently change. Thus, an archer, an arbalister, an arquebusier, a musketeer, and a rifleman are all names for men equipped with various weapons which possess the same tactical function—namely, to discharge a missile from a portable piece of artillery: the bow, the crossbow, the match-lock, the flint-lock, and the rifle. Weapons change in form, and their names change accordingly; but functions remain constant in nature, but vary in degree. If we will persist in thinking out tactical problems in terms of cavalry, artillery and infantry, then we shall render our minds rigid to all new ideas. To persuade our minds to become flexible and recipient we must think in functions.

What, then, are these functions? To answer this question all we need do is to think out our main requirements in battle.

First we have got to find our enemy and simultaneously prevent him from finding us. Once we have found him we must hold him—that is, we must attempt to restrict his mobility. Thirdly, we want to hit him, and, simultaneously, fourthly, we want to protect ourselves from his blows. Once we have exhausted him, fifthly, we want to smash him to pieces.

Here are five tactical functions—namely, to discover, to hold, to hit, to protect, and to smash. In the past discovery fell to the lot of light cavalry and light infantry; holding, to light infantry and infantry of the line, lightly protected by field artillery; hitting, to infantry of the line, supported by

Digitized by Google

all manner of artillery; and smashing to heavy and light cavalry.

To-day we are faced by a host of new arms. Our aim as soldiers is to win a battle economically, or defend a position economically. Of these new arms the most important are—aeroplanes, tanks, armoured cars, dragon artillery, self-propelled artillery, anti-aircraft guns, machine guns, and light automatics. Do not let us be petrified by their names; let us examine their powers and limitations, and then from these deduce their functions. Next we must compare their degrees of power with those of the older arms, and, when we have made our comparison, without prejudice we must decide which arms possess the highest degree of power.

The Influence of Ground.

In working out these comparisons, the deciding factor is ground, which possesses three tactical qualities—it aids or restricts mobility, offensive power and protection. Administratively, ground may be divided up into roaded and unroaded country, and tactically into plain land, undulating country, hills, mountains, forest areas and swamps.

Of the newer arms I mentioned above, all, save the machine gun and the light automatic, are moved by petrol, and, with the exception of the aeroplane, the rest are moved, or will in the near future be moved, on tracked, half-tracked or multi-wheeled carriages—that is, they will be able to move across country. Of these machines, I will examine the tank as an example.

Of all existing arms, the modern tank possesses the highest freedom of movement over plain land and undulating country, but swamps and thick forests may completely stop it, and in hilly and mountainous regions its mobility may be restricted to a small number of easy approaches. On ground it can negotiate it has nothing whatever to fear from infantry as to-day equipped; it has little to fear from any projectile-throwing weapon with inferior mobility to itself. Even in 1918, on the Western Front, where no flanks could be found and where guns could never be avoided, no well and strongly mounted tank attack failed to smash the German lines, and in 1918 tanks were slow-moving machines. To equip infantry with an anti-tank weapon is of some use, but if this weapon is to be really effective it must be able to move as fast as a tank; but as it has to protect infantry, it cannot move far

Digitized by Google

from them. Tied to slow-moving infantry such weapons may be compared to destroyers escorting a convoy at sea—their tactical radius of action is extremely limited.

I do not wish to labour this question, for to me the answer is self-evident—namely, that on country suitable to tanks, the tank can hold and hit more economically than infantry can, and by holding I do not mean sitting on a position, but taking up a position which will prevent an enemy from moving from the one he is sitting on. For example, it is not necessary to enter a man's house to hold him in it; all that is necessary is to cover the front and back doors by riflemen from outside.

As regards discovering, that is reconnaissance, I have frequently heard it said that the tank is unsuitable, since it is a blind machine. I admit that the Vickers tank may not be the most suitable type of reconnaissance machine, but that it is of necessity blind is sheer nonsense. An infantryman in a trench is normally blind, but in a tank on reconnaissance duty there is no reason why its commander should not stand with his head and shoulders completely outside his machine.

For smashing purposes, tanks are obviously more suitable than cavalry, since they are impervious to bullets, and for protective work, though they can largely protect themselves, there can be little doubt that they should be supported by artillery. As this artillery cannot be horse-drawn, it must consist of either dragon-hauled guns or self-propelled ones. Of these two, the second are obviously the more suitable.

We arrive, therefore, at this conclusion: that on open and undulating country, mechanized arms will carry out the tactical functions far more economically and effectively than the older ones, because they are able to develop a higher mobility on account of their superior protected offensive power, which is the primary tactical function itself. As to this, there can be no doubt in my mind, for it is a matter of common sense.

In wars against civilized nations, plain land and undulating country is undoubtedly more important strategically and tactically than mountainous. In a war of the first magnitude, I know of no decisive battle which has been won or lost in a mountainous area. Nevertheless we must be prepared to fight in these areas, for many subsidiary operations will take place in them. It is obvious that, though tanks and similar

Digitized by Google

weapons can assist in these localities, the arm which can most effectively move in them is infantry supported by mountain artillery.

Thus, by testing the tactical values of the mobility, offensive and protective powers of arms and weapons by the various categories of ground met with in war, we arrive at an answer of no little value—namely, that in the future we must divide each battle-field into two main tactical areas—areas suited to the movement of mechanized arms, and areas not so suited. Then, whenever possible, if we distribute our arms accordingly, shall we attain the most economical results. For brevity's sake, I will call these two areas Tank Areas and Infantry Areas.

Changes in Organization.

If this deduction is accepted—and I fail to see how it can be refuted—the next problem in mechanization is to organize an army so that it can maintain the primary tactical function in both the above areas.

In the tank areas we want four, if not five, main types of machines. To give them old names, we want light cavalry, light infantry, infantry, artillery and heavy cavalry; or, to call them after their tactical functions, a reconnaissance tank, a holding tank, a hitting tank, a protecting tank, and a smashing tank. The first class should consist of armoured cars, multi-wheeled and possibly also half-tracked, and light one-man or two-men tanks; the second, a class of machine somewhat similar to the present Vickers tank; the third, to the new heavy tank; the fourth should consist of self-propelled guns; and the fifth of extremely fast machines, of which no model as yet exists.

In my opinion the third and fourth classes will eventually coincide. Then we shall get four main classes, which, according to their tactical functions, may be compared to destroyers, light cruisers, battleships and battle-cruisers.

In the infantry areas the tactics and organization of the older arms will have to be radically changed, for whilst in the past it was the exception for these arms to fight in mountainous country, and the rule to fight over plain land and undulating ground, these will now be reversed. In these areas we require a true light infantry, light cavalry, and light artillery. We require a very flexible and mobile organiza-

Digitized by Google

tion, very intelligent and lightly-equipped men, and few heavy guns.

The infantry of the future have a far more difficult task to carry out than they had in the past, yet it is a far more interesting task, and a task which will require so highly trained a soldier that few, if any, conscript armies will be able to provide him. Reconnaissance will be the duty of the light cavalry; holding, of light cavalry and riflemen; hitting, of riflemen and light automatic gunners; protection, of machine gunners and mountain artillery; and smashing, of light cavalry, riflemen and cavalry machine gunners. It will be seen, therefore, that the changes in organization will be considerable. Not only does the future demand different types of soldiers for different operations of war, in which there is nothing new, but an organization which will include two categories of soldiers, each of which moves at a different pace. The nearest simile to this that we find in history is during the seventeenth century, when sieges were more frequent than field battles. Then the field army of the day was followed by a slow-moving siege train.

The siege train of the future is the non-mechanized arms, arms which storm mountains and forests in place of fortresses and castles. The field army is the mechanized force.

Summary.

I will now briefly summarize what I have written. The probabilities are that in the future petrol-power will revolutionize the art of war as extensively as did the introduction of fire-arms. Whatever this revolution may be, the object of battle will remain the attainment of economical victory through mobile, protected offensive power. This power is developed by means of weapons, the use of which should be governed by their respective powers and limitations.

The older arms are all directly limited by muscular-power; the newer break away from this limitation, since petrol enables a higher mobility, offensive power and protective power to be attained. Petrol, consequently, must change the present form of war. How will it change it? The answer to this question demands clear thinking.

To think clearly we must cease thinking in names of weapons and arms, for if we do so we mentally shackle ourselves. In place we must think in tactical functions, and abandon any idea of the discovery of a universally decisive

Digitized by Google

arm, for such an arm is as mythical as the universal solvent of the alchemists. Each arm is superior to any other arm when conditions permit of it developing greater effect.

The tactical functions are finding, holding, hitting, protecting and smashing, and the side which can develop the higher mobility will obviously have time in its favour.

Which weapon will in any set of conditions prove the superior weapon depends very largely on the nature of the ground. Ground may be divided into two areas, tank areas and infantry areas, from which two main categories of tactics can be developed—namely, plain warfare and mountain warfare. Finally, history is a great mental laxative ; it frees our minds from shibboleths, and, happily, it has a habit of repeating itself. In the Middle Ages the knight in his armour ruled the plains, and the staunchest infantry came from Switzerland, Scotland and Wales. Yet there was nothing new in this, for in the days of Joshua the Canaanites with their chariots of iron were masters of the valleys, while the children of Joseph held fast in Mount Ephraim.

Digitized by Google

Vehicle entering ditch. Showing actuating of rear springs and back axles.

Same vehicle climbing out. Note how wheels accommodate themselves to the ground.

Vehicle with 1-ton load negotiating bog. "Overall" chains are fitted.

THE MORRIS SIX-WHEELER.

In the last number of THE FIGHTING FORCES there appeared a series of photos descriptive of the six-wheeler, which seems likely to play such an important part in the mechanization of the Army The above photos of Morris Light Six-Wheelers, capable of carrying a load of 20 cwt. across country, give further proof of the remarkable potentialities of these vehicles.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

COMBINED SERVICES

By G.O.M.

(*By Courtesy of The Editor of "The Aeroplane."*)

I.

IT was the Squadron Leader's fault. He had left an aircraft carrier quite recently on promotion, and the responsibility of his extra half stripe weighed heavily.

To us—three Flying Officers about to perform our first tour of duty with the Navy—he spoke long, heavily and tactlessly.

"Remember the Navy don't like you. You must respect their customs. Don't speak of living 'on' a ship, but 'in' a ship. Don't talk about 'stairs' or 'steps,' say 'ladders.' Whatever you do, don't forget to salute the Quarter-deck whenever you go on it. Be the first to get into a boat and the last to leave it. Remember that your rank is equivalent to a sub-lieutenant, and don't be afraid to salute. Remember Commander is the equivalent naval rank to Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army and Wing Commander in the Royal Air Force, but senior to both." And, crowning insult of all, "When in a boat, don't trail your hand in the water like a lot of Margate trippers."

When it was over, Davidson and I fell to saying what we thought of the Navy in prospect, and our language was coarse, unfriendly and pointed.

Harvey was thoughtful. When questioned, he merely said: "Get away, you children, I'm thinking. Can't you see there are possibilities in all this?"

We let him think. He usually did it for us.

Two days later we arrived on the gun wharf, Portsmouth, in search of a drifter which would take us to H.M. Aircraft Carrier *Janus*, out in Spithead. None of us knew what a drifter looked like. We saw a dirty-looking vessel named *Saucy Sue*, something like a tug, come alongside, but as it appeared to be run by civilians we ruled it out.

Davidson spotted the Commanders first.

"Good Lord! here come fourteen Admirals," we heard and turned to see two Commanders approaching.

One of them returned our salute while the other eyed us with undisguised loathing. Then they climbed into the *Saucy Sue*.

Digitized by Google

"Remember, the Navy don't like you," murmured Harvey to the upper air.

"That *must* be the drifter. I'll say we've boobed," said I.

"Twice. 'Cos *we* should have been on board first," said Davidson.

Then another Commander came into view, and Harvey drew us into a shed close to, saying we might as well let 'em all come now; and, anyway, he didn't want to salute much more because he'd felt his sleeve go in the last one.

"That'll teach you to be so dashed smart," we informed him.

Harvey said: "Look here, we'll pretend we've got it wrong. We'll go on last and get off first." So we waited till the drifter began to draw in one gangway, and then climbed down the other. There were a few sailors on the deck, and all the Lieutenant-Commanders and Commanders were up in a glass house in front, with the man who was steering.

We decided unanimously to be democratic and stay on the deck.

When we reached the *Janus* we failed to get off first, because the Commanders were waiting, and they caught the guide rope and swung themselves in before we had realized that there wasn't going to be a gangway. Harvey and I got in all right, but Davidson missed his footing and fell back into the arms of a burly Quartermaster. This so rattled him that he forgot to look for the Quarter-deck, which was lucky for him, because Harvey and I, after a miserable few seconds, had hastily saluted in the direction of an alley-way. We discovered later that they kept the Quarter-deck miles away.

Then we were met by our Adjutant.

"Hullo! have a drink?" he said.

The sight of his uniform and evident familiarity with the surroundings was most comforting.

All around us whistles were blowing, men were shouting commands in a high sing-song voice, machinery was clanking, and there were what sounded like rushes of feet across a steel deck.

"What is it, fire or collision?" asked Harvey hopefully.

The Adjutant stared, then laughed.

"Oh, you'll soon get used to it. That's nothing—only Divisions. Come along, I'll show you your quarters," he said.

Digitized by Google

We followed him down a steel-floored alley-way, and passed an open cabin door.

" H'm ! pretty decent cabins," said Davidson.

" What !" said the Adjutant. " Oh, *that !* Those are the Captain's quarters ; you wait till you see yours."

He ran nimbly down a narrow steel ladder. I started to follow, but hadn't noticed in the gloom a combing about nine inches high. My shin must have dented it. I yelled and blasphemed. The Adjutant laughed. " Oh, that's nothing. You'll soon get used to it."

Down below there was no daylight. Electric lights, an atmosphere like a badly-ventilated cinema hall, and an increased roar of machinery. We went down another ladder. Harvey, Davidson and I climbed down rung by rung, stern first, while the Adjutant howled with laughter. " You'll soon get used to it," he said.

Davidson eyed his back malevolently, and looked at me.

" Blast him !" he said.

The Adjutant opened a door and said, " There you are."

We looked into a tiny foul-smelling, electric-lighted cupboard containing a bunk, a chest of drawers, and a grandfather's clock.*

" What's this ?" we asked apprehensively.

" It's known as an " Inboard Cabin." One of yours, my boys ; the other two are next door, just the same," he replied cheerfully.

" Isn't there any ventilation ?" I asked.

" Well, yes and no. You see, it doesn't always work, and when it *does* work it generally covers your cabin with soot and stuff. Most people shove a sock in the pipe."

"Hell ! I shall die," groaned Davidson.

" Oh, it's nothing. You'll soon get used to it," said the Adjutant. Then he left us—just in time.

" I'm beginning to dislike that fellow," said I, meditatively.

Davidson was going through the motions of hitting a man in the eye.

Harvey said : " He's a perishing lousy lunatic, and I hope his rabbit dies."

* The grandfather's clock turned out to be a folding washstand.

Digitized by Google

II.

" Gott strafe the Navy," said Davidson.

" Hear, hear," agreed we.

" It's no joke, you know," he went on.

" *We* know," we chorused.

" These ladders——"

" Oh, hell !" said Harvey, and I winced and caressed a shin tenderly.

" You know the first one, the one with the ridge . . ."

" *Don't* remind us," murmured I brokenly.

" . . . Well, *I've* got the guillotine board pretty well taped now, so this morning I went down frontways."

" More fool you ! Asking for it," interrupted us.

" I did it very well first time," he went on, ignoring our interruptions, " but the second time I took it a bit faster, and half-way down the flaming thing deliberately tripped me up, and two seconds later I was on my back on the deck with a practically broken spine !"

" *That'll* teach you," said Harvey. " It's no use, my boy ; even the ship knows we're R.A.F. and hates us."

" These ladders . . ." began I.

" All right, go on if you must," interrupted Harvey savagely.

" Steward ! STEWARD—three gins."

" . . . This morning," I went on, " I was trying to get down from the flying deck . . ."

" So called because it's so seldom flown from or to," murmured Davidson.

" I'd just got into position at the top, stern first, when they did something funny with the ship, and all at once the top rung wasn't there. With remarkable agility and presence of mind, I saved myself, waited a minute, said a prayer, and began again. I'd got down two steps when I heard a pleasant naval voice say, ' Do you mind if I go first ; I'm on watch again in four hours,' so I let him go and watched him take the blinking thing at a run without even looking."

" I know ; it's marvellous," said Harvey.

" They'd be worth a quid a minute on the stage," said Davidson.

" Well, just as I was beginning again I spotted a Commander coming up, so I waited again. To cut a long story short, I was twenty-five minutes getting down that ladder.

Digitized by Google

Now, I ask you, what hope have we got if the beastly vessel sinks or catches fire ?"

" None," said Davidson briefly.

" Steward, three gins."

" That chart house* . . ." began Harvey.

We both laughed. We knew what was coming.

" Oh, it's damned funny, I know, when *I* nearly break my neck ; but let me tell you this—if the Air Council knew in what danger I'm in here, they'd fetch me off right away."

" Oh, quite so," we agreed. " Come on, let's hear about the chart house."

" Well, you know they blow a comic whistle when the railings round the lift are going down ?"

" Yes."

" Well, to-day I was leaning against the chart house, keeping the old face and what not out of a perishing wind straight from the North Pole, when they blew a whistle, and down went the railings. Then another whistle blew. I thought, ' Hullo ! old boatswain seems to love his little penny whistle,' when suddenly the blinking chart room ran down into its little nest and left me staggering. And when I looked round, the whole ship's company was laughing at me !"

" I know. Damned insubordinate lot of flat-footed Jacks !" said Davidson.

" Have you had any fun in the bathroom yet ?" I asked.

" If you call it ' fun ' when there's either all scalding hot water *or* all cold, and the lights go out just when you've dropped the soap, we have !" said Harvey heatedly.

" It put on an extra verse for me this morning," I went on. " There was a fairly nifty cold supply, but only a trickle of hot, so I got in at the supply end and left the hot tap on so as to get what benefit I could from it where it was most wanted. Then just as I was reaching forward for the sponge a gush of absolutely *boiling* water got me right in the back. When I'd finished shrieking I expressed myself, if I may say so, extremely fluently and without repetition, for about a minute, and at the end of it the canvas screen was pulled away from one of the other baths, and a naked Padre looked at me reproachfully and said, ' I know you didn't know I was here, but in any case no occasion could merit such filthy, obscene language.' I asked him to let me turn a scalding tap straight

* The chart house on H.M.S. *Janus* can be let down flush with the deck when required.

Digitized by Google

on to *his* back, and offered to bet him five pounds he wouldn't say a benediction, but he was quite upset."

"That glory hole they call my cabin has got me beaten," said Davidson. "I pulled out a sock from the ventilator yesterday, and I'll swear it's been there since the ship was built and that it needed washing when it was put in. When I returned, after committing the relic solemnly to the deep—where, I may say, it sank at once, and has by now probably poisoned the fish for a mile round—I found a blast of hot air decanting soot and dust into the cabin in a solid stream you could *see*. I tried to sleep there the first night, but apart from the atmosphere, they start up a very noisy engine for the refrigerating plant at 10 p.m., and knock off at 8 a.m., and, as you may know, that engine is just outside my door."

"And ours," we groaned in chorus.

"Steward, three cocktails."

"Have you a switch in your cabins?" asked Harvey.

"Yes."

"You're lucky. I have to pull the knob out to put out my light, and I've already been electrocuted seventeen times putting it back. My nerves are absolutely gone."

"I slept up in a boat below the flying deck one night," went on Davidson. "It was all right at first, but perishing cold in the morning, and I felt a bit of a fool coming down from there in pyjamas, so last night I tried a boat on the quarter-deck, and a comic patrol came and flashed a lantern in my face and asked who I was. Also when I got up I ran into the Commander, and he looked at me as though the sight of me made him sick—and I had silk pyjamas on too!—and later I got a message from the Adjutant to find sleeping quarters elsewhere."

The Steward came in. "Lunch is served, gentlemen."

"Hurrah!" said I. "What'll you drink, chaps?"

"Gin," they said.

And gin it was.

III.

"Great suffering Satan in Gehenna!" wearily said Harvey as he crawled into the ward-room, threw his cap on to a table, and ordered a brandy and soda.

"What's up, what's up, what's up?" asked Davidson, and we stopped our game of ping-pong to listen.

"I'm orderly dog, as you know," began Harvey, "and

Digitized by Google

it will afford me much amusement when it's *your* turn, you two poor mutts. Have you ever heard of 'Commander's Rounds'?"

"No," said we.

"Well, you soon will. When Nelson commanded the *Britannia* at the Battle of Waterloo, it was the custom for the Commander to crawl round the ship at 10 p.m.—which, by the way, is a given number of bells, but I don't know why or how many. Anyway, at that hour, preceded by a trumpeter who could only play four notes, and a seaman carrying a lantern, and a marine, and followed by another man with a lantern, and the ship's carpenter, and the Master-at-Arms, the Commander used to go round every hole and corner sounding the ship to see if it had sprung a leak, and looking to make sure that no naughty seaman had brought a woman on board. Well, my lads, he still does it!"

"Well, what about it?" said I stolidly.

"Let him," handsomely allowed Davidson.

To tell the truth, we didn't believe it—not as described by Harvey, anyway.

"All right—orl right," said Harvey; "but when I tell you that the R.A.F. orderly officer, as well as the naval duty officer, goes round with them, perhaps you'll wake up."

"The devil he does! So you've been round the jolly old ship, have you? About time, too. I hope you can now find the hangar without having to ask your way," said Davidson brutally.

"Did the engine-room make you feel sick?" asked I, half idly, half hopefully.

Harvey shook his head sadly at us.

"I'm sorry sea life has dulled your wits, you poor idiots. Think, if it doesn't hurt too much—have you seen the Commander go up and down ladders?"

We had, admiringly.

We tumbled to the catch quite quickly, and—

"But that's by daylight," said I eagerly; and—

"Does he go *every*where?" asked Davidson apprehensively.

Harvey smiled unkindly.

"My heart bleeds for you two," he said. "If anything, he's quicker at night, and he doesn't miss a single ladder in this ship! Look at my hands and clothes."

We looked.

Digitized by Google

His hands were black and oily, and his knees and back were filthy.

"I suppose you got lost in the furnace room," said Davidson bitterly. "Pity they didn't push you in when you were there."

"I can understand a fellow sliding down ladders on his hands and chest *or* his hands and back, but I think it's mucky to do both," added I freezingly.

We were both apprehensive about this latest form of frightfulness.

"Honestly, I haven't exaggerated a bit," said Harvey seriously. "First comes the trumpeter, blowing frequent, then the first lantern-bearer, then all the staff, including you, and then the second lantern-bearer and the marine. It's . . . it's . . . magnificent. They go *every*where. I can assure you I've seen things and places to-night that I hadn't the slightest idea were in the ship!"

"*That* we can well believe," said we scornfully.

"It's a hell of a big place down below, and its essential guts are like Dante's Inferno."

"How did you manage to keep up with the Commander?" I asked.

Harvey assumed an air of superiority.

"Oh, I'm pretty decent at ladders now," he said airily.

"Then where did you pick up all this filth?"

"Helping to pick a stoker up who'd fainted," he replied readily—too readily.

"I suppose you gave him a piggy-back," said Davidson nastily, pointing to Harvey's disgraceful jacket.

"No. That was leaning against a dirty oil stove," was the cool reply.

There was a short silence. Then—

"Eleven. Time for bed," said I.

Davidson suddenly asked: "What've you been doing since ten, Harve?"

Harvey looked slightly at a loss, and just then Duggan, the duty naval officer, looked in.

"Hullo, Harvey, where did you get to?" said he.

Harvey started to reply, but I jumped on him.

"Did Harvey go round the ship with you and the Commander to-night, Duggan?" I asked, while Davidson helped me to hold Harvey down.

Digitized by Google

Duggan laughed. " Well, he *began*, but we lost him in the stoker's flat, and I haven't seen him since."

We looked at Harvey in silence. He grinned back.

" Will you tell us the truth if we let you up ?" we asked.

He nodded. We let him up. He said :

" So *that* was the stoker's flat, was it ? Well, I'd navigated up and down at least six ladders by then, and I knew that, for me, the pace was too good to last . . ."

" Commander only going half speed, too," murmured Duggan.

" . . . So I slipped behind a pillar and let the procession proceed. My idea was to go back quietly the way we had come. You'll be surprised to hear that ten minutes later I found myself in the engine-room. I pretended I was there on purpose (like a fool), so they insisted on showing me round, and I nearly fell in the engines three times. When I left I found myself in a completely new section of the ship, out of which there only seemed to be two exits—one down a perishing ladder about forty feet vertically down, and the other along a narrow gangway with nothing on one side to stop you going overboard. So I crawled along it on hands and knees, and eventually found myself in a sort of gallery overlooking the dear old hangar. I wandered about, looking for a way down, and at last I saw a sailor, so I asked him to direct me. He pointed out a ladder fastened so close to the side of the ship that you could only just get your toes over the rungs. I said, ' No, my good man, I'm not a monkey ; isn't there something easier ?' So then he found a respectable ladder, and at last I got down to the hangar. From there it was easy, which was just as well, because by then I was a shaken and demoralized troop."

We bought him another drink.

We thought he'd earned it.

Digitized by Google

NAVAL GRUMBLES.

THE sailor's "grouse" is as much a part of nautical traditions as his wide trousers or his rolling gait, but the new Navy is gradually shedding a good many old traditions. The "fore and aft" rig, with its more conventional nether garments, is now the uniform of all higher ratings, and long spells in harbour or on shore, combined with barrack-square and gymnastic drills, tend to give the Bluejacket a more martial bearing. In the new Navy, too, the Lower Deck has no serious cause to "grouse." As compared with the sailor of Nelson's days, his present-day descendant lives in luxury and affluence; as compared with the totally inadequate scales of pay prevalent up to the conclusion of the late war, the Navy of to-day, and Lower Deck ratings in particular, are, on the whole, reasonably well paid and decidedly well fed and cared for, and even the lowliest rating can walk abroad feeling a self-respecting and well-respected citizen.

In spite of all this, the "grouse" remains; it is the sailor's privilege and a useful safety-valve to the somewhat artificial conditions inherent in the lives of those that go down to the sea in ships. An occasional grumble is human and normal in any community; it is only when it becomes a "grievance," a constant irritation that seriously demands the application of a remedy, that it constitutes a danger to health, happiness or efficiency. The British Navy of to-day is probably one of the healthiest, happiest and most efficient communities in the world, but it has its grumbles—many transitory, the after-effects of the war—and it has a few grievances.

In conformity with social developments in civil life, the Admiralty, after the war, set up a Welfare Committee, whereby Lower Deck grumbles, grievances and aspirations could be brought to their notice through a proper and officially recognized channel.

No such medium for the expression of their views exists for officers. Their Lordships probably deem it unnecessary and undesirable, while to the naval officer anything savouring of Trade Unionism is instinctively repugnant and antagonistic

Digitized by Google

to his traditions. This sense of loyalty to superior authority is, of course, highly commendable; in fact, it is vital to the prestige and efficiency of the Service; but it places the naval officer in a position where he can, all too easily, be exploited by the politician and the permanent Civil Servant.

"The man who was once Prime Minister," as *Mr. Punch* labelled him in a recent cutting cartoon, is credited with the remark that, "anyway, naval officers would never mutiny," when the long-overdue increase of pay was being grudgingly conceded. Something of this satirical attitude seems to have endured in the policy which retains a host of highly-paid Civil Servants at the Admiralty while the "axe" has been wielded vigorously in the middle and higher ranks of the Navy. It is not that the Navy generally did not realize that the "axe" was unavoidable—indeed essential for its own good—although there was some bitterness over the predilection for retaining "Admirals' sons," good, bad or indifferent; but the Navy of to-day looks in vain for a corresponding reduction of civil offices—many created in the war—which can no longer be justified with a fleet reduced below pre-war strength.

Failure to effect such reductions and much-needed economy naturally causes strong resentment in a Service which has suffered sorely in the public interest. The effect is to create an impression that in this, as in other matters, the senior naval officer, when he gets a seat on the Board of Admiralty, is wont to let down his own cloth!

There is no question that this view is held widely, too, in connexion with the withheld marriage allowance. The naval officer alone of all ranks and ratings in the three fighting Services is still ineligible for this allowance. In the Naval Estimates for 1925-26 a sum of £430,000 odd was included to provide for this allowance, and that sum, in common with the rest of the Estimates, was actually voted by Parliament. Even then the Board of Admiralty was too weak to secure this benefit for naval officers. A pettifogging Treasury Committee filched it from under their very noses, and the naval officer's wife continued to suffer while it is alleged some socialistic educational project absorbed the grant.

The Treasury official, like his confederate in the Secretarial Department of the Admiralty, is a magician in manipulating statistics to prove his case, but the excuse for withholding the allowance—that the married officer was not worse off

Digitized by Google

than his contemporaries in the sister Services—is not borne out by facts, and in any case the discrimination in principle is wholly illogical. If the principle of a marriage allowance is, as it is, firmly established for officers and other ranks in the Army and Air Force and for Lower Deck ratings in the Navy, it cannot in justice be withheld from the naval officer, and his " pay and allowances " should be revised accordingly.

This grievance, for it is more than a grumble, rankles all the more in the minds of married naval officers, many of whom find it exceedingly hard to make both ends meet, because there is a very strong impression that some of their well-to-do seniors on the Board of Admiralty and amongst the naval Members of Parliament, far from supporting a very just claim, have taken refuge in an old-fashioned shibboleth that marriage in the Navy should be discouraged. Yet these are the very people who are most anxious to see naval traditions upheld by passing them on from father to son, and who are most concerned because naval officers are showing reluctance in sending their boys into the Service.

It is the parents, perhaps, who have the best reason for a " naval grumble " to-day. Boys generally will, we hope, continue to show a taste for the sea, and there is something wrong in the composition if a youngster to whom the romance of ships and the high adventure of the sailor's life makes no appeal ; but when it comes to directing youthful aspirations into a definite course, leading to the career of a lifetime, the parent naturally asks—" What does the future hold ?"

The official answer would seem reassuring. The Admiralty maintain that only sufficient cadets are now entered to meet the requirements of the reduced post-war Navy, that the " axe " is a thing of the past, that promotion for the present-day cadet will be reasonably good, and that, at worst, if he fails to attain Commander's rank, he will get a pension of not less than £400 a year. This, the authorities claim, compares not unfavourably with other walks of life.

The anxious parent, however, would feel more confident about his son's future if he knew that the Service offered facilities for marriage comparable to those in civil walks of life, when a man has proved his worth. This applies not only to the question of marriage allowance, but even more to the iniquitous system of half-pay common to all three Services. Half-pay time is the nightmare which threatens everybody as they mount the ladder of seniority ; it becomes most

Digitized by Google

prevalent at a period when an officer has climbed out of the general rut and when, in civil life, success and relief from financial anxiety would be assured. In the Services, however, an officer has periodically to struggle with a mere pittance, while maintaining the position expected of his rank and meeting the cost of his children's education at a most expensive age, until he is lucky enough to be favoured with a lucrative appointment.

Half-pay is wrong in principle and is the biggest injustice perpetrated by successive Governments in the name of a nation which is not wont to be ungenerous to the personnel of its Fighting Forces. It does not exist in the non-officer ranks and ratings, and it should be reserved for officers who have merited it by misconduct, who refuse an appointment, or who ask to be temporarily released from service for personal reasons. An officer on the Active List out of employment through no fault of his own should be certain of full pay without allowances at all times. If there are too many of a particular rank for peace requirements, a proper scheme of retirement should be constantly in operation.

The most unkind and unfair thing the authorities can do is to keep an officer hanging on on half-pay, hoping for employment which does not come; far better the "axe" while there is yet a chance of turning his energies and abilities into other walks of life. At twenty the youth who has mistaken or is compelled to change his career can start again at the bottom; at thirty it is a far more difficult problem; at forty an officer should be in the prime of his mental development, but the openings "near the top" in civil life are not many; at fifty they are almost non-existent. If a Lieutenant-Commander is not going to be a Captain, far better he should be "axed" in the early thirties; if a Commander is never going to fly his flag, far better he should retire on a pension before he is forty. To retain a Rear-Admiral on the Flag List and on half-pay until he is retired for non-employment, as is done occasionally, is unpardonable both from the point of view of the Service and of the individual.

It is in the more senior ranks that there is, relatively, the greatest hardship and where there are "grievances" which are very real. The remedy does not lie merely in wholesale "axeing" or voluntary retirement. Promotion is necessarily limited to peace establishments, but the Service and the country can and should make more use of officers

Digitized by Google

who have exceptional qualifications and a highly specialist training.

Within the Admiralty itself selected officers who cannot be promoted should replace the Civil Service clerk in those departments where clerical work requires professional knowledge if it is to be done most efficiently. The officer-clerk is firmly established in the War Office, and, but for weakness or apathy on the part of the Sea Lords, would, with equal justification, have been instituted on the other side of Whitehall.

There is also scope for employing senior Lieutenant-Commanders and Commanders in the Accountant and Stores branch of the Navy and in certain specialist staff work ashore and afloat where it is desirable to have a more or less permanent personnel. Such a policy would enable a considerable reduction to be effected in entries for the Paymaster branch.

The whole accountancy of the Navy needs drastic overhauling and reorganizing. On the civil side, the Secretarial Department and the Accountant-General's staff overlap with each other and with the Treasury in a way which is little short of a gross waste of public money; on the naval one, at least three out of five officers belonging to the Paymaster's branch are employed on what is really staff work instead of their proper accounting and stores work. A General does not have a secretary to do his clerical work for him—that is part of the work of his military staff. The Paymaster-Secretary should be abolished; then the few remaining Flag Officers who have not yet learnt to use their naval staff would have no one else to rely on.

Within the Service perhaps the most glaring scandal which still survives is the Confidential Report as applied to more senior officers. Theoretically any officer can see his confidential report; in practice many officers, especially those in command of H.M. ships, never do see them. This means that the reports on Captains, for instance, might be in the nature of *lettres de cachet*. It is beside the point to plead that no Admiral would stoop to sending in a deliberately unfair, much less a dishonest, report; if, as may be assumed, all confidential reports *are* made in all good faith, there is every reason why the officer to whom they refer should see them. The Admiralty would do well to follow the example of the sister Services by issuing orders that every confidential report, without exception, is to be

Digitized by Google

seen and initialled by the officer affected. This is all the more vital to the well-being of the Navy at a time when the situation in regard to promotions and appointments in the senior ranks is so acute. It is, moreover, a measure long overdue in a series of reforms which have gone far to stamp out favouritism of the wrong kind.

The Captain of any of H.M. ships has another grumble —it can hardly be called a grievance, perhaps—and this is that his one-time unassailable position as " lord of all he surveys " on his own quarter-deck is being gradually filched from him. The naval staff is still a youthful product, and it has not always found its right place in the scheme of things. Flag officers for the most part are impressed with the fact that a staff is both useful and necessary, but they do not always realize the importance of restraining the zeal of its members. In one of the chief commands afloat to-day the gospel of initiative is being continually preached, yet orders, instructions, minutes and memoranda rain from the Fleet Flagship in such profusion that Commanding Officers are scarcely free to blow their own noses, and spend nearly their whole time " conforming " and " complying."

This " spoon feeding " is a serious defect in fleet training in peace, and is liable to have grave consequences, because it tends to deprive officers of the power to think and act for themselves in a war emergency. A classic example of this was the failure to report the German Fleet when it was sighted breaking through our light craft and escaping back to port the night after Jutland. Although the head of the enemy's battle fleet was seen from our two rear battleships, neither of them communicated the fact even to their own Admiral. It appears that the Commanding Officers thought their Admiral had seen what they saw, although he was farther away, and were over-impressed with the importance of " not giving away the position of the Fleet."

The subject is one closely associated with " small ship time." The old tradition that service in the big ship is the best possible recommendation for promotion dies hard. To this day the Commander-in-command is, generally speaking, at a disadvantage as compared with the Commander, executive officer, of a battleship, or on an Admiral's staff. It remains a mystery why an officer who can always fall back on higher authority, who seldom if ever handles the ship, and whose duties may, to a large extent, be likened to those of manager of a big hotel, should, *ipso facto*, prove a better

Digitized by Google

Captain, and some day Admiral, than the Commander-in-command. The latter has not only graduated in captain's duties by commanding his own ship, but has often, when on detached service, had to exercise his initiative, tact and diplomatic capabilities in a way which the Commander in the big ship is seldom called upon to do. It is not that the latter *is* the inferior of his contemporary in the small ship; it is simply lack of appreciation on the part of the higher authorities as to what is the best training for higher command. Initiative, which is of the greatest importance to successful leadership in war, can only be acquired by giving officers frequent opportunities to exercise it in peace, and by placing them in positions of independent responsibility. These they get least of all in a big ship in a big fleet and most of all in a smaller ship on detached service.

Even in the big fleet more might be done by reviving Commanders', Lieutenant-Commanders', and Officers-of-Watches' manœuvres and steamboat tactics; and minor evolutions in harbour to be conducted by no one senior to a Lieutenant; but apart from this, it is all-important that the staff of the flagship should think as much as possible and write as little as possible, so as to leave Captains in particular, and the officers of the fleet as a whole, free to develop initiative and to rely on themselves and their own resources.

There remains the perennial naval grievance of the Fleet Air Arm. The present Government, with its motto of "Peace in our time, O Lord!" has decreed that the Admiralty and Air Ministry have got to make the best of the present Gilbertian situation, and, on the whole, the two departments do so loyally. The unprofessional committee who concocted the existing arrangement, however, had remarkably little knowledge of the psychology of the young naval officer. He takes to flying like a duck to the water, but he has an instinctive aversion to being forced to assume a duplicate rank in another Service, to being at one moment under Air Force command and discipline and the next back in his own Service, and to have to spend much time which seems to him to be doing him no good in the eyes of those to whom he must ultimately look for advancement. These are only a few of the personal drawbacks to service in the Fleet Air Arm as at present constituted, but the net result is that the Admiralty are finding no little difficulty in obtaining volunteers for the quota of 70 per cent. naval pilots and 100 per cent. naval observers.

Digitized by Google

The matter is of very real importance to the Royal Air Force, because the Fleet Air Arm, with its predominantly naval personnel, relieves their own problems of entry and promotion. It is open to question whether the Air Ministry is not doing harm to both Services by resisting a change which will be inevitable in war, and by insisting on the perpetuation of a system which is thoroughly unpopular. A particularly unfortunate effort to assert their position as being jointly responsible for the Fleet Air Arm has been apparent lately in the way in which the Air Ministry has announced casualties in that Service. The brother officers, relations and friends of a Lieutenant R.N., for instance, bitterly resent his death on fleet air duty being announced in a form which describes him as holding a rank in another Service which he has had thrust upon him, while his proper rank and Service is, perhaps, only mentioned in parentheses.

Another matter tending to cause friction between the two Services is the official or semi-official communications to the Press emanating from the Air Ministry of mishaps to " naval aircraft," which are frequently flying boats or sea-planes belonging exclusively to the Air Service, working from shore stations and manned by purely R.A.F. personnel. These may seem small matters, but the Secretary of State for Air would do well to keep an eye on his publicity department if he desires to promote the good relations which should exist between the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. These relations will never be ideal until these two Services stand to each other on exactly the same plane as the Navy and Army. The Army has long since ceased to man the ships' guns, but the two departments co-operate closely in design and supply of ordnance. The Navy has not the slightest desire to see the Air Force abolished, but the Navy will never rest content until it is free to man, use and *command* its own aircraft and air stations, and naval officers will never regard fleet air work as an integral part of their career until it is under purely naval control.

It only remains to repeat that, although there are these " grievances," and although " grumbles " could be multiplied a hundred-fold, but would not be worth the recording, the Navy is very far from being discontented. Personal hardships are borne in silence far more often than not, while complaint and criticism are more wont to be directed towards securing change or improvement " for the good of the Service " than to obtain advantage for the individual.

Digitized by Google

"THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S NATURAL AERODROME"

PART I.*

MANY authorities in this country have expressed the opinion that the future air power of this country necessarily involves the possession of a fleet of marine aircraft, upon which, in conjunction with the sea forces, our ability to control the sea communications in time of war will depend. Such opinions are undoubtedly correct for even a cursory study of this subject will make it plain that this control though primarily resting on sea power, will also be dependent on the support it receives from the air.

The defence of this country against air attack, though taking precedence over all other forms of air defence, would be of little avail had we neglected in the meantime to make adequate provision for the defence of our sea communications. This latter, like home defence, has been complicated by the advent of aircraft, from which it is liable to suffer serious and continuous interference.

In the February issue of *Airways* a short article appeared under the title of " The Race for Air Supremacy," by Sir Samuel Instone. Sir Samuel expresses the opinion that our sea supremacy in the future will only be attained by the possession of a superior navy and mercantile marine backed by a superior marine air force and marine air services. This opinion, coming as it does from one who has been closely associated with civil aviation since its inception, is one of great consequence. Sir Samuel states further that sea-going aircraft will play a leading part in British air commerce. THE FIGHTING FORCES has done its best to emphasize the present and future potentialities of the flying boat both for war and peace purposes. It is clear to us that our future air and sea power will be vitally affected by the development of this type of aircraft. There is little sign at the moment of the facts as stated being generally appreciated either within or without the Services. One might almost say that with the exception of a few enlightened individuals, the whole subject

* Part II will appear in the July issue.

Digitized by Google

has been treated with complete apathy on the part of those responsible for the development of this type of aircraft.

It would appear evident that all our energies and thought have been centred upon land planes. Even the airship would appear to many to offer greater prospects and to be of greater military and commercial value than marine aircraft. A little reflection will dispose of both these fallacies.

Our policy in regard to the development of the aircraft carrier (influenced no doubt by a keen desire on the part of the Navy to have the maximum number of aircraft under their control as allowed for under the scheme of the Fleet Air Arm*) is in our opinion not only the least efficient method of attaining air power at sea, but the least economical.

We alone of the signatory Powers to the Washington Agreement have seen fit to build aircraft-carriers up to anything approaching the full quota of tonnage allotted. What have we gained either in air or sea power as a result of this? At most it has locked up 200 land planes on floating aerodromes, capable of being put out of action by one bomb, shell or torpedo, and at a cost out of all proportion to their value either as an adjunct to the fleet or to materially strengthening our position in the air. As some wit with an experience of operating aircraft from carriers put it: "It was a damned expensive way of making wind."

Little doubt exists that those responsible for the extensive building programmes of the carriers and airships have been wanting in a sense of proportion. The political and rival claims associated with both these enterprises have, no doubt, had something to do with the excessive outlay in both cases.

We do not wish to imply that the building of either carriers or airships should have been neglected, but we do say they should have been kept within smaller limits. The carrier and airship are purely experimental. Until such time as the flying boat had reached a stage in its development where it could be depended on to carry out the more important if not all the functions of carrier-borne aircraft, the development of the carrier with their specially designed land aircraft was perhaps both necessary and desirable. Has not this development clouded the issue and has it not in consequence neglected to take into account the development

* The Fleet Air Arm comprises only those units which operate from carriers.

Digitized by Google

of the flying boat? There is no doubt that it has been the chief cause for retarding the growth of the latter.

Naval opinion would be more favourable to this way of thinking had the flying boat come under their operational control. The utter defencelessness of the carrier against all types of warships would alone render their use in war very restricted. It would, to say the least, preclude any hope of their ever being able to operate within economic air range of the enemy fleet. The limitations of the carrier, coupled with those of the aircraft they operate, make their potential value doubtful when it comes to operations conducted under war conditions. Furthermore, compared with other types, the carrier-borne aircraft are very inferior in performance, more especially in regard to their defensive qualities and radius of action.

On the other hand, the flying boat possesses undoubted advantages. In the first place, their mobility and range are unimpaired. Secondly, they have a great range of action and are able to operate independently and for long periods at great distances from their main base. Their general sea-worthiness has been fully demonstrated. Thirdly, their offensive and defensive qualities are greatly superior. The flying boat may be described as the general utility type for all sea work and is the only type that is capable of fulfilling the more important functions required of aircraft operating at sea. There appears to be no reason why it should not be developed with success as a torpedo carrier, capable of carrying far greater loads at increased range. The greater range and load capacity of the flying boat coupled with its greater defensive qualities (a lamentable deficiency in the carrier-borne type) make it in every respect a vastly superior type to anything which can be produced to operate from a carrier. Moreover, as it is capable of carrying out the functions of reconnaissance, bombing and spotting, with the possibility of its ultimately being developed as a torpedo carrier, the only land type we should require to maintain for work with the fleet would be the fighter.

Under these circumstances the carrier could be dispensed with, and so far as operating fighters is concerned it leaves the way clear for building a special type of fast cruiser-carrier armed with 8-inch guns and therefore possessing the fighting qualities of a ship.

To turn now to the commercial aspect of the question.

Digitized by Google

With one exception (that of the flying boat service between Southampton and the Channel Isles) all efforts have been concentrated on the development of commercial air lines overland. In the article already referred to, Sir Samuel Instone expresses the opinion, the soundness of which cannot be refuted, that although very great strides have been made with the aeroplane, the future lies with the flying boat. "It must never be forgotten." he writes, "that Great Britain is an island and that the British Empire depends upon her sea routes. The development of the flying boat, therefore, is of the greatest importance to the Empire." One of the objects of this article is to emphasize the importance of air power in its relation to sea power. It must be obvious even to the lay mind that British air commerce must be closely allied to British sea commerce. As Sir Samuel points out, flying boats are independent of aerodromes and foreign countries and could be constructed to any size, for they are always sure of being able to land and rest on the water, flying overland only where absolutely necessary. "The ideal air service will," he says "only be attained by the building of very large flying boats capable of carrying a large number of passengers and goods, and operating over a sea route on which hulks, containing a supply of petrol, spare parts and a workshop would be moored at reasonable distances." The wide range of possibilities that the seaplane type of aircraft offers has been frequently demonstrated during the past few years. We do not doubt that the commercial machine of the future will be a seaplane. Of one thing we are certain, we would much rather go across considerable areas of land in a flying boat than we would go over the same area of sea in a land plane. Every pilot who has had experience of the latter, and, we feel sure passengers also, will admit the truth of this. The more one compares the advantages of the flying boat over the land plane, the more one wonders why it is that these have not more generally been realized. Sir Samuel Instone, in the article referred to, expresses confidence in the ability of our aircraft constructors to produce a flying boat capable of carrying up to fifty passengers, or the equivalent weight of goods, with sleeping quarters, etc. "It would," he says, "repay them for their efforts. There is no constructional reason why this should not be done." That this is so is borne out by the fact that the largest commercial flying boat built by Germany is credited with a

Digitized by Google

carrying capacity of twenty-one passengers. This is the *Superwal*, the first of which is to operate over the sea route Marseilles—Barcelona. M. Dornier, the designer of this craft, is of the opinion that a seaplane capable of carrying eighty or more passengers could be built to-morrow if necessary. " It is," he says, " a question of money and not construction." The first effort at the building of commercial flying boats in this country is now being made. This is the new *Calcutta* type which is reported to have accommodation for a crew of three, fifteen passengers with luggage, and fuel for a flight of 500 miles.

Our most vulnerable point in war being our ocean trade routes, marine airways are of vital concern to this country and the Empire. Flying-boat services would, moreover, provide a valuable reserve of aircraft and personnel, complete with bases, for the defence of trade in war.

The development in flying-boat construction has reached a stage which renders it possible for this type to be used on an extensive scale. It would appear also that the modern all-metal large boats are capable of carrying a greater paying load for a given engine power than do land planes. Apart from this important aspect there is the added advantage of a less costly ground organization both in initial outlay and subsequent maintenance compared with an overland service.

Compared with Germany or France, Great Britain is not placed very advantageously for becoming a great centre for commercial air lines over land. On the other hand, Great Britain's position in regard to marine air services is paramount. If full use is not made of the opportunities thus afforded us we shall live to regret it. Signs are not lacking of the interest being taken in the matter by our foreign rivals. Certain routes are already being operated and others are in course of preparation, including routes to this country. These should be our immediate concern and should not be left to foreign monopoly.

The time has arrived for this country and the Empire to take stock of their position and to take advantage of the natural facilities offered in establishing marine air services. We cannot afford to lag behind, for if we do so, we shall find that our sea supremacy will have been seriously compromised. Until such time as we have established marine flying, then and only then, will the axis of air communications be shifted from the Continent of Europe to the British

Digitized by Google

Isles. The shipping industry of this country might with advantage directly interest itself in what will ultimately turn out to be vital to its commercial interests both in peace and war.

Lastly, it would be difficult to imagine a better way of making the nation air-minded than by organizing marine aircraft services, commercial or pleasure. The general public is willing to take an interest in flying if flying is presented to it in the right way. The right way in this country is to make use of the natural conditions afforded by the sea.

Digitized by Google

THE 40th DIVISION, U.S. ARMY

By Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Scammell

(*Assistant Chief-of-Staff, 40th Division, U.S. Army*).

WHEN, in 1794, Dubois-Crancé succeeded in his scheme of amalgamating the depleted Regular line infantry of the old Royal Army with the volunteers of the French Revolution, he not only created stronger, more homogeneous battalions; he not only arrested the disintegration of the disciplined and trained Regular regiments, but he succeeded in raising the morale of Volunteers and Regulars alike and in creating a uniformly organized, powerful national army which showed its mettle in the victorious campaigns of that year. A complete reorganization of the armed forces of the United States of America in 1920, under the provisions of the National Defence Act, performed a similar service in the U.S. Army. To be sure, the French Law of the Amalgame* was an emergency war measure, brigading one battalion of Regulars with two battalions of Volunteers to form a *Demi-Brigade*, whereas the National Defence Act creates a permanent organization, national in scope, in which the Regular Army, National Guard, and Organized Reserves are separately organized, but in essence they may be compared, in that both laws aimed at the abolition of distinctions in régime between the elements composing the national army.

In time of peace, of course, there must be wide differences in the strength and quality of the three components, since the Regular troops are subject to military discipline throughout the year, whereas the National Guard is a military organization for but one evening a week and throughout the day for but a fortnight in the year; while the Organized Reserves consist only of officers and a few non-commissioned officers and specialists, trained, in theory, for a fortnight a year, but actually once in about five years if at all. But in time of war it is planned to merge all distinctions in one great national army.

Owing to lack of funds, the new organization proceeds slowly, but it does proceed, and on the whole with marked success.

* In The Fighting Forces, issue of June, 1924, the writer briefly described the principal provisions of this law and commented upon it.

Digitized by Google

The trend of military thought in England as expressed in the leading Service journals seems to indicate clearly that there is an unmistakeable tendency towards a national army in Great Britain. I have recently been studying the origin of the " Nation in Arms," and have become convinced that military institutions, to be sound, must be an expression of the economic as well as the philosophic tendencies of the times. Here in the United States we wish Great Britain well in facing her many and serious problems, including that of a vigorous military establishment.

It is not only on the score of blood relationship that I count upon friendly feelings between the two countries in the future, for as the British blood in America has become diluted, friendship has become stronger. I think that common ideas have much more to do with it. In essentials our manner of looking at things is much the same; it is fairly easy for one to see and understand the point of view of the other. And so I am venturing to give an account of a National Guard Division—the 40th Division, U.S. Army—in the hope that it will be of interest to the British Army. Before going into details it is as well to point out that there are factors which simplify our problem here considerably. For example, the U.S.A. was fortunate in having examined exhaustively our military problem before engaging in the war, and in having, on conclusion of the war, straightway formulated a comprehensive and unified policy revised in the light of our war experience. Again, unlike Great Britain, the United States did not engage her entire strength in the war. The consequence is that we have many officers in the regular establishment who did not have combat service, while there are many in the citizen components who did. No regular, therefore, can be quite certain but that the officer he meets may have had a more thorough practical experience than his own. This leads to caution in dealing with National Guard and Reserve officers. One might add that the policy of economy has had a salutary result in this wise: the thoughtful regular officer looks to the reserve or National Guard officers, who are often men of distinction and influence politically, to help influence public opinion on questions of National Defence: if there are doubts concerning the technical ability of such officers, there is no failure to recognize their value in other respects; and—they can always learn!

For these and other reasons, regular officers who do not

Digitized by Google

approve of the shifting of emphasis away from the regular establishment and toward the citizen components generally find themselves assigned to duties where their opinions can be expressed without inflaming resentment and creating bad blood between the different components. Consequently the citizen-soldiery comes into contact almost entirely with regular officers who believe whole-heartedly in the present system—or who, at least, conduct themselves as if they did. I think that the majority are sincere. I myself, as a reserve officer and later as a National Guard officer had many more doubts than I now entertain. The progress that has been made in the efficiency of the National Guard has profoundly impressed me: it operates with increasing smoothness and gains daily in prestige.

The 40th Division was organized first in 1917, the nucleus being the elements of the California National Guard. In 1918 upon its arrival in France it was broken up to meet the need for replacements at the front. In 1920 its reorganization was begun. Only in 1926 did it receive recognition as a division and gain permission to organize its staff. Even as a peace strength National Guard division it is still incomplete.

The normal organization of a division in the United States Army is the war strength division. No such thing exists in time of peace. The war strength division consists of two brigades of infantry of two regiments of three battalions, one brigade of light artillery of two regiments of two battalions of three batteries of four guns, an engineer regiment of two battalions of three companies, a medical regiment, one aero squadron, one light tank company, one signal company, other special troops including military police, ordnance company, etc., and the trains. The difference between this and peace organization in the Regular Army lies principally in the strength of the units, but there is a special peace-time organization for the National Guard division, because it is not practical or economical to maintain certain units in time of peace; there might be insufficient interest in the particular type of work to induce enlistments, or it might be that it would be too costly to maintain the required number of animals, or, perhaps, it would be a comparatively easy matter to raise in an emergency an effective unit of that particular type.

Let us now consider the composition of a National Guard division and see how far toward completion the

Digitized by Google

40th Division has progressed. There is a division headquarters and a headquarters detachment; the former is partly organized, and the latter is now authorized. Of the two infantry brigades, the 79th has its headquarters, headquarters company, and medical company organized, and the two infantry regiments are complete. The 80th Brigade has no headquarters; it is not yet organized as a brigade, and consists only of one complete regiment of infantry. The 65th Field Artillery Brigade is not yet organized, and there are no trains, but the 143rd Regiment in California is complete, and the 145th Regiment in Utah is complete. The division air service is being completed at Los Angeles. The 115th Engineers does not yet exist except on paper. The 115th Medical Regiment has not yet come into being, but has made a beginning with one hospital company. The 40th Division train has not been organized, nor the special headquarter troops, ordnance company, motor-cycle company or military police. However, the 40th Light Tank Company and the 40th Signal Company lead a vigorous and effective existence. We have, in brief, except for the 185th Infantry and the 115th Combat Engineers, the fighting elements of the division organized, and a beginning has been made in the organization of the command, the administrative units, and the medical service. But the division is immobile. That seems a severe handicap. Might it not have been wiser to create first a complete, mobile, self-contained reinforced brigade? Some think so. But others are convinced that if the division were called upon to take the field there would be no great difficulty in moving it or in organizing immediately an effective medical service.

The staff has only recently been organized; and immediately after its organization it underwent a fortnight's instruction in its duties. The most important consideration at present, therefore, is not its actual competence, but the quality of its personnel. The Commanding General is Major-General David Prescott Barrows, C.N.G., one of the few major-generals in the National Guard. He is an unusually able and distinguished man, and, for a citizen-soldier, one of unusually wide military experience. He was formerly Director-General of Education in the Philippine Islands, and later President of the University of California, which post he resigned to continue his work as head of the Department of Political Science. He saw fighting in the

Digitized by Google

Philippines and in Siberia. He is a robust, vigorous leader of men. His Chief-of-Staff, now attorney for the Board of Regents of the University of California, is a graduate of the A.E.F. Staff College at Langres. He has the qualities that go to make an excellent chief-of-staff. The first assistant chief-of-staff ("G.1") is a graduate of the University of California who served in the Navy during the war. The second assistant chief-of-staff ("G.2") (intelligence) is Assistant U.S. District Attorney. The writer is "G.3," or assistant for operations. "G.4" (supply) from Utah, is an able and practical veteran of the Spanish-American and World Wars. This completes the general staff section.

The 79th Infantry Brigade is commanded by Brigadier-General Storey, a prominent man of affairs in Los Angeles. The 159th Infantry is commanded by the City Engineer of Berkeley, who formerly served on the Faculty of the University. The 160th Infantry is commanded by an officer who distinguished himself with the 1st Division in France, an exceptionally able soldier, now a banker in Los Angeles. The 143rd Field Artillery (in the absence of a qualified officer of the National Guard) is commanded by a Regular Army officer.

To one who knew intimately the pre-war National Guard, the present type of officer in the line represents an amazing improvement over the old. They are not only men of greater experience, due to the influence of the war, but also the new organization has attracted men of position and character into it. The quality of the enlisted men likewise has improved. Companies have been established in the larger country towns of California; there a good officer means the recruiting of fine, big, muscular and intelligent men. In 1925 the recently-organized 40th Tank Company, from such a town, almost wrested the palm for general efficiency from the crack 40th Signal Company. This year a company, organized only a short time before the annual encampment, presented the finest appearance on parade of any company at camp; it, too, was from a small country town, and had an experienced commander.

The 40th Division cannot be considered an effective fighting organization, but it could probably be turned into one in an amazingly short time. Judged by the standards of the late war, it has a long way to go, but judged by the National Guard standards before the war, it is incredible

Digitized by Google

how far it has gone. Each regiment or separate unit has a Regular Army instructor, and that makes a considerable difference. Now, with a divisional instructor and a staff to co-ordinate and unify training, a still greater proficiency may reasonably be expected. Before 1917 it took a year to put a National Guard division in the field; to-day, recruited up to normal peace strength, it could in an emergency be put into the field in a month. Three months would make of it a fairly formidable fighting machine. That is because, for the first time in history, the United States has not thrown away entirely the experience gained in a war, but has capitalized it and applied it.

As regards the supply of officers, the R.O.T.C. provides not only reserve officers, but officers of the National Guard in time of peace, and sometimes directly or indirectly for the regular establishment as well.

I consider that we have achieved a marked success, and that the success will prove greater with time. One important reason for this success, in my opinion, is that we rely upon no single factor, but upon a great variety of factors, to ensure that intercourse is steady between individuals of the three components—*i.e.*, the Regular Army, National Guard, and Organized Reserves. Upon the outbreak of war all distinctions are merged, and there are only officers of the United States Army, interchangeable, taking rank according to seniority, according to date of commission and length of service.*

* Since this was written new regulations have appeared governing the promotion of reserve officers which aroused a tempest in a teapot. Reserve officers on active duty may now out-rank more experienced professional officers although some of the former have done no military duty since the war. In time of war, however, professional officers would immediately be promoted to higher rank. Unquestionably equitable compromises will be effected before a breach occurs; perhaps the regulars will be forced to hold in peace definite reserve commissions in the grade to which they will be assigned in time of war.

Digitized by Google

A WEAPON OF OPPORTUNITY

By "COTSWOLD."

PERHAPS the events related in the following story took place in the wilds of Somaliland; possibly on the borders of Nigeria, or even in that unromantic and mysterious region known as the Aden Hinterland. The exact location is not the point, not the main point at any rate. They took place before the Great War broke out, in one of those outposts which are dotted all over the British Empire, and of which we hear so much and see so little; though I can understand their garrisons receiving this last remark with incredulity and amazement.

Suffice it to say that the facts are, in the main, set down here as they were related to me by one of the chief actors in this little out-of-the-way comedy, which for purposes of narration I will stage on the North-West Frontier of India.

Throughout the Indian Empire, wherever troops are trained, there are always certain well-known landmarks which are yearly attacked, defended, entrenched, and in a hundred-and-one ways used for educating every member of the forces—from private soldier to general—in the Art of War. Every station has its One Tree Hill, and who has not heard of such euphemisms as the Marble Rocks or the Happy Valley—features of the landscape that invariably belie their high-sounding titles? For the Marble Rocks generally signify a heat-stricken, rock-strewn patch of ground that, by reason of the appalling flatness of the surrounding terrain, rises to the dignity of a hill; and the Happy Valley is usually an inferno of smells and mosquitoes that recalls any but happy memories to those who have the misfortune to work through it.

Do not, therefore, be misled when I tell you that the scene of these events is laid in the vicinity of Fort Alabaster. Stones, indeed, there were in plenty round about, of all shapes, sizes and hues, but not one had ever yet received the name of "precious."

Fort Alabaster lay on a rocky spur among a confused jumble of hills in that wild and inhospitable region which lies north-west of the Indus. It consisted of a square mud enclosure, the walls of which were about twenty feet high and some four feet thick. These were loopholed to provide

Digitized by Google

defence against attack from any side, and a heavy wooden door, also loopholed, gave entrance to the open space in the middle of the fort. This door could be heavily barred and bolted, thus making the garrison snug and secure in case of attack, and allowing them to sleep safely in their beds at night when peace was the order of the day. True, the fort was "commanded" and overlooked by various heights in the vicinity, but it was almost impossible in such country to find a site that was not so placed, but extra security was given to the defenders by cunningly designed galleries and shelters which rendered them comparatively safe from being shot in the back when firing through any of the loopholes.

The garrison consisted of eighty Indian Infantry under a British officer. Their primary duty was the immediate protection of villages within the British administrative border from raids by wandering bands of *badmashes*; and, secondly, the rounding-up of these marauders in the event of a successful raid. The first was largely a moral duty; they represented, as it were, the finger-tips of the long arm of British authority. The second was an active and much-cursed obligation which necessitated the garrison, or a part of it, being always on the alert, and "standing by" ready to move at the shortest possible notice. For these marauding bands knew every inch of that broken and intricate country, and, given a start of a few minutes or a few hundred yards, they often outpaced their pursuers and reached their lairs over the border unmolested, with many a fat *bania's* horde of currency notes tucked safely away in their voluminous—and verminous—garments.

This story concerns the doings of one Lieutenant Cresswell and his eighty braves. Cresswell had done, for all his youth, much service on the frontier, and was, if not a past-master of, at any rate a very apt pupil in, the art of "frontier warfare." Nor were his Indian officers and men one whit behind him in skill, and the experience of some of the older soldiers among the garrison had more than once helped him in a tight corner. He had had considerable experience in many similar outposts, and was quite at home in Fort Alabaster, and carried the weight of his responsibilities with the ease and air of one much older than himself. At the time these events took place, he had only been in Fort Alabaster about three months, and beyond one or two strenuous, but unsuccessful chases after raiders, and occasional

Digitized by Google

annoyance from snipers, he had had no real excitements. His time was spent in various ways, first and foremost, of course, in keeping his men fit and trained for their ever-present duties, and in encouraging them to play games; and, to help the time pass, he occasionally went out, with an escort, to chase the wily *chikor* on the surrounding hillsides.

In addition to the eighty rifles of the garrison, there was an ancient and honourable machine gun, which had been many times "condemned" as unserviceable, but somehow or other had never been exchanged for a more serviceable weapon. This gun had been tinkered up from time to time, and occasionally coaxed into firing a few rounds at empty beer bottles on the hillside, in order to supply the necessary material for some "report" or "return" demanded by Headquarters. The fact that it jammed every few rounds and, if the sights could be induced to stay up, fired a hundred yards short at five hundred yards range, was of no account; the authorities demanded that it should fire its hundred or so rounds every year, even though it almost disembowelled itself in the process. However, Cresswell religiously trained his men in its use, and regarded it as quite a useful addition to his armament.

The fort also contained the usual conglomeration of "stores"—old targets, leather buckets, stretchers, billhooks, a few tents, and various odds and ends of ordnance equipment, and there was besides a small fire engine, a manual contraption mounted on four small iron wheels, with a length of leaky and shrunken hose. Where the water was to come from in case of fire no one seemed to know or care, but the fact that Fort Alabaster contained a fire engine was good enough for the authorities; and it is difficult to argue with people who house you in an inflammable building and, by supplying you with a fire engine, give you no grounds for official complaint.

It was on a hot, sultry afternoon at the beginning of the hot weather that Cresswell conceived his plan of "brightening up the place a bit." He was sitting in his quarters in the fort, drinking tepid tea made with smoky water, munching ginger biscuits from an open tin on the table, when the idea struck him that the woodwork of the fort would look much better if painted. Besides it would preserve the timber, and he would, by one stroke of the brush, so to speak, make

Digitized by Google

their lives happier and render much good service to government. He would paint the verandah posts and such-like things which could be seen from the surrounding hills, a dull khaki, thus rendering them no more conspicuous than they were before, but the interior of his own and the men's quarters needed a splash of colour to counteract the all-pervading dullness of their surroundings. Accordingly he wrote off to Calcutta for several tins of enamel—vermilion, bright blue, yellow, green and khaki—and for the brushes necessary to carry out his brilliant scheme. In due course they arrived, and much zest was shown by the men over this new game. Had they had their way the inside of the fort would have resembled a stick of peppermint or a barber's pole, but Cresswell had an artistic eye, and by the end of a week the place looked really gay. It was an undoubted improvement on the old condition of things.

The job was finished, and Cresswell was standing surveying his handiwork, rubbing his nose with the back of a vermilion and yellow hand, when his eye suddenly fell on the Fort Alabaster fire engine, a forlorn and desolate object, tucked away in the corner amid the surrounding gaiety. Visions of a London street flashed before him. Wheeled traffic and pedestrians scattering in all directions ; policemen holding up the flow from side streets ; while down the empty roadway galloped a fire engine, one of the crew clanging a warning bell as it raced to the scene of action. A fleeting vision of a scarlet streak, the clatter and thud of galloping hoofs, and in an incredibly short space of time the street had resumed its normal aspect. Why should not his own—his very own—fire engine emulate its bigger and better equipped brethren and be a credit to the fort instead of a disgrace ? It was inconceivable, now he came to think of it, that a fire engine should be any colour *but* red. And so it came about that the remaining vermilion was expended on the dilapidated and useless machine. " If it can't be useful it can at least be ornamental " thought Cresswell as he and two of his men splashed the brilliant paint on the time-worn affair. Warming to his work he grew enthusiastic, and while painting the wedge-shaped end of the body it struck him that the general outline could, with the aid of paint, be made to represent a face ; and as his whole decoration scheme was what, in his heart of hearts, he called a " rag," there seemed nothing out of the way in this latest fantastic idea. So with

Digitized by Google

the aid of blue, yellow, and green enamel scraped from the bottoms and sides of almost empty tins, the innocent fire engine was transformed into a hideous, glaring toy, with malicious yellow eyes, a parti-coloured nose, and a fixed, immobile grin, showing a row of huge yellow teeth surrounded by bloated, blue-green lips. The men crowded round as the monstrosity was nearing completion, marvelling at first, but laughing heartily when the ogre was completed. It was allowed to dry, became a nine days' wonder, and was then wheeled back into its corner and obscurity.

* * * * *

"Hullo! Hullo! Is that Fort Alabaster? Adjutant speaking—Hullo, Cresswell. I say, Sultan and his gang are out and have got away with a lot of stuff and two rifles. They are making for the Kampagha it seems, so you'd better trot out your lads and try and cut 'em off."

"How many are there, d'you know?" said Cresswell into the dusty mouthpiece of the telephone.

"They don't know, but old man Sultan usually travels light, and I don't suppose he's got more than five or six ruffians with him. Anyhow they are well away now, so you'd better get an imperial move on."

"Right O. I say, Bruce, send up some more . . . . Hullo! Hullo! Damn. He's gone," and he hung up the receiver, realizing that he must postpone till a later date his request for another dozen of beer to be sent up by the next convoy from Headquarters of his battalion some thirty miles down the road.

In outposts such as Fort Alabaster, where readiness for action, speed, and method are essential, cut and dried orders are kept to meet all emergencies, and on the word being given every man knows his job, where to go, what to do, and what to take in the way of arms, ammunition, food and water in the event of it being his duty to accompany a force operating outside the fort. In fact, the local commander has only to give the word of command—hinting possibly that it is the real thing this time and not a "practice parade"—and the men next for duty as "movable column" go quietly and quickly about their tasks, donning filled bandoliers or pouches, filling water-bottles and taking a supply of *chupattis* from a fresh store kept always in readiness, and finally falling quickly in their places on the parade ground. No fuss, no

Digitized by Google

worry, no indecision or useless talking ; and the commander of the miniature striking force comes on parade to receive the " all present and correct " report from the Senior Indian Officer, in sure and certain knowledge that that individual is speaking the absolute truth.

So it was that, within half an hour of the telephone conversation related above taking place, Cresswell came on parade to find all ready for the move, and a waning moon dimly lighting up two ranks of still figures, behind which stood three mules and their drivers. Two mules carried the ancient machine gun, its tripod and its ammunition, while the third mule carried reserve ammunition for the rifles of the party. It was a nuisance having to take mules, but as Cresswell put it, " You never know what you're up against on these damned shows," and even the dilapidated machine gun had been known to pull its weight in a foray before now, nor was lacking warning in the shape of previous disasters due to the raider-chasers running out of ammunition.

A few crisp, quiet words of command and the little party moved off the parade ground. Every man knew what the night's work might produce, and most of them knew the countryside as well as they knew their own dusky palms. The road to the Kampagha Pass, distant some ten miles, lay across rocky hills, and Cresswell reckoned it would take him some four hours to get there. And Sultan had got a start too, but he would have to move cautiously, knowing that the warning of his raid must by now have been received in the border forts, and that in consequence the military and Border Police would be on the lookout for him. But so long as he was over the border by dawn, and in independent territory, he would be all right ; and the shortest way to safety was by the Kampagha Pass.

Cresswell and his Indian officer marched at the head of the little column, with a few men just ahead, scarcely distinguishable in the moonlight, acting as advanced guard. The tactics of, and dispositions adopted by these small counter-raiding columns were elastic, to say the least of it ; and, speed being all essential, it was necessary to take risks which would undoubtedly " fail " the individual taking them were he to adopt them when solving some scheme in a promotion examination.

After going only a few hundred yards a commotion at the end of the column caused Cresswell to drop to the rear

Digitized by Google

to investigate, and he found that the ancient and time-worn straps which secured the machine gun to its pack saddle had at last given up the unequal struggle and had snapped at the psychological moment when they were most required. The clatter of the falling gun had frightened the mule, and jerking his reins free of his driver, he had bolted back to the fort, festooned with broken straps and rattling equipment. Cresswell swore, and halted his column. Knowing the slender resources of the fort he realized it would take some minutes to improvise repairs, so he ordered two men back to the fort to retrieve the mule and to collect such straps and ropes as they could find with which he hoped to effect at any rate temporary repairs; then, dropping six men as escort, he ordered the gunners to bring on the gun as quickly as they could and proceeded on his way with the rest of his little force. He could not afford to waste precious minutes, and yet he didn't want to leave the gun behind, for somehow, in spite of its bad shooting and shaky tripod, it still might have its uses, and it had been known to play an honourable part before now in many a minor scrap.

* * * * *

The moon had dropped almost to the horizon by the time Cresswell reached the steep slopes leading up to the pass, and here he called a halt to make his dispositions. A short consultation with his Indian officer, some whispered words of command, and the men moved silently to their places, hoping that their strenuous efforts of the last few hours were now to be rewarded and that their quarry had not forestalled them.

"Damn that ruddy gun," muttered Cresswell to himself; "I wish it would hurry up." He had decided where it was to go and left two men on the road to show the party when they arrived where it was to take up its position. From the friendly shelter of a big rock it could sweep a considerable area of the hillside leading up to the pass; and even if it could not be expected to do any very great damage, it could be relied on to have a certain moral effect on the raiders, who would probably be expecting opposition only from riflemen.

Cresswell's orders to his men were very strict—no firing till he gave the word; and since he could not possibly control the fire, much less the nerves, of his little band who were

Digitized by Google

scattered along the ridge at various points of vantage, he stayed with a small party near the pass itself, warning the rest that there was to be no firing till his party did so. By this means he hoped to allow the raiders to approach very close, and so make certain of at least a good bag, and possibly of the redoubtable Sultan himself.

A hundred noises filled the early dawn, noises that normally would arouse no comment, but which now kept the hidden watchers on the alert, and which, however innocent, were all put down to the stealthy movements of the raiders. Suddenly a prone figure next Cresswell lifted his head, gazed into the fading darkness, and turned and tapped Cresswell on the shoulder. Cresswell remained motionless, staring ahead of him. His eyes had now become used to the semi-darkness, and he could just see a stealthily moving figure some twenty yards away. A scout, obviously—but he must not be allowed to discover the watchers or the game would be up. The figure disappeared easily enough in that broken country; and the eagerness of the two watchers increased. Then suddenly the prone figure next Cresswell half rose from the ground, and drawing his rifle towards him, unfixed the bayonet. Cresswell dared not interfere, but watched the prelude to the little tragedy eagerly, for he knew there was dirty work ahead. But silence, absolute silence, was essential, lest the rest of the gang were warned.

How it happened Cresswell could never clearly state afterwards. All he remembers is that Jiwan Singh, the prone figure next him, crawled forward on his belly and disappeared behind a rock. The next thing he heard was a sort of grunt and a minute or two later Jiwan Singh crawled back, refixed a dirty bayonet, and lay low once more.

It was getting light now, and objects could be distinguished fifty yards away. Apparently the raiders were late in reaching the pass and from what he had just seen it was evident that the day was not going to be uneventful. A dawn-wind had sprung up, refreshing and cool, though by no means a herald of a similar day. Then Cresswell saw what he had been waiting for—figures, one, two, three, lots of 'em, scattered about the hillside approaching the pass. "Jove," he thought, "more out this time than usual; this'll be a tough job." But there was no time to be lost. Touching Jiwan Singh on the back, he motioned him to fire, and as he did so several shots rang out from the other groups. It was

Digitized by Google

difficult to see clearly what happened, but the raiders, foiled in the last few yards, unwarned by their dead scout, evidently determined to make a fight for it. Disappearing with amazing suddenness behind rocks and into shallow *nalas*, they opened a sharp fire on the little band lining the pass. The defenders replied as best they could, but the raiders made a poor target, and it was evident too, from the numbers of rifles firing, that the gang was in strength. A few minutes later a shot struck a rock just above Cresswell's head, a shot fired from the flank. This meant that a party of raiders had managed to work round them, and the little party on the hill were in danger of being taken in enfilade. "Damn that gun," said Cresswell, for he realized that the old machine gun, inefficient as it was, would at any rate have prevented this outflanking movement. And then, suddenly, it happened.

Amid the sounds of rifle fire and the exchange of insults between attackers and defenders, down the breeze that blew the faint smoke from the rifles about in little whisps, came a strange and wonderful sound, indescribable, uncanny, alarming. Cresswell described it afterwards as a mixture of a milk-cart loaded with empty cans, driving over cobble stones, and a garden roller being pulled down a gravel path at a run. Nearer and nearer it came, and as the sun rose over the crest of the hills across the valley, there appeared on the pass a hideous grinning shape, a monster, a beast of fearsome aspect. Dragged by four sweating men up hills and over rocks difficult enough to walk over, bumping into shallow depressions and rocking along perilous cliff-edges, the Fort Alabaster fire engine, resplendent in its new colours and bearing the longed-for machine gun, had arrived on the scene of action to turn the tide in favour of the defenders. There was a temporary cessation of rifle fire, and then, from behind rocks and out of *nalas* the raiders bolted; they fled down the hillside, yelling like fiends, followed by a hilariously inaccurate rifle fire from the ridge. One or two were seen to drop, but most of them reached the bottom safely, only to be met there by the bullets of the Border Police, who had followed hard on their track all night, and had been cursing their luck in not getting up to them before they reached the Kampagha. A merry little action ensued, but in those hills with their hundred hiding places, it was difficult shooting; and though six raiders were found dead after the fight, the rest got away as best they might. Sultan himself paid the penalty for his

Digitized by Google

daring. Cut off from escape and surrounded, he died fighting, a brave man if a bad one.

* * * * *

Piecing the story together afterwards, Cresswell told me, in his London Club, as much as he had been able to gather from his excited gunners after the fight. "As far as I can make out," he said," they couldn't catch the mule first of all, and then they couldn't for the life of 'em find any straps long enough or strong enough to do the job. Then one bright genius thought of the fire engine. They decided they couldn't hump the damned thing themselves (ever tried lifting a tripod?) so, failing pack, they decided wheeled transport was the only solution. So these bright sparks stuck the old gun on the engine, and they pulled the blamed thing all that ten miles, a lot of it at the double! Of course, it saved the situation, and its dramatic appearance at a very awkward moment, fairly put the wind up old Sultan and his pals. And it never fired a single shot either. Lord knows what they thought it was, but I take on myself a lot of the credit for having had the brain wave to paint it."

Digitized by Google

DARTMOUTH OR A DUCAL DREAM?

SOME COMMENTS ON A RECENT NAVAL CONTROVERSY.

By Lieut.-Commander W. N. Barstow, R.N.

FOR several years past there has been much discussion amongst thoughtful people, both inside and outside the Service, as to the best methods of recruiting and training the budding Naval officer.

Everyone who has the welfare of this country at heart and has given even the most cursory consideration to the problems of Imperial Defence must have realized that in these days of drastic national economy, when the Navy has been " cut to the bone " in material, it is a hundred times more essential than ever before that the personnel should be superlatively excellent.

On those who man our ludicrously depleted fleet, and more particularly on the officers, the very existence of the Empire—even of Civilization itself—may one day depend.

Without reflecting in any way on past or present naval officers, whose record stands that all who run may read, it may be stated as an undeniable truth that if we are to continue to keep our national head above water—both actually and metaphorically—then the British naval officers of to-morrow must transcend in efficiency and intelligence any previous generation of their brethren. Only the best will suffice—and then only the best of those.

How to produce these remarkable paragons is the burning question. Are the present methods entirely successful, or can they be improved upon ; if so, how ?

From time to time articles and letters on the subject have appeared in the Press but, as is usual in such matters, the Great British Public displays a lack of interest in the whole business amounting almost to boredom.

A few months ago, however, the fog of apathy showed signs of lifting for a moment, though it soon descended again with added gloom.

The immediate cause of this transitory flicker of public interest in an urgent national problem was an address on " The Navy and the Public Schools," delivered in October

Digitized by Google

last by Commodore His Grace the Duke of Montrose, R.N.V.R., before the Royal United Service Institution.

Described by his admirers as "a sea-dog of the old school," and by his detractors as "an amateur yachtsman," there exists considerable difference of opinion as to His Grace's exact status amongst the naval intelligentsia of the day. But on one point, at least, both friend and foe are agreed. He is by nature an extremist, whose views on any subject are nearly always unusual.

On this occasion the Duke ran true to form, and so novel and so startling were some of the suggestions which he put forward in his lecture, and so divergent were the opinions expressed by the many distinguished naval officers who took part in the subsequent debate—though most of them agreed in disagreeing with His Grace—that the *Journal of the R.U.S.I.* of November, 1926, Vol. LXXI, No. 484, reported all the speeches in full. In fact, one or two of the more serious daily papers—probably on the principle that Democracy dearly loves a Duke—endeavoured to create a "news item" out of His Grace's remarks.

But, as we said before, the attempt fell flat. Public interest in the matter proved ephemeral, to say the least; and although the Duke and Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt—who had already disagreed very heartily during the R.U.S.I. debate—continued to cross swords in *The Times* for a few weeks, the whole subject was soon forgotten.

The more intriguing, if scarcely more urgent, question of the revision of the Book of Common Prayer supplanted it in the public interest. . . .

* * * * *

It is unnecessary to apologize for disinterring the controversy in this journal. Readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES are unlikely to be apathetic about such a matter as the training of Britain's future naval officers.

Before considering the Duke of Montrose's scheme, however, it may be as well to describe briefly the two systems of training at present in vogue; these are usually known as "The Dartmouth" and "The Special Entry" schemes.

The Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, which came into being at the beginning of the present century, replaced the old *Britannia*, which for nearly fifty years had been "the cradle of the British Navy."

Digitized by Google

At first it was run in conjunction with a junior college at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, the cadets studying for two years at each establishment.

For various reasons, not unconnected with economy and a strange complaint from which the cadets suffered called " pink-eye " (said to be a legacy from the royal horses that were once stabled there) Osborne was subsequently closed down ; at the same time Dartmouth was enlarged and all the cadets were accommodated there during the four years of their training.

That is the position to-day.

The college, a magnificent building in a glorious situation, has two staffs—a naval and a scholastic (civilian) staff. Each term of cadets, is placed under the guidance of a Lieutenant, who acts as " sea-daddy " to the half-hundred or so newly-joined youngsters, and makes himself responsible for their purely *naval* upbringing. It is his job to inculcate into his 13½-year-old charges the first principles of discipline and service ; to teach them the Navy's customs and infect them with its great traditions. He is also largely responsible for whatever training in certain nautical subjects they receive whilst at the college, supervising their instruction in boat-pulling, sailing, and elementary seamanship.

Though a very severe disciplinarian when occasion demands, the Lieutenant of Term is more usually a friendly mentor. It is not improbable that an International Rugger cap or two may be found hanging behind his cabin door, or—even more inspiring to a small cadet—the insignificant ribbon of the Victoria Cross decorating his monkey-jacket. Indeed, the officers appointed to Dartmouth are specially selected by the Admiralty, and so unerring is their Lordships' judgment that most of us who have passed through the college always look back on our own particular Lieutenant of Term as the perfect model of " an officer and a gentleman."*

Except for the naval atmosphere, Dartmouth might be mistaken for any great Public School. Though the boys are younger than in most Public Schools—they range from 13½ to just over 17 years of age—the extremely stiff medical entrance

* If the distinguished Marine officer who took " the best Drake Term that ever was " through Dartmouth happens to read this, it may interest him to know that his nickname among us was " The Man." No sobriquet could have been more complimentary, and none could have fitted more aptly.

Digitized by Google

examination followed by the constant Swedish Drill and organized games practised at the college, produces a wonderful standard of physique.

As for the *general* education which cadets receive at Dartmouth it is, to use the words of Rear-Admiral W. W. Fisher, " at least equivalent to that of the very best modern side of any public school."

On completion of their time at the college the cadets are sent to a sea-going training ship where their practical training in seamanship, gunnery, and kindred technical subjects commences. After six months they are sent to the Fleet as midshipmen.

The Special Entry or Public School system, by which youths between the ages of 17½ and 18½ may also enter the Service, was first instituted in 1913 in order to meet the shortage of officers which the rapid expansion of our pre-war Navy had created.

Specially selected candidates from the Public Schools, who have successfully negotiated a " preliminary interview " of the type prescribed for their Dartmouth confreres, and who have also passed the necessary examinations in general subjects, are sent to the training-ship *Erebus*. There they remain for one year, and during that period they must endeavour to assimilate all the naval lore which it has taken four years to pump into the Dartmouth cadet.

Though the task at first sight seems hopeless, by means of intensive training and really hard work these Special Entry cadets eventually go to sea as midshipmen at the end of twelve months on something like an equal footing with their Dartmouth " opposite numbers." We say on " something like an equal footing " advisedly; for, in our opinion they are, and always must be, at a grave disadvantage when compared with the Dartmouth-trained youngsters.

The Duke of Montrose, however, believes otherwise. He is, in fact, a left-winger of the Special Entry School, and it is because he professes to be dissatisfied with the Dartmouth system, which at present provides the Navy with the great majority of its officers, that he has evolved his remarkable scheme. Shortly, His Grace's plan is as follows :—

Dartmouth, as it exists at present, is to be scrapped and instead " the Admiralty might perhaps be approached with a view to transferring Dartmouth to a properly constituted public school foundation . . . at a price to be arrived at by

Digitized by Google

mutual valuation." The college would then be re-christened Nelson College and " would not be a naval establishment, but a general public school with a naval bias . . . . There would be a Navy class for those desiring to enter the Service . . . and there would be a Naval O.T.C." On attaining the age of 18½ those boys who wished to enter the Navy would be invited to attend a preliminary interview " in company with other applicants from all the schools and colleges in the country." After passing medical and entrance examinations the successful candidates " would embark in a training ship for six months' instruction and probationary service," on the expiration of which they would be rated midshipmen.

In his actual address before the R.U.S.I. the Duke elaborated this extraordinary idea—which, we are glad to note, he himself admitted was " a somewhat startling suggestion "—but we have not the space to do so here. Those who may wish to study the whole fantastic scheme in detail are referred to the *Journal of the R.U.S.I.* previously cited.

Were it not for the fact that we know His Grace to be sincere, we should suspect him of leg-pulling. In our opinion there is only one feature of the Duke's plan even faintly suggestive of common sense, and that is the proposal to re-christen the metamorphized Dartmouth " Nelson College." And Lieut.-Commander Galpin, R.N., originally thought of that.

The fact is that the Duke of Montrose has failed completely to grasp the fundamental essentials which any sound scheme of naval officers' training must possess; moreover, like many of those who favour a " Late Entry " method he makes claims for that method which are quite unjustifiable.

" To begin with," he said in his lecture, " there is the matter of economy, and I make no excuse for putting this reason for change before all others."

Now, apart from the fact that nothing could be more short-sighted—even in these straitened times—than to economize in the training of our future Admirals, it also happens that even if the Duke's own scheme or the existing Special Entry scheme were the sole means of entry into the Navy, the cost to the country would be greater than if Dartmouth were the only doorway. Indeed, according to authoritative figures, Dartmouth costs £90,000 per annum to maintain, whilst the annual cost of H.M.S. *Thunderer*

Digitized by Google

(the training ship for Special Entry cadets before the *Erebus*) was approximately £244,431 as a sea-going training ship and £181,163 as a Reserve Fleet training ship.*

It is interesting to find that another "Late Entry" enthusiast, Lieut.-Commander W. S. Galpin, writing in THE FIGHTING FORCES two years ago, also headed his list of arguments in support of that method by stating "that the Special Entry scheme costs the country much less."†

Nothing could be further from the truth.

But advocates of "Late Entry" systems are driven to resort to such misstatements in order to bolster up their case. For instance, one of their favourite arguments is "that a boy knows his own mind at seventeen and a half, whereas he very often does not at thirteen."† This can only be taken to imply that the older boy, when he *does* make up his mind to enter the Service, will do so wholeheartedly, intending to stay there all his life. Yet almost in the same breath the "Late Entry" enthusiast will aver that one of the greatest advantages of the scheme is that it fits youths better for *shore life*!

They say that a boy who has not entered the Navy until he has completed his general education at a public school will, *if he finds himself unsuited to the Service*, more readily adapt himself to conditions ashore.‡

It is impossible to deal with such sophistry. The Special Entryites cannot eat their cake and have it.

The truth is that these supporters of "Late Entry" schemes put the individual before the Service. They wish to treat the Navy as a sort of convenience, subordinating it to private interest. Instead of permitting it to recruit keen youngsters of 13, eager to make the Service their life-work, it is to be forced to angle for blasé youths of 18 who *may* stay on if they like it.

Apprentices to other professions cannot experiment in such a fashion. Young men do not read for the Bar with one eye on the Indian Civil.

"People who enter the Navy enter it with the intention of serving for the whole of their lives in the Service, and there is no question of changing into any other profession. If they have any idea of that kind they had better not enter the

* *Journal of the R.U.S.I.*, Vol. LXXI, No. 484, p. 758.
† THE FIGHTING FORCES, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 139.
‡ *Journal of the R.U.S.I.*, Vol. LXXI, No. 484, p. 740.

Digitized by Google

Navy at all." These words of Admiral Sir Ernest Gaunt put the case in a nutshell, and no scheme of training naval officers that is not based on this principle can ever be satisfactory.

But perhaps the worst feature of all "Late Entry" schemes is the extent to which they discount "tradition" and "sea sense."

In his criticism of the Duke's scheme, Captain Blake, R.N., put the matter very plainly.

"The particular point to which I wish to call attention was, I thought, passed over rather lightly by the lecturer, namely, 'catch 'em young.' . . . There are two things in what you may call the 'make-up' of the Naval officer, which I consider are essential, and on which I think a great many naval officers would agree with me, one is 'sea sense' and the other is 'tradition.' How are we to instil these? The only time at which I suggest we can instil them is during the impressionable years between the ages of 14 and 18, and that is what we are endeavouring to do at Dartmouth. So far as sea sense is concerned, we rub their noses, as far as possible, in salt water—and that is a thing you cannot do at a public school. As regards tradition, we give them there a great deal of naval history. We have the best selected officers from the Service to give them those traditions which have been handed down to us by the great seamen of the past, and to give to these young fellows by their own personal example an idea of what a Naval officer should be."*

Therein lies the crux of the whole business. At Dartmouth, where the very air is redolent of the Navy and its immortal history, a boy must indeed be unresponsive who does not react to its subtle influence.

Though the college itself has not been in existence for many years, it already possesses a history of its own. The old *Britannia* no longer lies in the river below, but her shadow is ever present. Moreover, the war left Dartmouth a legacy to be proud of. Near the entrance to the quarter-deck there is displayed the historic Admiralty telegram ordering the mobilization of the College, and in the chapel is the Roll of Honour.

Many of those whose names appear on the long scrolls had not reached their eighteenth birthday, and when death

* *Journal of the R.U.S.I.*, Vol. LXXI, No. 484, p. 752.

Digitized by Google

overtook them they had already been in command of men for two years or more.

The beaches of Gallipoli can testify to their worth.

But it is fashionable nowadays to sneer at tradition. Those who value it are dubbed " sentimentalists," and great play is made with such words as " rut " and " groove."

Though why a healthy veneration for the men who helped to make the British Navy the finest Service in the world should be incompatible with tolerance and a broad mind has never been satisfactorily explained.

In spite of assertions to the contrary tradition is the soul of the Service. Nelson and his " band of brothers," dour old Jervis, Rodney, Hawke, Hood, and a hundred others have a record of achievement brimming over with inspiration. And the fullest use of this inspiration is made at Dartmouth; none of it is wasted.

* * * * *

It would be possible to fill pages in support of the Dartmouth scheme, and still more pages in condemnation of " Late Entry " systems, but space naturally forbids.

We do not pretend that Dartmouth is perfect, but as the curriculum is improved year by year it is gradually approaching such a state. Those cadets who have graduated from the college during the last ten years have attained a higher standard of efficiency than their predecessors.

Though we have damned the Special Entry system with faint praise, we realize that so long as the present relative quotas are not altered it probably does little harm*; in fact, by affording certain boys who have " missed the boat " at the age of 13 a further chance at 18, it may actually render some service.

But irrational schemes like those of the Duke of Montrose are only to be heartily condemned. Ignorant people, impressed by His Grace's position and rank, are apt to take them seriously, and much harm may accrue.

As we said at the outset, the question of training our future naval officers is one of the utmost national importance, and those who advocate change apparently solely for the sake of change render the country a disservice.

* At present 150 cadets a year enter the Navy from Dartmouth compared to an annual quota of 30 from the Special Entry scheme.

Digitized by Google

But the Duke's lecture at any rate served one good purpose. It afforded several eminent officers an opportunity of stating their views on the subject within hearing of the First Lord of the Admiralty, for Mr. Bridgeman was in the chair.

It is noteworthy that among nearly a dozen speakers only two favoured "Late Entry" schemes, while none supported the Duke's plan.

In proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, the First Lord showed that the significance of this had not been lost on him.

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON MAROCCAN METHODS OF FIGHTING

By Commandant Lambert, Regiment 21e d'Infanterie.

THE Maroccan campaign is now past history; yet similar campaigns may have to be fought again, and Maroccan methods of fighting will at least be of interest to those nations who may have to face tribal warfare in the future.

In the case of Berber and Arab tribes, it is as well to remember that the function of their G.O.C.-in-C., or *cheikh-er-rbia*, is to make *all* arrangements for the operations to follow. He decides the strength of the infantry and cavalry contingents to be furnished by each tribe, the number of machine guns and rifles to be brought, and the quantity of small arm ammunition to be kept in reserve.

The campaign to be launched is decided upon by a Council of War to which the heads of clans are summoned. At this gathering the plan of operations, and the part to be played by each, is studied and discussed, battle grounds are decided on, and, where the occasion requires it, attacking columns are organized and their objectives clearly detailed in each case.

A certain number of their operation orders which have fallen into the hands of the French and Spanish troops bear witness to the fact that their Higher Command are fully alive to the realities of war. Some of these, really well thought out, deserved better results, but were doomed to failure from the outset by reason of our superior armament and the greater gallantry of our troops.

The *djouchs*, or sudden raids, are organized by bands without reference to the *Cheikh*. These raids are unauthorized, and the participants have to appease the *Cheikh*, upon their return, by handing him a portion of the loot whenever the raid has been successful.

Maroccan Tactics.

Attack.—Once an attack is decided upon, each tribe takes up its battle position, and attacks the moment our force comes upon them. Frequently the engagement begins by our advanced guard encountering an ambush whilst

Digitized by Google

negotiating a difficult locality. It is essential to reconnoitre such places with the very greatest care, approaching it from both flanks.

1. *In the Open.*—An engagement in the open usually develops on their side into a semi-circular movement. Their cavalry, supported by infantry, yield to frontal pressure from our troops, but close in on our flanks and in the rear of the column in an attempt to secure the convoy. As a rule the fight is carried on from a fair distance—say, 1,200 to 1,500 metres—except in close or undulating country, in which case our small flank guards must be intensely vigilant, and our cavalry must avoid charging down on the irregular screen of cavalry opposed to them. The Maroccan horseman never fights without the help of a foot soldier. Ahead of every line of cavalry one is certain to find a line of infantry concealed, awaiting the right moment to come into action. The moment they do so the cavalry move up to their support, charging from time to time in order to make it possible for their infantry to remove the dead and wounded.

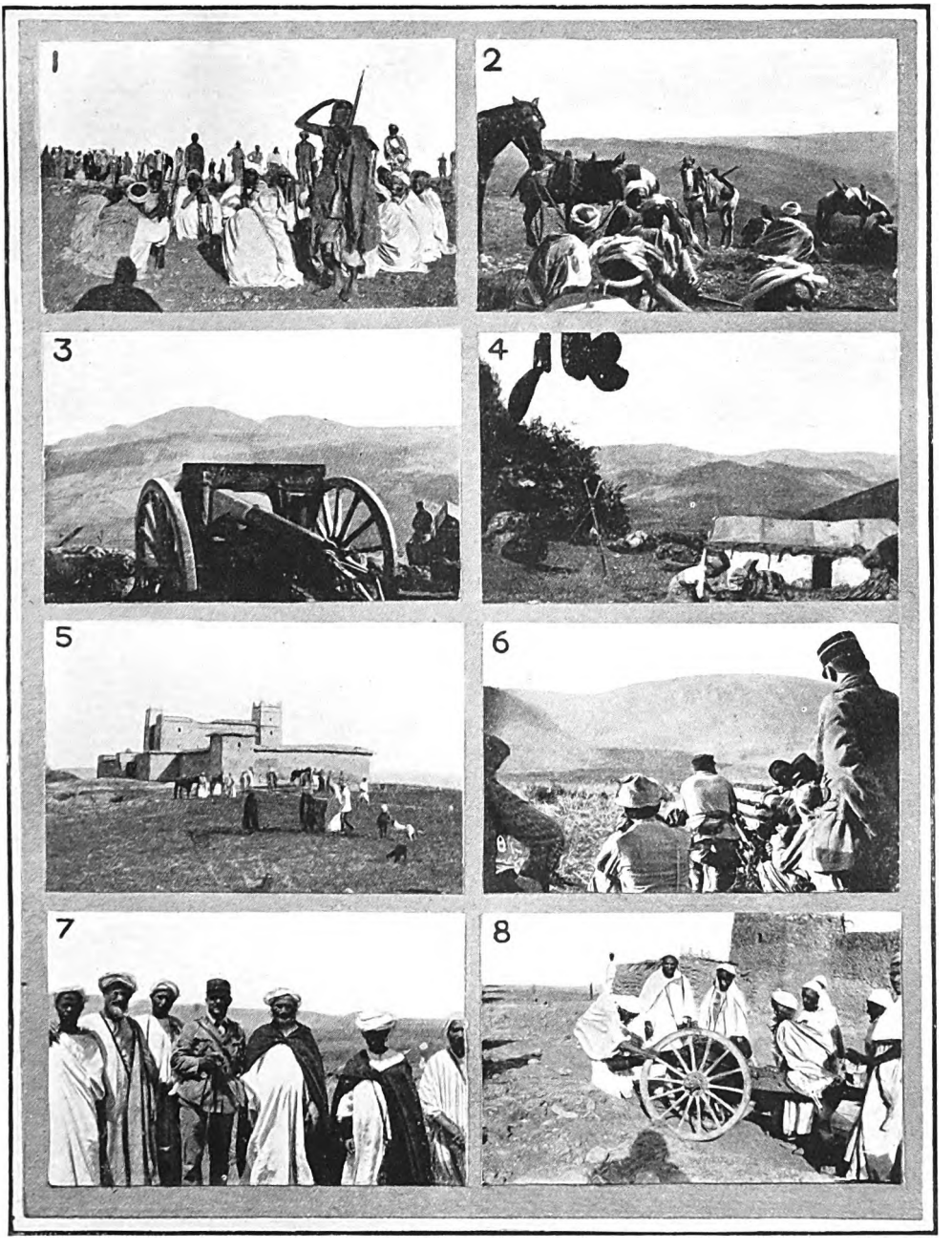
On the other hand, should the cavalry give way, the infantry immediately follow suit, for in fighting in the plains the cavalry is composed of the very pick of the tribe, and if the horseman's heart fails him, the infantryman can see no reason why he should be more intrepid. When this occurs it means defeat and disorder. Everyone flees, to reform, if possible, on the next selected position. In open country, however, the first battle is as a rule decisive.

2. *In the Hills.*—In hill fighting the position is reversed. Here the foot soldier is king, and the Berber puts relatively few horsemen into the line. When he does do so the men are mounted infantry who dismount in order to fight.

In hill fighting the Berber foot soldier makes a bitter opponent. He is indistinguishable from the soil and blends completely with his surroundings. He is master of the art of stalking, and worms his way within striking distance of our leading infantry. If he has the chance, the striking distance means a dagger. He then possesses himself of the arms of the fallen, and retires as soon as he has collected some plunder.

The Berber excels in ambushes and in sudden rapid attacks, even against guarded bivouac encampments. He is always lying in wait for the slightest mistake on our part. He prefers night or the dawn for his attack, or the time

Digitized by Google



1.—Represents Types of Berbers, just before a Battle. 2.—Berber Cavalry.

3.—In the Riff; the Mountain called Djebel Messacred in front of the Military Fort at Kelaa-es-Sless.

4.—In the Riff; Left Bank of the River Ouergha.

5.—A Maroccan Fort in the Middle-Atlas Country.

6.—One of our Mountain Batteries in Action.

7.—A Group of Maroccan Kaids (Chiefs).

8.—Maroccan Gunners man-handling a Mountain Gun for the defence of one of their Forts.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

following the setting of the moon, in order to take advantage of the uncertain visibility.

The actual assault is carried out without a sound by a body of determined men, naked or almost so, and armed with daggers; in their rear are riflemen, in readiness to occupy the position or cover a retreat.

DEFENCE.—In a pitched battle with one of our columns on the march, they make for the sound of the guns with a zest the Emperor Napoleon would have liked Grouchy to have shown.

The forward troops dispute every inch of the ground, take cover behind rocks during artillery fire, to reappear and carry on the battle against the infantry as the latter advance. Should their front be pierced, they form up again on the flanks or in rear in order to harry the flank guards, convoy and rearguard.

Machine-gun fire can inflict heavy casualties upon them without demoralizing them. Artillery fire is the only thing they really fear.

The Berbers, with a certain lack of humour, have given the name of "treachery" to a surprise attack on themselves. It undoubtedly has a demoralizing effect upon them.

The Berber dislikes the plain almost as much as the Arab the mountain. The former is a foot soldier who fears cavalry; the latter is a horseman who, when forced to the hills, is entirely out of his element and dislikes fighting there, even on foot.

It is essential to keep this fact in mind when choosing troops for an operation, and only to carry on mountain warfare with Berbers, and hill Berbers at that, who are accustomed to rocks and broken in to this specialized form of warfare.

THE MENTALITY OF THE FIGHTER.

From what I know of the mentality of the Arab and Berber respectively, we may draw certain conclusions regarding their fighting capacity.

The Arab is loyal. He is ruled by his religion, and is accustomed to obey the *Maghzen—i.e.*, the Sultan. He is fond of display and fond of fighting in the open. When beaten he immediately recognizes our superiority and submits. This has always been the case with the tribes on the Maroccan plain.

Digitized by Google

The Berber is a lover of his country. He is a patriot as long as one realizes that his country is restricted to his tribe and the neighbouring tribes allied to his clan. He is double-faced, favours treachery and rapine. His methods of fighting are underhand and full of traps. He prefers night attacks, when his strength is concealed and where he can approach without danger. He will lie in wait patiently to catch a small detachment. Finally, he is tenacious and does not consider himself beaten at the first setback. One has to guard carefully against his counter-attacks.

As long as he has the mountains at his back he feels free. Once his enemy gains a foothold on their mountains, he becomes demoralized. It is the instinctive fear of the bird knowing an eagle is overhead. This must be taken into account when preparing schemes of operation.

From what we know of the methods of fighting, the tactics, and the mentality of our opponents, we can conclude this study by drawing the following conclusions :—

In the Open.

1. When marching, do so in open order, covered on all sides at a short distance by bodies of irregular horse, supported by regular cavalry in formation.

2. Infantry dispositions should be such that they are ready to come into action quickly in any direction.

3. Keep the enemy at a distance by artillery and machine-gun fire.

4. Avoid using small detachments, on the march as well as at rest.

In the Hills.

1. Limit the field of operations. Consolidate the captured position before beginning the next move.

2. Bounds must be short. If too long they usually end in the isolation of the rearguard after the main body has retired.

3. Whilst limiting the main frontage of attack, let the front generally appear as strong as possible, by skilful use of ground and co-operation with neighbouring posts.

4. The advanced guard, flank guard and rearguard—indispensable forces—must always be strong and have the support of mountain batteries and field artillery.

Digitized by Google

5. Intervals between detachments must be such that they can keep each other in view and support each other when necessary.

6. Avoid moving detached parties.

7. During a retirement, do so in close echelon formation. If the march becomes difficult, or the enemy pressure too harassing, turn about and attack the moment suitable ground makes this possible. Otherwise there is the risk of seeing your whole detachment mopped up in detail.

8. When halted, a strict outpost system must be enforced, trenches must be dug or walls of stone erected, and as much wire as possible put out in front.

9. The outposts should be kept as low as possible, but should not be less than a company or its equivalent, and should be supported by machine guns and pack artillery; they should be entrenched behind barbed wire whenever possible. The approaches should be lit up now and then by search-light or flares. Communication should be established by telephone and visual.

10. Finally, when issuing orders for an operation, the command must bear in mind to some extent the enemy estimate of the various types of troops working on your side. For example, it was well known that the Berber considered the Senegalese the least redoubtable of the French troops, and always attempted in consequence to worm his way to the flanks of the Senegalese. By our knowledge of this fact, we were often able to make him pay dearly for his wrong estimate of these gallant troops.

Digitized by Google

THE LOST TROUT

By "VIVE LE SPORT."

TO how many of the brotherhood of anglers do these words conjure up memories of good fish hooked and lost? The sensation is one of blank dismay tinged, perhaps, with speculation as to what he really did weigh. Yet as we look back on these episodes of lost fish, time dims the disappointment and there is even a certain pleasure to be obtained in wondering why we lost them, and in the remembrance of the battle we had.

We are inclined to the belief that it is always the best fish we have hooked that have been lost, because in fact it is only natural; the extra strain thrown on tackle, which has probably already done good work, is bound to find out the weaknesses.

She and George (that fortunate partnership where both enjoy the blameless sport) were spending a fishing holiday a few summers ago at a small village in Glen Dochart. The sport was as good as could be expected, since the season was well advanced, so much so that guns and not rods were more in evidence. The Dochart River and Loch Dochart had both been fished with varying success; and on days when the river was in spate there had been worming expeditions up the burns, of which, perhaps, the Rob Roy Burn was the most attractive.

Then came the inevitable desire to go farther afield, and they wanted a day on Loch Tay. This entailed visits to the factors to gain the necessary permission, because normally this loch can only be fished by people staying in the neighbouring hotels. However, after a troublesome morning, the right authority was found and permission given.

Three days later, on a glorious August day, they sallied forth, taking J., the spaniel, who always seemed to enjoy a day's fishing as much as shooting. They arrived at Killin about ten o'clock, and there met MacQ., the old ghillie, who had previously been engaged for the day. MacQ., a real veteran, said: "If you go the north-west side, maybe you'll get a number of small trout; but if you go along the south-west shore by Ardonaig, the chances are that fewer but bigger fish

Digitized by Google

will be taken." It was settled that the bigger fish should be tried.

Having got into the boat, they rowed down the lower reaches of the Dochart to the loch itself, during which time rods were adjusted and flies put on. Peter Ross, Greenwell's Glory, and a Butcher are all good flies on Loch Tay.

The view from the loch, with the closely-wooded hills towering up nearly three thousand feet to Creag Uigeach, was a glorious sight; and the loch steamers, towing their floating cargoes of timber, showed that even in these places industry was not forgotten.

Having arrived at their beat, both rods came into action at once—She in the bow and George in the stern of the boat, with old MacQ. at the oars and J., the spaniel, an interested onlooker somewhere in the middle of the boat.

An hour passed, followed by another, and so far only one half-pound trout lay in the bottom of the boat. Fish life seemed dead, and work as they might, nothing seemed to lure the trout from the deep.

For lunch they went ashore on the wooded edge of the loch, when suddenly J., with tail working furiously, dashed off into the undergrowth, to return a few minutes later with a large wounded capercailzie, which he brought along with neck well arched, showing pride at his achievement. This was an awkward addition to the bag. MacQ. was asked if he would like it; he replied that he would. However, even MacQ. could not face the inquiries that would follow if seen with " out of season " game, so the unfortunate bird, now put out of its pain, was consigned to a watery grave in one of the deep pools of Loch Tay.

After lunch there was a slight improvement; two fish were brought to the net, one of which weighed a pound and a half. At about three o'clock there was a whirr as *her* reel was wildly run out. She tried to pass the rod first to George and then to MacQ., but beyond giving advice these two refused to help and just watched the proceedings. Then followed spasmodic instructions: " Keep the point of the rod up and towards the fish. Don't press him too hard. Let him have the line." Gradually, after intense anxiety, the fish was slowly brought to the side of the boat; the net was held ready, when suddenly off he went again, taking nearly half the line out after him. George and MacQ. had both had a glimpse, and he was a beauty.

Digitized by Google

The struggle continued, and inch by inch She once more brought this fish alongside, the little nine-foot Greenheart being bent double nearly the whole time.

George was asked to land the fish. Cautiously he pushed the net out over the gunwale of the boat and slipped it under the monster. But this trout was not yet finished; he gave one final plunge, caught the gut on the edge of the net, and was gone. Gone when so nearly mastered.

There was a painful silence in that boat for fully a minute. MacQ., with head bent over his oars, looked really pained. She was as white as a sheet, and so was George. MacQ. broke the silence: "Aweel, I ken one thing; you've a guid wife, 'cos if you hadna' somebody would be out of this boat."

Digitized by Google

EARLY BRITISH WAR MEDALS.

By "Nomad."

ALTHOUGH the war medal as we know it to-day is of comparatively modern origin, the practice of bestowing badges of various kinds, usually of precious metal, as outward and visible signs of bravery or distinction goes back to remote antiquity. When Pharaoh appointed Joseph to rule over Egypt, among other honours "he placed a chain of gold about his neck," and this particular form of decoration persisted in both service and civilian circles for many centuries. In the Middle Ages the wearing of ornamental neck-chains was a common sign of opulence and the same practice combined with decorative medals of various kinds prevailed during the Tudor and Stuart Periods. The collars of the various Orders, which still exist, are merely chains wrought in elaborate designs, and it is in this form equally with that of an actual medal that the earliest rewards for naval and military service are to be found.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, badges and medals of various kinds seem to have been fairly common. Their precise object is often doubtful, but it is evident that some of them were intended as personal decorations from the fact of their being provided with a loop from which they could be suspended, and it is among these that the first actual war medals can be verified. The earliest of all is the medal and chain struck in silver after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, which Elizabeth "to show her favour and esteem" awarded to the senior officers of the victorious fleet "for recompense of their service to their country." This medal is commonly known among numismatists as "the Ark in flood" owing to the design on the reverse which shows the Ark floating on the face of the waters with the sun shining overhead, and the legend *Saevas tranquilla per undas*. The medal is of large size and oval in shape. The following year a second medal was issued, apparently in commemoration of the same event, which was slightly larger and struck in gold, silver, and copper, from which it may be inferred that a somewhat wider distribution took place, although it was not until long afterwards that a general issue to all ranks and ratings became usual.

Digitized by Google

During the reign of Charles I, on May 18th, 1643, we come on one of the most interesting of the early medals, for in it we undoubtedly have the original form of the Distinguished Conduct and Military Medals. Moreover, at a time when naval and military rewards were notoriously confined to senior officers, the Forlorn Hope Medal, as it was called, was awarded to other ranks only. The Royal Warrant instituting this decoration was signed at Oxford, and is worth quoting at length :—

> Whereas we have received information that those souldiers which have been forward to serve us in the forlorn hope are not looked upon according to their merited valour and loyal service. We doe therefore require that from henceforward the commanders-in-chief, both of Horse and Foot, which lead up the forlorn hope, upon whom also We mean to bestow special tokens of our princely favour, doe signify in writing the names of those souldiers whom they find most forward in serving us their King and Country, that care may be taken to reward their deservings and make them specially known to all our good subjects. . . .
>
> That no souldier at any time do sell, nor any of our subjects presume to buy or wear any of these said badges other than they to whom we shall give the same. . . .

Powers were given to the Council of War to inflict such punishment as seemed proper upon anyone disobeying these orders, and a register of recipients of the medal was ordered to be kept at the Mint.

The medal itself was in silver and was unique in bearing on both sides busts of Royal personages, whereas the reverse of all other medals bears either a design or inscription. In this case, the obverse bore the bust of Charles I and the reverse that of his son, Prince Charles, both figures being shown in armour.

A word may be said here as to the nature of the " forlorn hope " for service in which the medal was given, as it is an instance of a phrase losing completely its original significance. The expression is derived from a corruption of the seventeenth century German *verlorene Haufe*—literally, " lost, or detached, troop," or " body of troops." It was the ordinary term at that period for a detachment thrown out in front of the main body, but as the battle formation in those days was mass, as distinct from line, the " forlorn hope " could easily be, and often was, of considerable strength. The lot of the " forlorn hope " was, like that of the policeman, " not a happy one," for its members ran considerable risk of being ridden or shot

Digitized by Google

down by friend and foe alike, as the opposing masses closed upon each other, while it was expected to strike the first blow against the unshaken front of the enemy or, alternatively, to break the first shock of a hostile attack upon its own main body. In the eighteenth century, mass formation gave place to triple line and the " forlorn hope " in its original form disappeared in favour of a thin line of skirmishers. Meanwhile, the German *verlorene Haufe* had become the Dutch *verloren hoop* and, by a further corruption, the English " forlorn hope." The mistranslation led to a completely false use of the term and after skirmishers had replaced the solid mass of the " forlorn hope," the expression continued to be applied to any body of picked men to whom was entrusted the performance of a specially dangerous duty and from that it has drifted still further from its original meaning through being used to indicate any enterprise holding out little or no prospect of success.

During the Commonwealth, numerous medals were awarded, some of which are outstanding in several respects. In 1649 was issued what was something approaching a general service medal for the Navy. In a Minute of the Council of State the medal is described as " to be given to the severall Mariners who have done good service this last Sumer." It was oval in shape and executed in both gold and silver. The obverse bore the Cross of St. George and the Irish harp on shields suspended from an anchor and the reverse showed the House of Commons in session with the Speaker in the chair—a striking contrast to the Royalist Forlorn Hope Medal previously described.

The series of naval actions against the Dutch in 1653 resulted in the issue of a small number of extremely handsome medals. The actions commemorated were those of February 18th-20th, when Blake, Deane, and Monk defeated Van Tromp and De Ruyter ; June 2nd-3rd, when the same enemies were defeated by Monk, Penn, Blake, and Deane, the last named being killed ; and the decisive battle of the war on July 31st, when Van Tromp was finally defeated by Monk, Penn, and Lawson.

Three distinct sets of medals were struck for these services but, as usual, they were awarded only to a few senior officers. The first set bore the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew and the Irish harp on three shields, suspended from an anchor, and on the reverse a picture of a naval battle.

Digitized by Google

Both sides of the medal had a wide border of naval trophies and flags; it was executed in gold and was oval in shape. Only four of these medals were issued—to Blake and Monk with gold chains to the value of £300 each, and to Penn and Lawson, with gold chains, worth £100. Blake's medal was bought for William IV and is now in the Royal collection at Windsor. Penn's passed to the family of Bedfordshire Stuarts, whose ancestor he was, while a third is in possession of the Warden and Fellows of Wadham College, Oxford, but as the chain is missing, it remains uncertain whether it is that awarded to Monk or Lawson. The remaining medal seems to have disappeared entirely. The second set were slightly smaller and the border was of laurels instead of trophies, etc., but otherwise they were identical and were issued with a chain worth £40. Here, again, only four were struck for the captains of the four flagships, and a comparatively few years ago that issued to Captain William Haddock, who commanded in turn the *Vanguard* and *Hannibal*, was still in possession of one of his descendants. The third set were still smaller, had no border or chain, and were probably issued only to captains of ships other than flagships, but a few were issued as a special reward to those members of the crew of the *Triumph* who remained on board and extinguished the flames started by the Dutch fire-ships after most of their comrades had jumped overboard. The medals so issued bore the following special inscription: "For eminent service in saving y Triumph fiered in fight wh y Dutch in July 1653."

The most interesting medal of the Commonwealth, however, was that issued to commemorate the victory over the Scots at Dunbar on September 3rd, 1650, when Cromwell commanded in person, for it was awarded for the first time to officers and men alike. But even then it was struck in two sizes, the smaller being of gold, silver, and bronze, and the larger of silver, bronze, and lead, so that the lowest ranks were apparently expected to receive in bulk what was lacking in value. The obverse bore a bust of Cromwell with a battle scene in the background and the reverse the familiar view of Parliament and the Speaker. The obverse also bore the legend "The Lord of Hosts our Word at Dunbar, Septem y 3 1650." Both the wording and design were Cromwell's own suggestions, although he had asked Parliament not to include the bust of himself.

Digitized by Google

The only notable award during the reign of Charles II was the fire-ship medal. In the " Fighting Instructions " of 1665, issued by the Duke of York, as Lord High Admiral, it was provided that for the destruction of an enemy ship of forty guns or over, each man remaining in the fire-ship until the destruction was completed should receive £10 and the captain a gold medal, while if the victim were a flagship, the reward was doubled and the value of the medal increased. This was later confirmed by an Order in Council of 1669 in which authority was given " to distribute a Medall and Chaine to such Captaines of Fire Shipps as in the last Dutch Warr have burnt any Man of Warr. . . . Which Medalls and Chaines are to be of the price of Thirty Pounds each or thereabouts." Later still, in 1703, the captains were given their choice of £100 or a medal and chain of that value and in 1742 lieutenants (who did not originally serve in fire-ships) were given grants of £50 when the captain received £100.

Although fire-ships were in use for many years, only three awards of medals can be traced, but other specimens undoubtedly existed. In the *Correspondence* of Samuel Pepys is a letter dated October 11th, 1687, from his friend Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint at Leeds,* enclosing a list of twenty-five medals by Roettier†, " of which I had an opportunity to chuse the best struck off," and offering the whole collection for £43. Among them were two specimens of the fire-ship medals priced 39/- and 28/- respectively. One wonders what they would be worth to-day.

Pepys, in his *Diary*, makes numerous references to fire-ships and especially to the constant demand for this class of vessel during the year 1667 when the Dutch fleet entered the Thames and threatened London. Thus, on June 11th of that year he writes :—

" Home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving every hour almost letters from Sir W. Coventry‡ calling for more fire-ships ; and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships."

* Provincial Mints in varying numbers existed until closed in the reign of Queen Mary. Charles I and William III revived a small number, but they were soon abandoned again.

† John Roettier, with his brothers, Joseph and Philip, came to England from France in the reign of Charles II, and all three quickly established their reputations among the leading medallists of the day.

‡ At this date Secretary to James, Duke of York, the Lord High Admiral of England.

373332A

Digitized by Google

It is clear from this that any suitable small craft were used for this purpose, but the cost of hiring and compensation must have been great, as they were sent out to be destroyed at the first favourable opportunity. Between decks a space called a " fire-chamber " was constructed extending from the forecastle to a bulkhead placed just abaft the mainmast. This was filled with tar, resin, tallow, etc., together with a certain amount of gunpowder in iron kegs to ensure " delayed action." Trains of powder were laid from the " fire-chamber " and, after getting to windward of the enemy, the fire-ship was steered as close as possible, the trains fired, and the ship abandoned by the crew in a boat towed astern. In the financial straits of Charles II's Government, the risks appear to have been greater than usual, for Pepys observes :— " It is brave to see what care they (the Dutch) do take to encourage their men to provide great stores of boats to save them, while we have not credit to find one boat for a ship."

The methods employed also seem to have been wasteful, for we are further told that " this new way used by Deane . . . of preparing of fire-ships do not do the work ; for the fire not being strong and quick enough to flame up so as to take the rigging and sails, lies smothering a great while, half an hour before it flames, in which time they can get the fire-ship off safely. . . ."

From the accession of James II in 1633 until George III came to the throne in 1760, very few interesting medals were struck, but two or three are worth mentioning. The naval victory of Cape La Hogue on May 21st, 1692, when the French were defeated by the combined British and Dutch fleets under Admiral Russell, was rewarded by William and Mary with the issue of a gold medal and chain to the senior officers and silver to the junior. The Act of Parliament authorizing this award provided, for the first time in naval records, that medals should also be given to " Mariners and Seamen," but they do not appear to have received them. However, as the Queen sent the sum of £30,000 for distribution among them, they probably did not greatly mind the omission.

George I issued no medals but revived the Bath as a military Order. Prior to his action, the Order had almost fallen into disuse and no Knights had been created since the coronation of Charles II, nearly a century before.

The victory over the Scots at Culloden on April 16th,

Digitized by Google

1746, was commemorated by the issue of an oval gold medal bearing a bust of the Duke of Cumberland who commanded the English army. This was given only to senior officers, but examples in both silver and bronze have occasionally been sold at auctions, from which it would seem that the lower ranks were also rewarded, but no details appear to be recorded. In fact, it is extremely doubtful whether the medal was ever authorized by George II, especially in view of the fact of its bearing the effigy of the Duke of Cumberland instead of the King, but it is unusually handsome and extremely rare.

The American War of Independence naturally resulted in no issue of medals, but one unique reward was given after the Battle of Bunker's Hill on June 17th, 1775. This was to Captain Ewing of the Marines, who greatly distinguished himself on that occasion and was awarded a special medal in the form of a four-pointed star with flames resembling the flare of a fusee between each point. The obverse bore the Royal Crown and Cypher with the words: " A Testimony of Public Regard," while on the reverse was the following inscription: " By order of the King with 300 Pound for the Wound Capt. Ewing Recd. the 17 of June 1775 "—probably the only occasion when a wound gratuity has been recorded on a medal.

The capture of Gibraltar by the fleet under Sir George Rooke, in 1704, was marked by the issue of a medal to the senior officers. In the Mess of the 32nd Foot* is a medal commemorating this event, but it is very doubtful whether it is one of those officially issued. It has no loop and round the edge, where the recipient's rank and name would normally appear, is a Latin inscription. It seems probable that it is a medal of a purely commemorative character. It is interesting to note that although Gibraltar was captured and the medal issued in the reign of Queen Anne, it was not until the time of King Edward VII—two hundred years later—that the battle honour, " Gibraltar, 1704-05," was granted to the regiments which took part in the capture and subsequent defence.

The historic defence of the great fortress from 1779 to 1783 resulted, curiously enough, in the issue of no medals

* Now 1st Battalion The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, which was one of the battalions serving as Marines in Rooke's fleet. After the capture, reinforcements arrived and the battle honour is now borne on the Colours of eight regiments.

Digitized by Google

by the British Government, but during the siege various medals were awarded by the Governor and different Generals, chiefly for acts of individual gallantry.

Howe's great victory of the "glorious 1st of June," 1794, was an important event in the history of war medals. King George III visited Portsmouth in person and on board the flagship presented Howe and his Admirals with gold chains from which gold medals were suspended when issued two years later. A smaller gold medal of almost exactly similar design was given to the Captains, and this became the first general service medal, being granted subsequently for naval actions up to the year 1815. This was also the first occasion on which a specific ribbon was issued with a medal. Hitherto, the accompanying chain had borne the name of the recipient and had formed at least an equally important part of the decoration as the medal itself. When no chain was issued the medal was suspended by a cord or ribbon of any kind and all medals were worn hanging loosely round the neck. It was now ordered for the first time that Admirals should continue to wear their chains and medals in this fashion, but that other officers should wear the medal suspended from the third or fourth buttonhole on the left side of the coat by a ribbon of white with dark blue edges. The same instructions were subsequently issued regarding the Army gold medal, to which further reference will be made.* The present method of pinning medals on the breast originated with the Waterloo medal, and probably the earliest detailed instructions on the subject were issued regarding the Burma medal of 1824-25, which was to be worn "perfectly square upon the centre of the left breast."

It is an extraordinary fact that Nelson's three historic victories of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar received no special recognition in the shape of medals, so far as the Government was concerned. The existing Navy gold medals were awarded to Admirals and Captains only and it was actually left to private individuals to provide outward and visible rewards for the other ranks and ratings. Nelson's prize-agent, Alexander Davison, at a cost of some £2,000, issued gold medals to Captains, silver to Lieutenants and Warrant Officers, bronze gilt to Petty Officers, and bronze to Seamen and Marines for the Nile, and it was his intention

* In cases where an officer received a chain with his medal he wore both it and the authorized ribbon.

Digitized by Google

to repeat his generosity after Copenhagen, but for some reason he did not do so.

Trafalgar brought the usual gold medals to senior officers only and Mr. Boulton of the Soho Mint, Birmingham, doubtless fired by Davison's example, decided to make good the deficiency, but unfortunately did so on a less generous scale, and after providing silver for Captains and Lieutenants, issued to all other ranks and ratings medals of *pewter !*

So infuriated were the recipients that many of the medals were returned to the donor and others thrown overboard, while those that were kept very soon wore out.

Both the Davison and Boulton medals bore on the obverse a bust of Nelson and on the reverse an appropriate naval design, while round the edge was recorded the name and purpose of the donors.

The Peninsular War brought into existence large and small Army gold medals. These followed the lines of the Navy medal, the large size being confined to Generals and Colonels, and the small to other field officers. The ribbon was to be " of the colour of the sash " with dark blue edges and a narrow width of it is now the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Order. Like the Navy medal, this became a general service award, and in addition to the Peninsula, was given for actions in the East and West Indies and North America.

As time went on, many officers became entitled to this medal several times over and in order to meet the situation, a Horse Guards letter dated October 7th, 1813, announced that only one medal would be awarded to each officer, with clasps for the second and third occasions on which it was earned. On becoming entitled to a fourth issue, the medal would be withdrawn and replaced by a gold Maltese Cross having the names of the four actions for which it was given engraved on its four arms, while all subsequent actions would be rewarded with a clasp. This extremely handsome decoration had both sides alike, bearing in the centre a lion *statant* with the recipient's name round the edge.

The Battle of Waterloo brought the first general issue of similar medals to all ranks, the suggestion being made by the Duke of Wellington himself in a letter to the Duke of York written from Orville ten days after the victory. The obverse of the medal bears a laureated head of the Prince Regent and the reverse a seated figure of Victory with outspread wings. Above the figure is the single word

Digitized by Google

" Wellington," and below, " Waterloo, June 18, 1815." The recipient's name, rank, and regiment is engraved round the edge and the Horse Guards authority, dated March 10th, 1816, provides that " the riband issued with the Medal shall never be worn but with the Medal suspended to it," the ribbon being of the previous red and blue Peninsula pattern.

But the long period of almost incessant warfare which ended at Waterloo was not finished, so far as medals were concerned, until Queen Victoria had been on the throne for over ten years. Realizing, as Wellington had done, the obvious injustice of rewarding only the senior officers engaged on active service, Her Majesty had struck silver medals for all ranks and covering all campaigns from 1793 to 1814, both on sea and land. Authority was given on June 1st, 1847, but the actual issue did not take place until the following year and the medals were known as the Navy and Army General Service Medals, 1848. The obverse of both medals bore the crowned head of the Queen and, in the Navy medal the date " 1848 " below it. The reverse of the Navy medal showed Britannia seated upon a sea-horse bearing in her hands a trident and olive-branch, while that of the Army medal showed the Queen crowning with laurel a kneeling figure of Wellington, with the inscription : " To the British Army," while below were the dates " 1793-1814." The ribbons in each case were the same as before, but somewhat narrower. The Navy medal was afterwards awarded for actions up to the year 1840 and the number of clasps reached the unparalleled total of 228.* Of these, however, a large proportion were for single-ship actions, while over fifty were given for attacks by boats acting away from their ships. The Admiralty records contain several instances of men being entitled to seven clasps, but the largest number actually issued with one medal appears to have been six.

The Army medal was accompanied by 29 clasps, of which 21 were for the Peninsula, 3 for Canada, 2 for the West Indies, and 1 each for Maida, Egypt 1801, and Java. The largest number issued with a single medal was fifteen, these being awarded to Private James Talbot, 45th Foot,† and

* This is approximately correct, but the exact number of clasps is unknown. In some cases two clasps were awarded for the same action, while in others, clasps authorized were never issued.

† Now 1st Battalion The Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby Regiment).

Digitized by Google

Private Daniel Loochstädt, 5th Bn. 60th Foot* and formerly King's German Legion.

* Now the King's Royal Rifle Corps. From 1757 to 1824 it was designated the 60th (Royal American) Regiment of Foot and combined the attributes of a Colonial Corps and a Foreign Legion. By special Act of Parliament, foreigners could hold commissions in it for service in America only. The 5th Battalion was raised in 1797 for American service only and consisted of foreigners. It subsequently served in Ireland and the West Indies and when, in 1804, foreign troops were allowed in England, it came home and served throughout the Peninsular War.

Digitized by Google

THE PHANTOM DHOW

By " Scober."

(*Author of " The Spirit House " and other Stories.*)

IN the summer of 1918 a Government survey boat was making her way from Suez to Port Sudan. Her skipper, Capt. Reginald Bower, R.N.R., had a healthy contempt for the Huns—" Those damned Dutchmen," as he called them.

" I tell you," he was saying to the two passengers between sipping his midday gin and soda. " Once get them beat and they are done. No real guts, gentlemen ! I have had Dutchmen on my ships for the past twenty years and I know what I am talking about."

Lieut.-Commander James Rodgers, R.N., one of the passengers, who was on his way to take over command of the Red Sea patrol (with headquarters at Port Sudan) smiled at the skipper's outburst. He had been present at the Falklands when von Spee's squadron had gone down with flags flying and the crews singing " Deutschland uber Alles " and had a sincere if reluctant respect for his country's enemies ever since.

" How's trade down your way ?" he remarked to his fellow passenger by way of changing the conversation.

" Bad ! things couldn't be worse at present. We can scarcely get an Arab Reis to put to sea now since they have resurrected that scare of the ' Phantom Dhow,' " replied MacKenzie, manager of the Sudan Trading Company.

" Phantom Dhow ! Never heard of it. What's the yarn ?"

" Oh, it's an old story really and we thought it had died a natural death years ago, but the recent losses that my company have suffered, whether by mines or submarines I know not, appear to have roused the superstition of the Arabs, and once that happens Heaven won't move them. We've supplies waiting shipment to Yeddah and most of the Arab ports, and some of the stuff, especially grain, is rotting on the quay.

" Oh, that's where I come in, I suppose," remarked Rodgers. " I was told things were in a rotten state down here, and they are expecting me to ' get a move on.' I am

Digitized by Google

taking over command of the patrol you know," he added by way of explanation.

MacKenzie glanced at the speaker. He looked " the goods," as the Americans say. " Well, that's real good news," he responded, " and perhaps I had better spin you the yarn of the ' Phantom Dhow.' It might prove useful to you.

" It was early in 1899 when the plague in Bombay and Karachi and other places was at its worst that a large trading dhow sailed from the Persian Gulf for the Red Sea. Mahmad Abdullah was Reis, or captain, and its crew were composed of Arabs and blacks.

" Two days after leaving Muskat the plague took them and wiped out the entire crew and the dhow with her one huge sail set and out of control tacked and yawed with every change of wind and current whilst her crew rotted on board. Again and again inquisitive skippers of passing dhows drew alongside and hailed the derelict only to be smitten later themselves with the deadly plague germ. And so," continued MacKenzie, " long after she became a wreck and was lost on the coral reefs a superstition sprang up and enshrouded her. It was said, and they are beginning to repeat the legend again, that when the monsoon breaks and the currents that sweep through the straits of Bab el Mandeb are strongest, a white mysterious dhow with sail set and crew at quarters glides out from one of the many coves and islets and crosses the bows of some trading vessel to bring death and destruction to its crew.

" Such is the legend," concluded MacKenzie, " and I wouldn't swear that there's not something in it because one of our most trusty Arab skippers, Reis Tewfick, came up in time to see one of our grain dhows go up in a sheet of flame and he swears on the Koran and by the beard of the Prophet that he and his crew distinctly saw a large white dhow disappearing into the shore mists. Unfortunately we have never had a single survivor to explain what he has seen and what has happened to his ship."

" So that's how the matter stands," commented Rodgers thoughtfully. " Well, I must certainly try to lay this spook ! Supposing I call at your office to-morrow and interview some of these skippers of yours ?"

" I shall be delighted," replied MacKenzie. " How will eleven o'clock suit you ?"

" Admirably. Eleven o'clock. So be it !"

Digitized by Google

Episode II.

Rodgers left the hotel the next morning a little before eleven to keep his appointment with MacKenzie.

He had reported his arrival officially to the Port Officer, Commander Raper, R.I.M., the afternoon previous and had found that sorely tried gentleman just a little *difficile* and his nerves very much on edge. As he had entered the Post Office building a perfect fusillade of Arabic oaths had greeted his ear, and as he climbed the stairs leading to the office he met several Arab Reis departing hurriedly.

It appeared that everything was wrong. The last straw had been the non-arrival of the Government dhow at Yeddah carrying £5,000 in minted sovereigns, the monthly subsidy to the King of the Hedjaz, and the only guarantee for the good conduct of the wily subjects of that Arab Potentate. The instructions he had received from the Port Officer had been both curt and to the point. "The Red Sea patrol was asleep!" It wanted gingering up and he expected Rodgers to do the gingering up and justify its damned existence. "Get your patrols out and sweep the damned channels! Trade's practically at a standstill and now the monthly subsidy gone!" Thus and thus spake the Port Officer.

Rodgers had replied that he would do his best, but he must insist on an absolutely free hand in carrying out his plans.

"You can carry out any plans you like, and I give you *carte blanche* to order anything you need, but these losses have got to stop," was Raper's reply, and with a curt "good afternoon" he dismissed his subordinate.

It was in a somewhat chastened mood therefore that Rodgers approached the Sudan Trading Company Office over which MacKenzie presided.

"Good morning, punctual to the minute" was his cheery greeting as Rodgers entered. "Sit down and make yourself at home. You'll find cigarettes in the box at your elbow. I have given orders for Reis Tewfick and two other skippers to be here to give you any information you want. If you are ready we'll have in Tewfick and hear his version?"

MacKenzie touched a hand bell and in a few moments Reis Tewfick was ushered in.

A fine figure of a man was Reis Tewfick with his keen eyes and strong jaw, and not one to be easily scared, so

Digitized by Google

thought Rodgers as he returned the Arab captain's salaam with a friendly nod. Rodgers both understood and spoke Arabic fluently, and it was chiefly on this account that he had been detailed for his present job.

" Come, tell me," he said to the tall Arab dhow captain in Arabic " What means this ' akhawaf ' (alarm) ? Does a follower of the Prophet shirk his duties ? Hast thou not eaten the company's salt ?"

" La ! Effendi ! I am no shrinking girl that I fear my duty " was the reply, " but can one man sail a ship ? My bahhara (crew) are cowards. May Allah curse them !"

" What fear they ? Does not the El Hekooma (British Government) guard the seas ?" asked Rodgers.

" Aywah, Effendi," responded the Arab captain. " It is not men they fear, but spirits ! Has not the Effendi heard of the Ghost Dhow that carries death in its train ?"

" I have heard a foolish tale O Tewfick " was the reply, " and men who *are* men will not be held back from their duty to the Company for such a cause. Now listen ! I have a plan by which we may restore courage to thy bahhara and bring honour and reward to thee if thou wilt do as I ask," and Rodgers propounded his scheme to MacKenzie and his keen-eyed captain.

" By gad ! that's *some* plan," exclaimed MacKenzie when Rodgers had ended, " and I'm beginning to think you are right in your suspicions, but not a word of this, Reis Tewfick, to a soul," he warned the tall Arab.

" I am no blabber," replied Tewfick. " All shall be ready for your Honour at the hour named."

Episode III.

In a small inlet south of Port Sudan protected from the dangerous currents sweeping northward by a fringe of low coral reefs, lay a large Arab trading dhow, cheek by jowl with a naval gunboat. Farther out, guarding the narrow channel between the reefs, lay an armed motor-boat to keep off inquisitive fishermen.

Preparations had been swiftly carried out by the crews of the two vessels under the orders of Benson, the bos'n, and our friend Reis Tewfick.

A davit had been erected on the deck of the Government vessel and two 12-pounder quick-firing naval guns lay

Digitized by Google

dismantled in readiness for transfer to the dhow. The gun carriages were already securely placed in position, one fore and one amidships, whilst ammunition and rifles were being passed along to the hold where two British bluejackets in cotton shorts and singlets stowed them away.

At the same hour Lieut.-Commander Rodgers entered the Red Sea Club. He had just left the office of the Port Officer where certain plans had been approved. A grim smile lurked at the corners of his mouth as he entered the Club precincts.

There were three men standing at the bar as Rodgers entered—Kitchin and Soames of the dockyard, and Henri Heinman. Now Heinman by all the rules of war should have been interned these years past for he was from Alsace, but from the outstart of the war he had applied for French naturalization and had shown in many ways his entire aversion to being considered a German subject. Tall and fair, with light touzled hair and a deep dimple in his square chin, Heinman looked a Saxon all over, and being a good fellow in himself Port Sudan Society had accepted him wholeheartedly. He occupied the post of manager of the Muskat, Suez, Oil and Grain Company.

The three occupants of the bar paused in their conversation and glanced with interest at the newcomer, who gave them a cheery nod of recognition.

"When's your patrol leaving?" inquired Heinman.

"Oh, not before Tuesday," replied Rodgers. "I have found things in a dreadful mess and it'll take some days to get them sorted out."

"MacKenzie was in here a minute ago. He seems to have knocked some sense into those Arab skippers of his," remarked Soames. "He tells me that three of his dhows leave by to-morrow's outgoing tide with full cargoes for Yeddah and Mocha. It's time they got a move on."

"Really? Well, I'm glad to hear that," commented Rodgers. "You see what it is to have the moral support of the Royal Navy behind you," he added with a laugh.

Episode IV.

MacKenzie was there on the quay the next morning giving a few parting instructions to his three Arab captains before they up-anchored and bore away on the outgoing tide. A large crowd of Arabs and blacks watched their

Digitized by Google

departure, and the chanting of their black crews as the anchors were slowly raised, drifted shorewards and reached the ears of Henri Heinman who was himself preparing to depart from Port Sudan on one of his periodical business trips to Suez.

MacKenzie had stepped on board the *Fatima*, Reis Tewfick's dhow, for a few minutes, and engaged in conversation with a tall, lean blue-eyed Arab who was reclining in a deck chair in the deck-house.

"Everything all right, old man?" MacKenzie asked.

"Quite, thanks," was the reply. "You've carried out your part of the programme A.1. There's not a soul in Port Sudan or Suakim as far as that goes, who has an inkling of my plan."

"No, I reckon not, and the news that the dhows are leaving in the ordinary way with full cargoes for Yeddah has been well circulated."

"Have you seen my bos'n, Benson, and his merry men? They make the most villainous looking Arabs. I pity our friend the spook when they get going."

"Well, cheer-oh, my boy, and 'here's good hunting,'" and Rodgers, Arab captain for the nonce, clinked glasses with MacKenzie in a parting benediction.

The sun had set, casting its golden rays against the low background of the Arabian shore now faintly discernible, as the three dhows with a steadying breeze filling their enormous sails, ploughed their way through the phosphorescent waters.

The rosy hues were fading rapidly to a dark leaden tint and the Arabian shore was assuming an unfriendly and sinister aspect when sounds of commotion and excited Arab voices reached the ear of Rodgers and Benson who were selecting a suitable firing site for the two Lewis machine guns in the deck cabin of the dhow.

Stepping out on to the deck Rodgers found the sides of the three craft lined with their crews who were gesticulating wildly and pointing over their starboard bow at some moving object. Rodgers glanced in the same direction and saw a large white ghostly vessel approaching rapidly from the south as if to cut off their approach. The dhow from mast to hulk was dead white. No lights or sign of life came from her decks, but a feeling of deadly menace smote the crews as the ghostly stranger put her head to the wind and drew up straight in their path.

Digitized by Google

" Quarters," yelled Rodgers, and in a minute, with lights masked and his merry men at their guns, the dhows waited what was to come.

On a pre-arranged signal from the poop of the *Fatima* her two consorts put their helms hard over and swung outwards from their original line leaving Rodgers with his crew to face the stranger.

They had not long to wait. As the two dhows swung outwards the stranger, as if guessing that all secrecy was at an end, unmasked her guns.

" Down men, lie down !" yelled Rodgers to his crew. " Keep her close and get ready to fire when I give the word."

Bang ! Bang ! Bang ! went the guns of the stranger. Boom ! Boom ! Boom ! and the shells of her 12-pounders exploded unpleasantly near the sides of the *Fatima*. Her Arab crew, unused to shell fire, seemed on the point of panic, but Reis Tewfick and the bluejackets kept them firm.

" Hold on awhile," Rodgers cried to Benson at the wheel, " and then be ready to go about."

" Ay, ay, sir," answered his doughty bos'n who, dressed as an Arab seaman, looked a very tough proposition indeed !

The *Fatima* close-hauled, ran past her foe and once again received the fire of her guns without replying. This time the stranger drew blood. A shell burst amidships and as the smoke cleared away it was seen that seven of Tewfick's men lay dead or desperately wounded.

" Ready about," yelled Rodgers—and about she went and ran past the stranger's stern—" All ready ? Then let her rip !" and from the *Fatima's* two 12-pounders and machine guns a storm of shells and shot swept the enemy's deck. Through the smoke and splinters of bursting shell her crew were seen to desert her guns. The tall figure of her captain appeared in their midst and with fist and revolver strove, with the help of his officers, to drive his men back to their duty. It was in vain. The sudden death-dealing discharge of the *Fatima's* guns had completely demoralized the enemy and taken the heart out of them. The ghostly dhow with stern and rudder shattered and her decks a shambles, staggered helplessly.

As the *Fatima* came up on the opposite tack it was seen more clearly what damage her guns had inflicted.

Her mast cut in half, and her great sail half trailing the water, the stranger lay at the mercy of Rodgers and his men.

Digitized by Google

" Lay her alongside, bos'n," we will board her in the good old style. Get your men ready, Tewfick," he cried to the Arab Reis who with blood running from a scalp wound was engaged in distributing the grappling irons among his crew.

As the *Fatima's* side brushed past her enemy the grappling irons were thrown and with fierce yells and a British " Hurrah " from the bluejackets, Rodgers with Reis Tewfick at his heels and the bos'n following, swung himself over the side on to the deck of the pirate at the head of his boarders.

Of the dhow's captain and officers Rodgers could see nothing.

He had no time for further reflection. A huge black with drawn sword was making for him open-mouthed, whilst others of the crew were bunching for a counter-rush.

Rodgers parried the sweeping stroke of his formidable opponent and thrust forward beneath his guard running him through the throat. Ere the corpse had clattered to the deck and Rodgers had time to withdraw his blade there came the counter-rush of the pirate crew. With a yell and cries of Allah ! Allah ! the fight closed in.

An evil-looking Arab sprang at Rodgers and attempted to drive his long-pointed knife into his side, but the long blade of Reis Tewfick intervened and the Arab fell forward, pierced through the heart. The bos'n with a mighty stroke cut down yet another—and then, quite suddenly, resistance was at an end. What were left of the dhow's crew were passed over the side on to the *Fatima's* deck with their arms lashed behind them. But there was no sign of the captain and his lieutenants among the dead or the living.

At a word from Rodgers Reis Tewfick and half a dozen of his men dropped into the hold with cutlasses drawn whilst he, with Benson and a couple of bluejackets, made for the deck cabin.

" Go easy, sir," cautioned Benson, " the swine may be laying a trap for us. I'd throw in a couple of bombs and drive them out."

" No, Benson. I must get this fellow alive if I can. There are quite a heap of things I want to know first."

Cautiously the cabin door was opened and with revolvers ready, Rodgers and his men entered. At first in the dim light of the cabin they could discern nothing and then Wilson,

Digitized by Google

one of the bluejackets who was in advance, gave a cry and sprang back.

"What's up, man? Strike a light, someone," cried Rodgers, and presently the lantern swinging from the cabin beam was lit.

Well might Wilson and the rest stand back appalled, for there, stripped naked and lashed to the side beams of the cabin were three white figures. All three had been mutilated and *they were blinded*. Two appeared to be already dead, but low groans from the central figure showed that he at least was alive.

"Cut their lashings and lay them down," commanded Rodgers. "Poor devils! Poor, poor devils! I suppose their crew have turned on them, the cruel, damnable devils!"

As the central body was loosened and laid down the face and form, in spite of Arab stain and blood, seemed strangely familiar. Was his supposition correct? Yes, it must be.

"Heinman! Heinman! Is it you, man?" gasped Rodgers.

With an effort the dying man turned his sightless face towards the Englishman. A suspicion of a smile crossed his face and Rodgers heard the faint whisper, "Hoch! Deutschland uber Alles" just as his head fell back.

Solemnly Rodgers arose and saluted. "Well, he may have been a damned pirate and a Hun," he ejaculated, "but he was a man!"

Digitized by Google

SERVICE STATIONS

(6)—CATTERICK CAMP: SOME IMPRESSIONS.

By Major H. A. J. Parsons, M.C., R. Signals.

ALTHOUGH comparatively few soldiers so far have arrived at Catterick Camp for a long stay, the impressions made by the future "Aldershot of the North" are many and varied.

Whatever its disadvantages, Catterick Camp has the quality of arousing strong feelings, whether for or against; one does not hear many lukewarm opinions. This is an attempt to give a reasonably unbiased view for the benefit of the large majority of the Army for whom a visit to Catterick is a blessing to come.

Up to the autumn of 1925 the permanent residents of the Camp, apart from the Headquarters of the Northumbrian Division and Area, consisted chiefly of the various sappers who were engaged either in pulling down or rebuilding the war-time buildings. The first main influx was the arrival, towards the end of 1925, of the Signal Training Centre, which is to the Royal Signals what the School of Military Engineering is to the Royal Engineers.

Since then the garrison has been increased, though only to a fraction of its eventual size, by the arrival of one battalion of Tanks and two of Infantry. Unfortunately the latter had hardly settled down when they were ordered away to China.

The chief impressions experienced by most officers at Catterick seem to be inspired by the weather, which is admitted, even by admirers of the district, to be pretty severe. To see the Camp at its worst, it is necessary to arrive on a typical winter's night, with snow overhead and slush on the ground. If the new arrival has to march up to the Camp from Catterick Bridge Station, the legend "London 232 Miles" on the nearest signboard of the Great North Road is calculated to strike a chill into the stoutest heart. The Camp soon looms in view, and resembles, more than anything else, the back areas of the Somme battlefield. Masses of dilapidated huts in various stages of destruction or reconstruction, old wire entanglements, muddy roads and few trees all go to make this impression. Add to this a climate which is

Digitized by Google

always many degrees colder than that in the south, and an almost eternal gale, and we see Catterick at its worst. The trouble with the winter climate—at any rate, that of 1925-26—is that everyone is so completely immobilized during the long periods of snow that training and recreation alike are brought to a standstill. It is a fact that one Commanding Officer appeared one morning at his orderly-room on "skis" after a non-stop run from his quarter!

The above seems a gloomy picture with no relieving feature, but it is as well to get the worst over early; and it frequently turns out at Catterick that those who dislike the place most at first grow to like it most afterwards.

The first redeeming feature to the new arrival, if he is fond of a horse, is hunting. Just because there is snow at Catterick Camp, it does not mean that the Zetland and the Bedale are unable to hunt in the vale; and there can be no station in England which offers such good hunting at such small expense. To soldiers from the south who are accustomed to nothing but deep going and fields of the strength of a regiment of cavalry, the hunting round Catterick Camp is a very fair imitation of heaven.

There is hardly a strand of wire between Richmond (the local town) and the Tees; every kind of obstacle except banks abounds. Fields are generally small, and the going good. Given the time and the horses, three days a week, without boxing or sending on overnight, is a perfectly feasible proposition. Both hunts have shown themselves extremely hospitable to the soldiers, and with a reasonable immunity from frost and foot-and-mouth, one has every chance of forgetting the rigours of the climate and of spending a thoroughly enjoyable winter.

As the spring arrives, one begins to discover that Catterick lies in some of the most beautiful country in England. Swaledale can have few equals from the point of view of scenery; and Richmond, three miles or so to the north of the Camp, is a fascinating little historic town with a grand specimen of a Norman castle.

To the west of the Camp lies the open moor, which has two great advantages. One is that it forms ideal country for hacking, as a great part of the moor is old pasture broken up by fences and stone walls, so that one begins to realize that one need never be idle throughout the summer if one has a horse to ride or to train for the next hunting season.

Digitized by Google

The other advantage is that the country makes an ideal training ground for exercises, both with or without troops, and it is a very pleasant change from the sand and pines of the Chobham Ridges. A walk or ride over the moor offers great scope for the naturalist, as many kinds of wild birds are found within a short distance of the camp. Altogether the feeling of space and freedom is really exhilarating after the rather cramped and crowded military stations of the south.

About May one begins to hope for the summer, but here the games-playing enthusiast is likely to receive a setback. One of the first cricket matches of 1926 was abruptly terminated by a snowstorm, and sweaters are the rule rather than the exception. One can now understand why the Yorkshiremen are such dour fighters at cricket; it is a different game from cricket on the plump wickets and in the sunshine of the south. Still, there is plenty of scope for games; there are good tennis courts at the Officers' Club, and at a local tennis club.

Meanwhile there is a good deal of fishing to be had, much of it rather indifferent, but always fascinating owing to the delightful surroundings. To those who like exploring, a visit to Scotland or to the Lake District is well within the scope of a week-end or even a day; there is so much less traffic in the north that distance means much less than it does in the south. No one thinks of taking more than a day to motor the two hundred and thirty odd miles to London; in fact, it is reported to have been covered between lunch and dinner.

As August approaches there is much activity in the Camp. This is caused by the appearance of the Territorials for their annual training, and also of a Composite Brigade of units in the Command. The Officers' Club (which is the one building in the Camp which does not offend the æsthetic sense) becomes a regular beehive. Dances and conferences alternate within its walls; the moors swarm with soldiers making war, and the cinemas of the Camp and of Richmond are flooded out. In the meantime the members of the Garrison Gun Club are beginning to get restless and anxious for the approach of "The Twelfth." There are not many stations where grouse, partridges, pheasants, snipe and duck, to say nothing of rabbits galore, are to be shot within easy walking distance.

Digitized by Google

Most of the training area abounds with game, and although the arrival of more troops and the depredations of the tanks are bound to have a prejudicial effect, this will be compensated for by the proposed increase of the training area, by which another great stretch of moor will be taken in.

By this time one has quite forgotten the Catterick winter, and what with soldiering, games and field sports, one's life can be a pretty full one.

Cub hunting opens in August or September, we start thinking of getting our hunters fit, and then the first snow in October comes as a nasty shock. However, one remains buoyed up by the thought of the hunting, and the second winter is faced in a very different frame of mind to the first.

There are good grounds for the winter games, and also there is the Officers' Club, which, with its dances and prospects of other entertainments, helps to brighten the lot of those who like a little social life; the roads were improved last summer, and during the past winter mud has been less in evidence. Altogether the outlook is far more cheerful than it was twelve months ago.

For the married officer, faced with the eternal housing problem, the situation is easier than in the majority of stations. Quarters are provided on quite a liberal scale for all units, and, at the time of writing, are springing up like mushrooms all over the Camp. There is, however, a fly in the ointment; it is advisable for subalterns and captains not to have more than one child, and field officers not more than two, unless they do not mind being packed in their quarters like sardines. Still, most married officers with families manage to fit in somehow, and there are some comfortable furnished houses in Richmond for those who prefer to live out of barracks. As in all garrison towns, furnished houses and rooms are not too easy to obtain and generally expensive, but so far there appear to be enough for officers who have failed to find quarters or who are married "off the strength." For those coming to Catterick for courses, the situation is rather difficult; but there is a fair hotel in Richmond and a very good one at Catterick Bridge (some three or four miles from the Camp). No doubt the housing situation will become more difficult as more troops arrive at Catterick; on the other hand, fresh houses will probably spring up in the neighbourhood. A number of the oldest inhabitants of the Camp occupy old army huts, which make very comfortable quarters if the

Digitized by Google

occupant is prepared to spend a little money on putting them in order ; but as reconstruction proceeds, the number of available huts is bound to decrease.

Finally, Catterick Camp offers the most wonderful opportunities to the sportsman, opportunities not to be found elsewhere in the Army at home now that Southern Ireland is closed to us. No station is without its disadvantages, and those which are inevitable with a new camp will disappear as time goes on. Unfortunately, human art cannot change the climate, but we cannot have everything as we like it, and no doubt Catterick will breed a hardy race of soldiers. It is no place for those whose idea of a holiday is to be found on the sea front at Brighton, but to the average soldier it is a station of many advantages and well worth a thorough trial.

Digitized by Google

A RECORD OF SERVICE

THE STORY OF GHULAM MOHAMMED, BEARER.

By C. A. L. BROWNLOW.

"SAHIB, I am an old man now, eighty years or more maybe. As a youth of twenty I entered the service of the Sirdar as a sowar in the 4th Punjab Cavalry. After seven years I was discharged at my own request. During this period I went on active service with the regiment in Waziristan. I then became bearer to Captain Rice, sahib, of the 1st Sikhs, and with him I stayed another seven years, until my master left for England after being wounded in the Jowaki Expedition. I accompanied him on this campaign, and when he was hit in the left breast I carried him out of action on my back, under fire.

"I next took service with Major Cavagnari, Deputy Commissioner at Peshawar. With him I saw active service again in the Khyber, and later accompanied him to Kabul, where he proceeded in charge of the British Mission. The other officers were Hamilton Sahib, Jenkins Sahib, and Dr. Kelly. There was also an escort of about a hundred men.

"At Kabul we were attacked in the Residency, where the above officers and the escort had sought refuge. Cavagnari Sahib told me to open the bathroom window to see where the rifle fire was coming from, and in doing so I was hit in the hand by a bullet. I was the first to be wounded. Of the officers, Hamilton Sahib was first killed, then Dr. Kelly and Jenkins Sahib.

"About 11 a.m. Cavagnari Sahib was wounded in the forehead, and I carried him into the verandah and placed him on Captain Jenkins Sahib's bed, when I was again wounded.

"About 1 p.m. the Kabulis set fire to the building. At this time the survivors of us, Cavagnari Sahib, seventeen wounded sepoys, and myself, were on the roof.

"Cavagnari Sahib told me to leave him and save myself. As all exits were closed and the enemy swarming round them, I could only dash into the bath-house, where I found a few sepoys and servants.

Digitized by Google

" Cavagnari Sahib* and the seventeen sepoys perished in the flames. Of those in the bath-house I alone escaped. As I came out of the building I met a Mussalman, and, giving him my watch and rings, I begged him to spare my life. He told me to run into the serai outside, where a youth attacked me with a sword. In warding off a blow I was wounded a third time in the hand. I then ran up to a big man nearby and threw myself on his mercy. I found out afterwards he was Rustan Khan, a Colonel in the Amir's army. He took me to the Amir, who kept me prisoner and treated me well.

" When General Roberts arrived in Kabul, I was handed over to him, and served him as bearer for two and a half years until he returned to Simla.

" General Roberts returned to England, and I then again took service with my first master, Rice Sahib, who was now in command of the 1st Sikhs. With him I remained until he retired.

" My next master was General MacQueen, whom I served for five years. During this time I twice went on active service to the Black Mountain.

" MacQueen Sahib, when he retired, passed me on to General Lockhart, who was afterwards Commander-in-Chief. I remained with him three years and accompanied him on three separate campaigns in the Tirah.

" When Lockhart Sahib became Commander-in-Chief, I went as bearer to Captain Nugent, of a British regiment, and went with my new master to the Boer War in South Africa.

" After this I was employed by Captain Barber, of the 17th Cavalry. He took me to Burmah, where he was employed on secret service. We were disguised and wore false pigtails.

" Captain Barber returned to England, and I took service with Captain Ogilvie, R.E., with whom I remained about eleven years. After this I was employed by Captain ' Siti Brown ' (Seton Brown), of the 52nd Sikhs, and went with him on active service in Somaliland, where I stayed nine months.

" In 1913 I became bearer to Captain Whitting, R.A., 26th Mountain Battery, and in September, 1914, left India with him for the Great War. The battery saw fighting in Egypt near Kantara, and afterwards embarked for Gallipoli.

* This is the only first-hand evidence of Cavagnari's death at Kabul.—C.A.L.B.

Digitized by Google

" I landed at Anzac with the battery on the first day, and remained there until the evacuation in December.

" On Whitting Sahib leaving for England, I became mess servant in the battery and went with it to Mesopotamia. In August, 1917, I accompanied Major Campbell as servant when he left the battery to command a Heavy Artillery Brigade.

" After the Great War I returned to India, and again saw service on the frontier. I am now mess servant in the Gunner Mess here in Abbottabad."

Such is the history of Ghulam Mohammed, an unvarnished tale of faithful service, as he told it to me in the Gunner Mess at Abbottabad. I took care afterwards to check as far as possible his statements, and to the best of my belief they are genuine and true. He carried on his breast two rows of medals.

Digitized by Google

THE BARREN HILLS

By DONALD ANDERSON.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS OLLIVER was standing in the open doorway of his quarters in Kosh Fort. Languidly he gazed at the last reflected rays of the setting sun on the dun-coloured hills of the distant pass.

But his thoughts were inward. He wondered at the mixture of his feelings. Hardly a day passed without a longing for home boiling up within him. A longing not for the ivy-clad home of his forefathers—that was now beyond reach and in the hands of strangers—but for Home the Ideal: the home of Shakespeare and Keats, of thrushes and London fogs, of English laughter and heather.

Yet, on the other hand, these barren hills, which had become the home of his adoption, aroused in him something akin to affection. At dawn and sunset they were almost beautiful; but more than a pinkened hilltop was needed to stir his emotions.

It was the romance and traditions steeping the barren hills which held him. Here history had been made.

Hardly a square yard of them but had been stained with blood. The blood of invaders and defenders, despoilers and patriots—brave men all. Blood of Greeks and Afghans, Sikhs and English, Pathans and Turks. As milestones on the roads were the cenotaphs. Below the Fort was one of many of these silent witnesses. "On the tenth of June, 18—, here fell Lieutenant Smith and thirty men of the 200th Regiment," ran the inscription on the little cairn raised to their memory.

No need to tell how they died, how many survived. There is no quarter in the barren hills. Men fight till they fall, their wounds in front. Outposts of Empire—these are they. Here is the wall of His Majesty's Indian Empire. The bricks of the wall are men's bodies.

Yes, he could feel the pull of it. Pity the poor devils serving on the frontier who could see no farther than their petty discomforts.

"You there, Olliver?" broke the spell. It was the voice of Jones, the Adjutant, coming round the corner. Seeing his shining belt and buttons and stiff, ironed khaki tunic, Olliver

Digitized by Google

envied Jones his smartness. The longest march, the toughest engagement, left him the same—stiff and alert. Himself? He dreamed too much.

"The Colonel wants you in his quarters."

"All right," said Olliver. "I'll go along. What's the trouble?"

"He has finished the reports and wants to show you yours."

"Am I axed?" asked Olliver with trepidation, for this was in 1922, when the establishment of officers of the Indian Army was being reduced by compulsory retirement, and many keen soldiers felt a fear of the future. By the orders of Army Headquarters, they were to be classified according to efficiency in three groups: "A," those above the average; "B," the average; "C," those whom their Commanding Officers considered to be below the average in efficiency.

"I don't know," answered the Adjutant. "I've not seen the reports. And, by the way, don't forget to-morrow about that gang of raiders which is supposed to be out. There may be no truth in the rumour, but one never knows. For God's sake, too, get the piquets out in time; the Colonel was very sick with you for being late on Friday."

"All right. I'll remember."

* * * * *

"Oh, you there, Olliver?" said Lieut.-Colonel Pontford, C.B., D.S.O., commanding the Punjab Fusiliers, as Olliver entered the Commandant's room of the little mud fort. Olliver clicked his heels and saluted.

"Here is your report," went on the Colonel, holding out a sheet of foolscap paper.

Olliver read.

"B"—classified "B." "Conscientious officer, but has insufficient energy." How true he knew this verdict to be, but how he wished he could deny it.

"I suppose this means the end for me," said Olliver, handing back the paper.

"Not at all, my boy, not at all," barked the Colonel in a not unkindly tone. "'B' means you are of average ability and efficiency. I expect all those classified 'C' will have to go, but of course not all the 'Bs.'"

"But, sir, if you say I am lacking in energy they are certain to retire me."

Digitized by Google

"Look here, Olliver, you must remember that I have a conscience. The whole object of reports is defeated if they are not candid."

"Yes, sir, I appreciate your position; but I have spent all my service with the regiment. To have to leave would be very hard. I would rather be reduced to Second-Lieutenant than have to go."

"I am afraid that cannot be done," said the Colonel, who was not enjoying this melancholy duty. "I do not want to lose you, but the matter now rests with Army Headquarters. Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sign the report here to show that you have seen it."

Olliver tried to steady his hand as he signed.

"Is that all, sir?"

The Colonel nodded, and Olliver left the room.

Returned to his quarters, he sat on the bed. When had he last wept? He could not remember, but was very near to tears now. Head in hands, he tried to think. But what was the use of thought? "Classified 'B' . . . not sufficient energy . . . matter rested with Army Headquarters." *They* would not take long to decide the matter. No, there was little room for hope.

Jones, of course, would be "A," so would Prendegast and Clark. He did not begrudge them their good fortune. They deserved it. But for himself, how could he accept coolly the possibility—nay, the certainty—of having to leave the service for ever? Energy he might lack, but it was no compensation that he loved the regiment, which was all that was left to him of home. And the men—what would they think? Usually undemonstrative, they had more than once shown a something of more than obedience towards him. Instances sprang to his mind—little things in themselves, but indicative of much.

Yes, leaving would be hard, and there was the shame of it, too. To be branded with the axe—he smiled at the metaphor. Not good enough for the Army, what good would he be for anything else? Luckier far was the "Lieutenant Smith of the 200th Regiment," recorded on the lonely monument below the fort.

"Will you have the bath, sahib?" came the voice of Abdul the bearer from the little bathroom behind.

Digitized by Google

" Wait," ordered Olliver.

But why sit thinking about it? Nothing he could do would affect the course of events. The die was cast. It only remained to see which facet lay uppermost.

" Abdul," he shouted, " make the bath ready."

" Good, sahib."

Olliver started to unwind his puttees, and heard the soothing sound of water running into the little zinc tub. Abdul, too, would have to find another master; but he would have no difficulty—solicitous and faithful.

" There is trouble, sahib ?" queried the servant, entering, and seeing his master's face.

" It is nothing. Take off my boots."

Abdul kneeled and set himself to undressing his master.

* * * * *

Bathed and dressed except for his jacket, Olliver heard a discreet knock on the door.

" Come in."

Entered a tall, middle-aged man in the undress uniform of the regiment, the havildar-major of No. 1 Company.

" The rifles are counted and correct, sahib," he reported, " and for to-morrow's parade there will be one hundred and thirty men. To-day have four sepoys gone to hospital with fever. Will your honour give any orders ?"

" Yes," said Olliver. " To-morrow the company will piquet the road. A camel convoy loaded with ammunition is coming from Arat. Also information has been received that four hundred raiders have been seen in the hills twenty miles north of the road. Tell that to the subadar sahib that all may be in order. How is the mule that was lame ?"

" Sahib, the transport havildar has informed me that he is again fit for work."

" Good. Then we move off at half-past five. The company will fall in fifteen minutes earlier. Have everything prepared. That is all."

" Very good, sahib. Salaam, sahib."

The havildar-major saluted and left the room.

" At what time," asked Abdul, " at what time shall I wake the sahib ?"

" At a quarter to five."

" Will the sahib return for breakfast ?"

" No. Cut sandwiches and fill the water-bottle."

Digitized by Google

Olliver surveyed himself in the mirror. His long, loose limbs were well set off in the white strapped overalls, short mess jacket and multi-coloured kamarband of the Punjab Fusiliers. Colonel Pontford was particular in this matter of mess dress. He would not have it that service on the frontier was field service. Only when there was a state of open war would he allow his officers to dine in khaki. "Smartness in dress means smartness in mind," was his maxim.

"Where the hell are my medals?" growled Olliver, seeing the lapel of his jacket bare of all except badges, and his nervousness for the future getting the better of his temper.

"Are they not on the coat, sahib?"

"No, you fool! Get them."

Abashed at his forgetfulness, Abdul produced the medals from the drawer of the dressing-table and pinned them in place. There were four of them: two for the Great War, one for the third Afghan War of 1919, and the Military Cross.

Olliver walked across the road of the fort to the mess. There, in the ante-room, were already assembled Jones; Clark, who commanded No. 2 Company; Stokes, the Quartermaster; and Captain Rao, the Indian Medical Officer.

"Heard the sad news?" asked Clark.

"No," said Olliver indifferently.

"Archie St. Maur is dead. Shot himself."

"Good God!" cried Olliver, shocked into attention. "I am sorry to hear that. Damned nice fellow, St. Maur."

"What's that?" asked the Colonel, entering the mess at that moment. "Who's shot himself?"

"St. Maur, sir," Clark replied. "St. Maur of the 50th."

"Poor chap!" said the Colonel. "I wonder what made him do that. He was a good officer, too. I remember that when Perry was commanding the 50th he thought a lot of him."

A bearded and important-looking native butler announced dinner.

"Are we all here?" asked the Colonel, looking round the room. "Well, let's dine." And he led the way into the dining-room, where the silver cups and trophies of the regiment were reflected in the polished mahogany of the table on which they stood.

It was a small mess—six members only. Of the other

Digitized by Google

officers, three were on leave and the rest with companies holding posts farther along the road.

"Did you get any details about St. Maur?" Colonel Pontford asked as he unfolded his napkin; "what reason he had for killing himself or anything?"

"No, sir," replied Clark. "That is all I heard. One of my men has a brother in the 50th, and it was through him that I heard."

"It might have been money troubles," suggested Stokes. "He was a heavy gambler, especially on the Turf."

"Yes," agreed Colonel Pontford, "that is very likely. I heard that he dropped a lot at the last races in Poona. But, even so, I always feel that there's something cowardly in suicide. It savours of running away."

"But, sir," argued Jones, who was sitting at the head of the table, "it is logical."

"What do you mean—logical?" snapped the Colonel, who appreciated an argument with his juniors, but always retained his abrupt manner. "What has logic to do with it?"

"Well," the Adjutant pursued, "of what use is life to an unhappy man? It is useless—no, more than that—it is an encumbrance which, to my way of thinking, a man has the right to rid himself of if he wants to. If ever I grow tired of life I shall just pass quietly out into oblivion. Think of it! Just the pull of a trigger and all your troubles are over. Of course, for a man with dependants the situation is different."

"Look here," the Colonel said with mock severity, "are you thinking of shooting yourself? Because if so, I hope you will let me know beforehand. I do not want to be left without an Adjutant at a moment's notice."

"No, sir," laughed Jones. "I have no quarrels with life as yet. On the whole, I find it very pleasant—that is, so long as I get my home leave next year."

"What do *you* think of this important question of the ethics of suicide, Rao," the Colonel asked of the native doctor, who was busily, and somewhat noisily, intent on his plate.

"Sir," was the reply in Chichi English, "I think suicide is contrary to the law of divine God."

A chorus of pagan laughter greeted this apophthegm of Eastern wisdom.

Olliver had taken no part in the discussion. His own

Digitized by Google

fears lay too heavy to permit his treating with levity the troubles of another. He sat silent, punctuating his thoughts with draughts of whisky and soda, which might have been seen to be of a deeper shade of yellow than was usual with him. But the drift of the conversation did not escape his ears.

"Who's going to play bridge?" the Colonel asked when the meal was ended. "Will you play to-night, Olliver?"

"Not if you don't mind, sir. I have to be away early to-morrow, and must write some letters to catch the home mail."

"Very well. Come on, you other bridge fiends. If you revoke again to-night, Rao, I shall have to put you under arrest."

"No, sir. No, sir. It was quite a mistake. I shall not do it again." The doctor had not been long enough with the regiment to assess at their true value his Colonel's threats, so, with the caution of his race, treated them all as serious.

As the others rose from the table, Olliver signed to Jones to stay behind.

"Let's have another glass of port," he said.

Jones filled the two glasses.

"Did you see my report?" Olliver asked when the others had left the room.

"Yes; the Colonel gave them all to me just before dinner."

"What do you think of mine? What are my chances?"

"Well, old boy," the Adjutant said, "it certainly was not very rosy as reports go. I had no idea that the Colonel would pile it on like that. I am really awfully sorry about it."

"Yes, but do you really think I will get the axe?"

"I sincerely hope not, and don't see why you should.

"Look here, Jones," said Olliver a little tersely, "for God's sake, be frank! I must know what to expect, and you know more about these things than I do. Did you hear anything when you were at District Headquarters the other day?"

Jones sipped at his glass and hesitated.

"Well, from all I gathered there," he said slowly, "I cannot say that I think your chances of being kept on are good. Remember that this is only my opinion; I do not know anything definite except that some of those classified 'B' will have to go. And as the Colonel made some adverse

Digitized by Google

remarks about you in addition to marking you ' B,' well—— Really, I am very sorry—and surprised."

" Many thanks. That is your opinion, and I expect you are right. It is better to know exactly where one stands."

" I hope very much," Jones said sympathetically, " that I am not right. We do not want to lose you, and I am sure that your men would not willingly change you for any British Officer in the Regiment."

" Thank you," said Olliver, with a twisted smile. " Well, I must go along and write those letters. I shall move off in the morning at half-past five."

" Right O," said Jones.

The two men drained their glasses and rose from the table.

" Good-night."

" Good-night."

Olliver reached his quarters and, turning up the lamp, sat down on the bed, with a sigh.

He had said that he was going to write letters home, but who was there at home expecting letters from him? The mail steamers carried little to and from Captain Francis Olliver. He often envied other men their relations. Since his father was killed in France in 1915 he had been alone. The last of his line—not a noble or distinguished line, but one that had always done its duty. Could this report be considered a blot on the escutcheon? What would his forebears think of the last of their line being forcibly retired from the service they had done so much for? True, there was no open disgrace attached to it—no crime, no cashiering; only—" insufficient energy." But duty demanded energy. O God, the heart-breaking bitterness of it all!

But why brood further on the immutable past and the inevitable future?

Olliver took up a volume of Rupert Brooke's poems and tried to read, but his eye would not hold the page. A peal of laughter from the mess struck his ears. Perhaps the doctor had revoked again, or had perpetrated a further outrage on English syntax. What was his remark at dinner which had amused them so much? Oh yes, something about St. Maur. Poor St. Maur! He was well out of it now.

As if with sudden decision, Olliver threw down the book and walked over to the table. There he wrote a letter which

Digitized by Google

he sealed and placed on the mantelpiece. It was to his bank.

Flinging off his clothes, he put on his pyjamas.

Where was the damned thing? Where had Abdul put that blasted revolver? Oh yes, under the pillow; he remembered giving orders for it to be put there. Good servant, Abdul.

He opened the breech to see that it was loaded, and replaced it under the pillow. In the barren hills it is wise to sleep with arms at hand.

Turning out the lamp, Olliver got into bed.

* * * * *

"Sahib! Sahib! Five o'clock."

Olliver started up and, dreamy eyed—sleep had been fitful—looked at his watch. It showed a quarter to five. This was a favourite trick of Abdul's for getting his master up, nor was it resented by one who knew his failings. Having gulped down a cup of tea, Olliver threw off the bed clothes.

"Give me a cigarette," he demanded.

Abdul proffered the little silver box and struck a match.

The clean smoke of Virginian tobacco cleared the brain and started thought. Why did he feel so depressed? Recollection flooded on him. The report—to be axed—"insufficient energy." Oh, God! But it would be all right.

"Only fifteen minutes remain to parade time, sahib," said Abdul, who was busy laying out his master's khaki drill uniform.

"Humph!" grunted Olliver. "I will wear clean uniform to-day, fresh front the dhobi."

"But, sahib, this tunic was worn for the first time but yesterday."

"Hear my order. Everything fresh and clean."

"Very good, sahib." And Abdul set about fixing the badges and buttons to the clean tunic while his master could be heard splashing behind the bathroom door.

Dressed in a few minutes, Olliver strapped on his revolver and equipment and strode out on to the parade ground.

"Company, 'shun! Slope arms!" roared Subadar Ganga Ram, a tall, bearded veteran of five campaigns, and senior Indian Officer of No. 1 Company. "The company is present and correct, sahib."

Digitized by Google

" Very good," said Olliver. " Stand them at ease. I wish to speak to the platoon commanders."

The remaining three Indian Officers marched out and stood before their Company Commander.

" As I sent word to you last night, four hundred Ahmedzai raiders have been seen. They may attack the piquets or they may attack the convoy. Extra caution is necessary to-day. Warn your men. Number two platoon will piquet the hills near the fort, and numbers three and four the hills of the pass. The Subadar's platoon will remain under my hand in reserve. Is it understood ? Very well, move off to your positions according to my orders."

The platoon commanders saluted and returned to their men. There was a barking of commands, and a hundred and thirty dark-skinned men marched through the fort gate and scattered outside into battle formations.

Olliver stood outside the gate and watched his men doubling to their positions. As one section rose to its feet, another section would throw itself down behind rocks and bushes to be prepared to give covering fire should an enemy appear.

For in the barren hills the enemy is always present. Unseen, he watches and waits. Time is nothing to him. Days pass, weeks pass, months go by, and the sepoys of the Government grow weary. " There is no enemy here," they say. " Let us go by the easy path in the valley. We tire of fruitless climbing of hills." But dark eyes are watching. The plot is formed, the trap set ; and on the appointed day the quiet of a chilling sunrise is shattered by a tearing crash. Thirty khaki figures twitch in the dust, and thirty Government rifles are carried over the border.

On the top of the largest of the low hills in the foreground a helio flashed. The position had been occupied by the leading platoon, and all was well.

" The rest of the company will now advance through to the pass," said Olliver to the runner standing beside him. " Give the order to the platoon commanders."

Slapping the butt of his rifle, the runner doubled away among the boulders. To right and left khaki figures rose and moved forward—deliberately this time, for the hills in front were now in friendly hands. The little groups of men could be seen passing through their comrades in the foot-hills and

Digitized by Google

on to the forbidding masses of rock which overshadowed the pass.

"Can you see anything on the hills?" Olliver asked of Ganga Ram, who was gazing through his binoculars.

"No, sahib," replied the subadar. "But the sun is still low. It is not yet easy to see."

"Perhaps," said Olliver, with a shade of regret in his voice, "there is no one there. Rumours of raiding gangs come almost daily, and nothing happens."

"The sahib speaks truth, but precaution is always necessary."

"Yes. Are your men ready to give support?"

"They are all along this ridge, sahib. The Lewis gun is behind that big rock on the flank."

"Good. I see that the piquets have started to climb the hills on the right."

"Yes, sahib. There it is easier going. On the left is the difficult country. There are many gullies on that side and the hill is steeper."

* * * * *

It was half-past eight, and the morning sun streamed through the messroom windows. The Colonel frowned.

"Bring me some more coffee," he demanded of the khitmagar, "and see that it is hot. Every morning I have to complain. Hallo, Jones! Everything all right?"

"No, sir," panted the Adjutant, who had breakfasted earlier and now returned running to the mess. "The sentry on the tower has reported firing in the direction of the pass."

"Has Olliver sent any message?"

"The signallers are taking one now, sir."

"Good," said the Colonel. "I shall go up to the tower. Bring the message to me there, and send Clark and the jemadar in charge of the guns. I may want them."

"Very good, sir," replied the Adjutant, leaving the room.

Having gulped down his coffee, the Colonel strode from the mess and made for the little stone tower which surmounted the fort.

At that distance nothing could be seen on the rugged sides of the pass, but his ears caught the faint stuttering of Lewis guns and the irregular tapping of rifle fire.

Digitized by Google

In hot haste, the Adjutant appeared on the tower, a white message form in his hand. Close at his heels were Clark and the jemadar who commanded the two little 10-pounder guns.

"Piquet on left of pass," the Colonel read from the message form, "attacked by superior force. May require assistance. Am counter-attacking."

In staccato tones the Colonel gave his orders.

"Jemadar sahib, be ready to march out with both guns in twenty minutes."

"Shall rations be taken, sahib?"

"No, speed is required. Get ready."

He turned to Clark.

"How many men have you now on guard?"

"Two and a half platoons, sir. That is about eighty men."

"Get two platoons ready to go out with me. You will hold the fort with the rest till I get back. They must be ready in twenty minutes."

"Very good, sir," jerked out Clark, making off to his company's lines.

* * * * *

"Well, that's that," observed Colonel Pontford four hours later, as he stood under the hills of the pass watching the stretcher-bearers carrying their groaning burdens down to the road. "It was a near thing. What I cannot understand is why Olliver's lot were not completely wiped out. The odds must have been at least three to one for most of the time. How many casualties were there?"

Jones flicked a spot of dust from his sleeve.

"Besides Olliver, sir, there are nineteen killed and twenty-four badly wounded, of whom five are not likely to recover. I have not received a report of the minor wounds yet."

"Um! See that all the bodies are brought in. Ah, here comes Ganga Ram. Now we can hear the whole story. Well, Subadar sahib, your company has something to be proud of."

"It was not the work of the company, sahib," replied the subadar sadly. "Without Olliver sahib we would all have been killed and the convoy captured. The enemy were many and we were few, but the sahib made each man feel as ten."

Digitized by Google

" Well, let's hear what happened," interrupted the Colonel, who had a passion for facts and little for sentiment.

" The platoon on the left," began the weather-beaten old officer, " was suddenly fired on as it advanced. I saw several men fall and the rest then dashed for cover and started to return the fire. My platoon was in reserve, and Olliver sahib ordered me to take it forward to reinforce the left.

" Before we reached the piquet position several men had fallen, and not many of the piquet remained without wounds, for the enemy were shooting well and were no more than a hundred yards distant on higher ground. I wanted to stay there till reinforcements arrived from the fort, but the sahib said, ' No. Tell the piquet to give covering fire and then advance.'

" When I had given the order the sahib jumped up and shouted, ' Now, come on !' His helmet was shot off, but he did not stop ; and the men could not keep pace with him. When he reached the enemy the foremost sepoy was more than twenty yards behind. I saw the sahib pick up a stone weighing half a hundredweight and with it kill the nearest raider, for a bullet had knocked the pistol out of his hand. Then they all rose to meet us, and seven made for the sahib with swords and knives, but he just laughed. By the muzzle he was swinging the rifle of the first man he had killed, and before the sepoys got amongst them with the bayonet, four of the dogs had fallen with broken skulls.

" At first I thought the sahib was not hurt, but when the sons of pigs started to retreat he sank down. There was a long knife in his side. Would that I could have killed the assassin with my own hands ! He told me to halt my men and open rapid fire. Not many of those raiders will reach their homes to-night.

" But later more came up. We kept them off, knowing that your honour would soon arrive to help us. I told the sahib all that was happening, for he was weak and could not see. He said to me, ' Well done, Subadar sahib. . . . I am very happy. . . . Good-bye.' And he died. He seemed to want to die. I do not understand."

The Colonel licked his lips.

" I wonder. I wonder," he murmured. " Bad luck for his people, though."

" He had none, sir," said Jones. " He was the last of his family, and had no dependants."

Digitized by Google

TOMMY ATKINS

By R.Q.M.S. BRASINGTON

(*1st Bn. The Gloucestershire Regiment*).

ONE evening in the autumn of the year 1794, during the campaign in the Low Countries, an English infantry regiment was fighting a rearguard action near the entrance to the village of Boxtel, in Holland. The rear companies of the regiment were hotly engaged against the advancing Frenchmen of Pichegreu's division.

The young Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the English battalion succeeded in disentangling his rearguard from the advancing enemy, but not without loss of life. Among those killed was an old soldier of the regiment, of somewhat notorious character when in peace-time quarters, who had gone down fighting gallantly.

One of the younger lads of the regiment, which was chiefly composed of young recruits, was in danger of being cut off by the enemy. The old soldier, who was withdrawing with the remainder of his company, noticed the lad's danger and rushed to his aid. The veteran bayoneted several of the enemy and cleared his young comrade's line of retreat. Unselfishly, the old man remained fighting to cover the young soldier's escape, but, as was to be expected, was himself overwhelmed and killed by the enemy.

A sequel to this incident took place in a room in Walmer Castle some thirty to forty years later. The occupants of the room were the Commander-in-Chief and a staff officer. They were discussing a new system of pay sheets which it was intended to bring into use in the Army. The pay account of a fictitious soldier had been compiled as a specimen of the new system, and was in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief for his approval. Having approved of the specimen account to be circulated, the Commander-in-Chief suddenly asked the staff officer if there was any special reason why the particular name at the top of the sheet had been selected for that of the imagined soldier whose pay account was to be circulated as a guide.

The staff officer replied that there was no particular reason for the choice of the name used, but that it had been

Digitized by Google

written down as it came to the mind of the individual by whom the specimen sheet had been prepared.

On hearing this the Commander-in-Chief with his pen crossed out the name already on the sheet, and wrote in its place " Thomas Atkins," and then instructed the staff officer to let that be the name inserted on the specimen copies which were being issued to regiments.

The staff officer inquired if the Commander-in-Chief would permit him to be so inquisitive as to ask why he had substituted the name of Thomas Atkins for the one previously written.

The Duke—for the Commander-in-Chief was none other than Wellington—said that Thomas Atkins was an old soldier of the 33rd Foot when he commanded it, and that Thomas Atkins was killed at Boxtel, where he, the Duke, first experienced being under hostile fire. His Grace briefly recounted the story of Thomas Atkins's death, and said that when he thought of any particular private soldier his mind invariably reverted to Thomas Atkins and the scene at Boxtel. He had for that reason altered the name on the specimen pay sheet.

In course of time the specimen pay sheet was circulated, and its continual use for some years afterwards led to the general adoption of the name Thomas Atkins for all soldiers.

That Tommy Atkins is a mere " pet name " for the British soldier is a mistaken idea. Instead it is a proud connecting link binding the British soldier to those other days when the majority of present-day regimental traditions were in the making. In addition to that, it is a proof of the fact that in those days, as in our times, a spirit of sympathetic understanding between the officers and their men existed in the Army. How, otherwise, could it possibly happen that a great commander like the Duke, after a career of brilliant military victories and a life of service crowded with great moments, should still keep in mind the name and qualities of one of his ordinary soldiers ?

Little thought the Duke that such a simple action on his part would cause the name of his old soldier to be handed down to posterity in the manner that it has.

The above has been written in the hope that the interesting source of origin of the use of the name Thomas Atkins will also be kept in memory.

Digitized by Google

WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

10.—KENYA, AS SEEN BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE.

By " A. B."

I HAVE been asked by the Editor to write a short article on Kenya from the woman's point of view. I have read the excellent account of the prospects there by " Gunner " in the March, 1926, number of this Journal, and, although it is difficult to do so altogether, I have tried to avoid overlapping.

The reason of my visit to the country was because my husband was seriously contemplating leaving the Service and settling in Kenya; but as he was unable to get leave to go and see the conditions for himself, we decided that I should go and find out all I could about the prospects out there.

People were very kind and helpful in giving me information about the various types of farming, and as I have kept all my notes I hope that what I am going to write may perhaps be of some use to a married couple who are thinking of going out to settle.

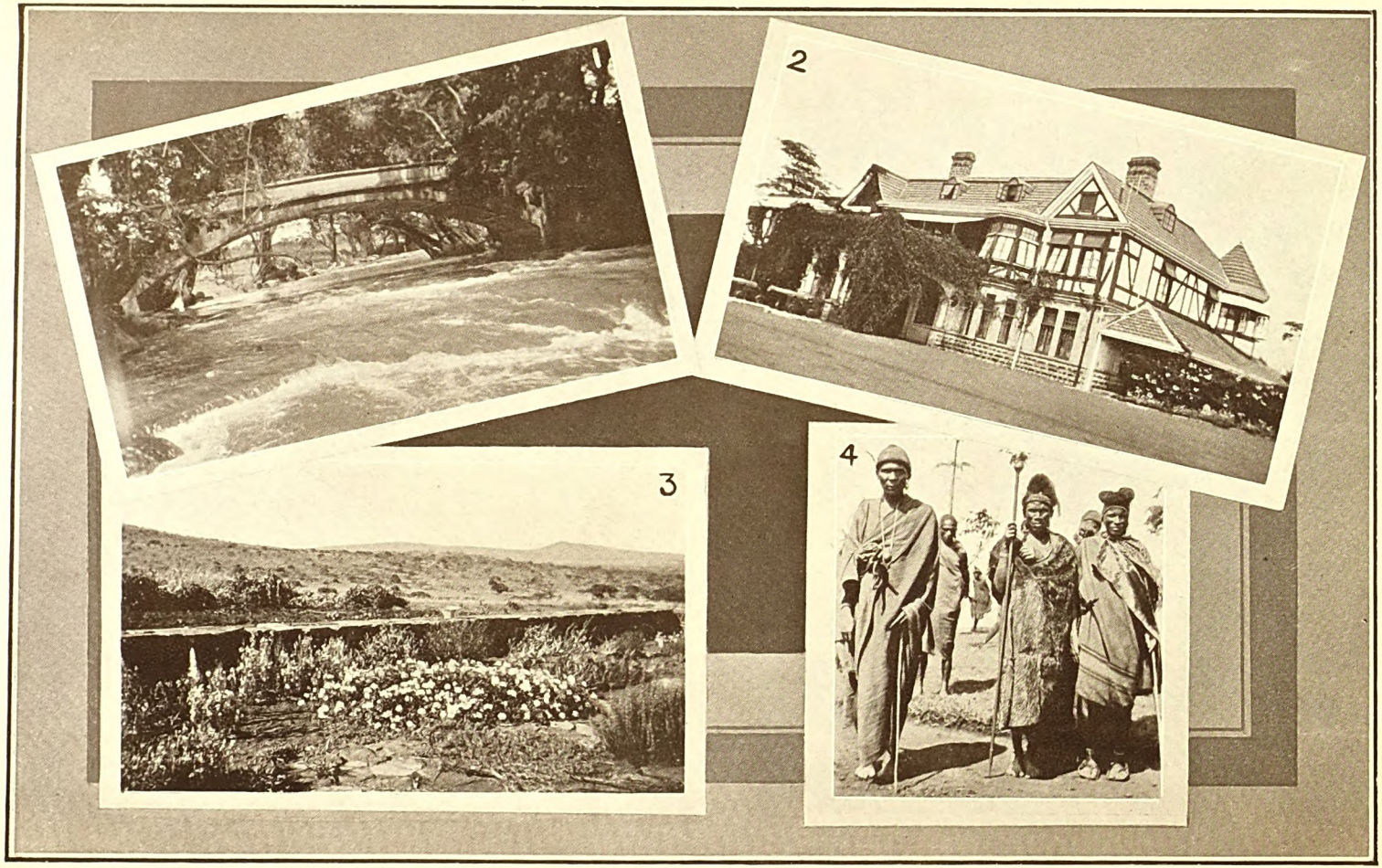
I left England on February 19th two years ago, and arrived at Mombasa on March 16th. Unfortunately it was a bad time to arrive, as the heavy rains were just due, and the heat on the coast was very trying, but I was only five days at Mombasa. As soon as Nairobi was reached it was quite different; the days were not uncomfortably hot, and the nights generally cool.

The journey from Mombasa up to Nairobi takes about eighteen hours, the last part being all through the big game reserve, where baboons, ostriches, giraffes, zebras and every conceivable kind of buck could be seen. The animals seemed to have no fear of the approaching train, but would scamper across the line not thirty yards in front of the engine.

Nairobi itself I thought an unattractive town, but the residential part, which is on the hills surrounding it, is very pretty, and all the houses have gardens full of the most brilliant-coloured flowers and shrubs. In these gardens roses and carnations flower almost extravagantly, and to the would-be settler who wants to make a pretty garden round her

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



1.—Chania River above the Falls—Thika.
2.—Government House, Nairobi.
3.—Corner of a Kenya Garden, "Kilima-Kui," Ulu.
4.—Kikuyu Chiefs at Nyeri

Digitized by Google

homestead it is a real joy to have some home flowers, as well as those indigenous to the soil.

As the rains were expected any day, I was strongly advised not to attempt to go right up country away from the railway, because once up there I might not be able to get back if the rains broke. The roads, being made only of beaten earth, very soon become impassable for motor cars.

The different districts that I saw were Kiambu, Lemuru, Naivasha, Gilgil, Njbini, Nakuru, Ulu and Nyeri, during my stay at various farms, where I got first-hand information about the various types of agriculture. Naturally, they all said that theirs was "out and out the most paying," but I am going to write down exactly what they told me, so that if there is anything incorrect in my statement I shall have a perfectly free conscience!

Kiambu is almost entirely a coffee district, about ten miles from Nairobi. My informant started in 1913 in a very small way, building his own huts (wood and thatch) at a cost of £16 each. He now has a small stone house and owns 120 acres; he employs fifty boys, with an additional fifty in the picking season. The present price of this coffee land is high, as much as £20 an acre being paid for it. The year before my visit coffee had been fetching £150 per ton, but many a £150 was lost through lack of labour.

Farms on the outskirts of a native reserve benefit with regard to obtaining labour, as they get first pick of the available boys. Most farmers at a distance from a reserve keep a certain number of squatters on their land. (Squatters are allowed to build huts on the farmer's land on condition they work whenever their labour is required.)

Lemuru, twenty-five miles from Nairobi, is a most delightful place. Major X, whom I visited there, was growing fruit and tea. Land was about £10 an acre, but was steadily going up in price, owing to it being more suitable for tea than most other places in Kenya.

After having seen the country round Nairobi by train, by car, and on horseback, I went to Naivasha. A more perfect view than we had from where I stayed at Naivasha could hardly be imagined. It was a large clearing in the middle of a forest, about five miles from and five hundred feet above Lake Naivasha. This lake is surrounded by hills, and is fifty-six miles round; we motored round one day, visiting one of the largest sisal farms in the country. Sisal

Digitized by Google

farming requires large capital, but is most paying if the necessary capital is available. To quote my informant, " If you have got money, grow sisal."

Lake Naivasha abounds in hippo, and the duck shooting is very good ; there were no fish in the lake, but I heard that it was shortly going to be stocked with various kinds, so the settler who likes a bit of sport is and will be well provided for.

A good deal of lucerne is grown near the lake, as it is a crop which requires a lot of water ; it pays well, as it gives eight to ten crops a year, yielding about ten tons to the acre. It was then fetching £4 per ton.

Naivasha is a great cattle centre. I went to a sale there, and was much amused at the prices, which seemed so ridiculously low. A cow and calf (ungraded) fetched from £6 to £10, steers £2 each, graded cows £5. Sheep were getting a good price at 30s. each !

One of the parts that attracted me most was at the foot of the Aberdare Mountains, a place called Njbini, which lies between two rivers, and means " Neutral ground." It is where the different tribes used to go when they wished to settle their differences amicably. The rivers are full of trout, but difficult to fish, as they flow through thick forest and resemble the burns in the Highlands of Scotland ; there were numerous waterfalls alternating with deep black swirling pools. Round these pools in the overhanging trees were to be seen dozens of small monkeys scampering about, and, judging by their chatter, they were extremely annoyed at any intrusion.

Fruit, wheat, cattle and timber are the chief products at Njibini. I saw a peach tree about six feet high bearing fruit, and the tree had been planted as a stone only the previous year. This sounds a tall story, but is nevertheless a true one.

Cattle have to be herded into " bomas " at night, as there are still a certain number of lion. Eight miles from Naivasha a friend of mine had shot ten on his own farm in 1923.

Unfortunately, I did not have long enough in the country to get round Kenya Mountain, but went as far as Nyeri, which lies about thirty miles from the mountain. We travelled by car through the Kikuku Reserve, a very pretty part, the road winding in and out of hills, not unlike those in Scotland. Nyeri is a fascinating spot, with only about half a dozen houses and a good golf course, though a somewhat hilly one.

Polo is also played there, as it is one of the few districts where horses can be kept in comparative safety. Unfortu-

Digitized by Google

nately, in Kenya horses do not thrive, although horse sickness is gradually being stamped out.

The climate is the great attraction of Kenya. It is nearly always sunny ; even in the rainy periods one can feel that some time during the day it will be bright. The rain generally falls at the same hour each day, probably for two or three hours. I remember one Sunday at Nairobi, whilst in church, the rain made such a deafening noise on the tin roof that the poor vicar was yelling himself hoarse from the pulpit, and the congregation did not hear one single word ; after a few minutes he gave it up as a bad job. Luckily the storm was over when we came out of church, although it would have been quite simple to boat home.

It is, of course, a healthy country, and well it need be, for the dearth of doctors is appalling. I am, of course, talking of up-country, where the farms are very scattered and one may find oneself fifty miles from a doctor, and in the rainy season completely cut off from medical assistance. I would strongly advise anyone settling in one of these isolated districts to take a complete case fitted with emergency medicines and dressings. In Nairobi itself there are excellent doctors and hospitals.

All the children I saw in the various districts seemed to be doing exceptionally well and in no way any the worse for living at a high altitude.

It is advisable, especially for a woman, to get home every two or three years ; more so, perhaps, for those living right up-country at 7,000 or 8,000 feet, for the height certainly does affect one's heart and nerves. I found at 8,000 feet I could not walk at any great pace if it was at all up hill. Otherwise most people appeared to be wonderfully fit.

I want once more to touch on the importance of coming home every two or three years, because this is, to my mind, where one is led astray in making a budget of expenses in relation to the capital one is prepared to invest in the country. There are in Kenya many people who were told that if they could put down £2,000 they would be able to buy a farm, build a house, and live in reasonable comfort. From my own observation I do not consider this sum is sufficient. To begin with, the £2,000 must be regarded as a minimum, and *not* as normal. Furthermore, farms do not usually bring in much of a return for two or three years. If a man is married, I strongly advise his wife to think twice about

Digitized by Google

settling there unless there is a joint private income of at least £500 per annum. Given such an income, one can live in reasonable comfort even if the farm does fail for the first few years, and—what is more—the wife will be able to get home every three years. There are quite a number of women in Kenya who have not been home for many years, but they are the exception.

To sum up, going to Kenya to try to make a home and a living is not an attractive outlook for the married woman with little or no private means, but with a private income as indicated above the life would be very agreeable.

One word of advice. Do not under any circumstances buy land, build a house, or invest money in Kenya without first seeing the conditions for yourself. However inconvenient or expensive, see the country with your own eyes; it is cheaper in the long run. The settlers are most hospitable, and are only too glad to show the newcomer round.

Digitized by Google

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE EX-REGULAR

By Sergeant C. Halliday

(*2nd Bn. The Leicestershire Regiment*).

A VERY interesting article appeared in The Fighting Forces for January, 1927, by Mr. F. George, entitled "The Future of the Ex-Service Man and a Short History of his Past." Mr. George served in the ranks, and, judging by his article, is one of "the old Brigade." It is gratifying to see an article written by the much discussed man in the ranks, besides which his views have a certain amount of weight, because who knows better than he "who has been and seen."

He dwells at length on the necessity of future provision for the regular Service man and of the need for the man himself, and the government, to look beyond "Seven and Five" or twelve years with the Colours.

Mr. F. George belongs to the old school. To "the officers of high rank" whom he mentions, and to him, the present Service man owes a debt of gratitude, and the writer for one, sincerely hopes they will continue to support the cause of the ex-Regular.

The necessity of providing for the Service man when his term expires has been realized by the Government, the Admiralty, and the War Office, more and more as time goes on, and great strides have been taken in this direction in recent years. Suggestions and proposals have been put forward; societies and associations have been formed; a great deal of time and work and huge sums of money have been and are being expended on Vocational Training Centres, in trying to fit him for employment in civil life.

In recruiting, great stress is laid on the fact that he is given every chance to learn something that will be of use when he returns to civil life. The press informs us of what is being done, and of the chances that are given, and the great B.P. is inclined to think that once a man enlists, his future is assured. Yet we are still faced with the problem

Digitized by Google

of unemployed ex-Service men, and the Service man is still faced with the problem of " What use am I in civil life ? "

The writer ventures to suggest that what is generally thought to be a mountain of forethought and provision is a molehill.

Firstly, only men that are in possession of Second Class Education Certificates, and of " Good Character " are accepted by the Vocational Training Centres.

Secondly, there are a number of men who do *not* apply for a course with the fixed intention of seriously seeking employment in the trade which they wish to be taught. In fact, it is not too much to say that quite a large percentage of the men who go to the Centres have as their guiding principle six months " Free and Easy " away from their units.

Thirdly, of the men who attend the Centres in all seriousness and good faith, only a percentage are able to find employment in the trades to which an insight has been given. I say insight advisedly. What trade can be taught in six months, and in the case of Local Centres, three months ?

Another factor often lost sight of is Trade Unionism. Trade Unionism, together with the very elementary knowledge of the ex-students, is largely responsible for the great difficulty in finding employment in many trades.

Carefully considering all that has been done, and what is being done at present, it is not too much to say that from the Service man's point of view there is plenty of room for improvement.

Mr. F. George favours abolition of the Cardwell System and reintroduction of long service. The present Regular says " No," and even suggests shorter periods with the Colours, where it is so desired, but agrees that every man should have the right to complete twenty-one years. To bring back the long service system would strangle recruiting, but to shorten the Colour service periods would stimulate it appreciably. The kind of man we want in the Service is not the man who will stake nine years of his life on something he knows nothing about, but there are thousands of young men in Britain to-day who would seriously consider three or five years and are too prudent to risk seven years in a service which might grow irksome, and also gives no guarantee of him being the least bit better off when he has finished.

The many societies for ex-Service men have rendered valuable service in seeking employment and placing men in

Digitized by Google

good situations, but if provision is made by the proper authorities these societies will not be necessary. The average Service man does not wish to be favoured with employment simply because he has served, and if only the lessons he has learned in the Service can be turned to some use, it will not be so.

May the writer, as an N.C.O. who has studied the present-day "Tommy," put forward a suggestion which he believes, if acted upon, would send the Service man into civil life with confidence and his head high?

Instead of trusting implicitly in our Vocational Training Centres, and the work of societies and organizations, why not utilize the real school of actual civil employment? Why spend huge sums on the training of men when it could be done in most cases for no more than the man's pay? Furthermore, because a man has been poorly educated, or has a "Fair" *military* character, why should he be debarred all chance of a fair start in civil life, after giving the most valuable years of his life to the Service?

I would suggest, with reservations, that instead of being granted the usual fourteen days' leave pending discharge, a man be given leave equivalent to the time he would spend at a training centre, or according to the length of his service with the Colours, and this irrespective of his educational attainments as long as he has a character that is in the Service sense "fair."

This would enable the man to approach an employer with a proposal that he be taught a job during his leave to suit the employer, without the question of a living wage while being so taught. If the man fails then no one but the man loses. If he succeeds, then the man finds himself in good employment immediately his Service pay is stopped, the employer has gained a man, trained by himself to suit himself, and the Government have been saved considerable expense and responsibility.

To ensure the success of such a scheme, there necessarily must be reservations. A man should prove he has a definite offer of employment under such a scheme before being granted leave, and such matters as lodging and ration allowances, and the advisability of wearing uniform whilst on leave, would require very careful consideration.

Such a scheme would have very far-reaching results. It would be cheaper than the present system of sending men

Digitized by Google

to training centres, besides giving all men an equal chance according to their capabilities. It would meet with favour amongst civilian employers, and lastly, it would be something to which a Service man could look forward, as a real, definite chance of employment when his Colour service expires.

Finally, I would suggest that such a scheme, coupled with Colour service of three, five, or seven years, with the remainder of twelve on the reserve, would be the best possible aid to recruiting.

Digitized by Google

THE BOOKSHELF

A Book of Distinction.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." But Bacon had never read the latest sensational sex literature, which daily floods the bookstalls to the exclusion of saner or more wholesome types of fiction, or he would have added: "And a great many to be expelled." It was therefore with great pleasure that I began to read the book now before me.* I even took it to bed with me, and when I woke up it was still in my hand. It is a delightful exception to the usual modern morbidity, and is, I hope, the forerunner of a return to sanity.

It is refreshing indeed to come across a plain, simple, direct style, obviously without intention to mislead by a welter of polysyllabic psycho-analyses and irrelevancies. The author has a simple but absorbing story to tell, and does so with a quiet restraint and economy of force that is singularly attractive. Where one word will obviously suffice, he never uses two. Let me quote one instance only of the extreme brevity of his style. "Officers of the movement control staffs, who form the channel of communication between the troops and the railway service, are called railway transport officers (R.T.O.)" (Ch. XII, p. 162). There is a terseness, a classic severity about that sentence that cannot fail to impress all lovers of true literature, and observers of the obvious.

Although this book extends over three hundred and seventeen closely-written pages, yet the interest is maintained throughout; the attention of the reader is not allowed to waver, and is never distracted by discursive excursions into unnecessary side issues. At the very outset the author gives us a clue to his theme, and with his first words plunges us into the thick of a stirring sequence of events. As he succinctly remarks: "The army will be trained in peace and led in war in accordance with the doctrine contained in this volume." From then on he proceeds with ruthless precision and unfaltering logic to his great final consummation—"Explosives" (Ch. XV, p. 317).

As we follow the varying vicissitudes of fortune of his hero—we luckily have the opportunity of enjoying his adventures in many different rôles, as Commander-in-Chief, G.O.C. L. of C. Area, Q.M.G., Platoon Commander, Patrol Leader, O.C. Bus Column, and many others—we obtain an idea of the author's profound knowledge of life and human nature, and come under the spell of his sure touch in portraying it, and of his amazing power of graphic description. Who is there who does not appreciate the vivid clearness of the following passage? "The country consists of a succession of mountain ranges from which run down a tangled mass

* Field Service Regulations, Vol. II, Operations, 1924. 2d.

Digitized by Google

of rugged precipitous ridges intersected by deep narrow valleys. Generally speaking, the only possible routes . . . lie along these valleys, with an occasional steep pass over some intervening ridge. . . . Water is scarce, except in the main valleys, and the country as a whole is sterile and the climate rigorous."

The character he has created for us dominates the book to the exclusion of lesser personalities, yet such is his power that this is no loss. His deeds and his words will live long in our memories, and are certain to be frequently quoted, specially by soldiers, to whom this book will, I think, make a particular appeal. Who can forget that stirring phrase, made when our hero was conducting a night advance with his faithful followers, a remark which probably turned disaster into triumph? "If obstacles are encountered which cannot be readily traversed or removed, the troops will lie down until a passage has been cleared" (Ch. X, p. 205). Here at last we have the Admirable Crichton of military literature, a man whose exploits equal, if not excel, those of Brigadier Gerard or Baron Munchausen. We see him serving with distinction, the beau ideal of every young officer, in every capacity by land, sea, and air; and whether his enemies are civilized or savage, he still preserves the same cool demeanour, the same unruffled calm, and in the end he triumphs through sheer force of character.

Throughout the thrilling story there runs a rugged humour, a wit that captivates by its sheer unexpectedness. I can only give a few examples.

"A successful decision . . . is so important that it will undoubtedly be sought for."

"Commanders will often find their intentions thwarted at every turn."

"The weight of a tank can be utilized to destroy hostile . . . personnel by passing over them."

"On the halt being signalled, everyone will at once halt. . . ."

"Bivouacs are . . . trying . . . in cold or wet weather."

It is not my intention to spoil the story for prospective readers by revealing the very interesting plot of this romance. I will content myself by saying that it is a very powerful one, and singularly free from anything in the nature of a sex problem. For this reason I fear the book will not be a best seller. It has, however, attained already to a very respectable degree of popularity, for the first edition of some ten thousand copies was sold up within a very short time of issue, and there is still a recurrent, if small, demand for it in most regimental offices.

To attempt to criticize a work of such merit as this would appear to be presumption on the part of the humble reviewer, and will inevitably draw down upon his devoted head a shower of heated, and probably justifiable, opprobrium. And yet, how can a critic do otherwise than criticize? And, indeed, I cannot help feeling that our author suffers rather through having an axe to grind, or a doctrine to preach, a doctrine in which he whole-

Digitized by Google

heartedly believes. Consequently he is apt to become a little too didactic, a little too fond of laying down the law, and as a result his style suffers from over-emphasis on occasions. Humour is not lacking, yet I miss those subtle shades of thought and meaning, those deft reticences, which betray the true master. And as it proceeds, the story seems to lose a little of its fire. There is no longer that burning, single-minded enthusiasm, that almost fanatical zeal for the propagation of an idea, with which it began. However, these are small points in an extremely entertaining, interesting, and instructive volume; and when I add that it is well bound, is neat and handy, its size admitting of it being carried in the haversack—still leaving room for the field-marshal's baton—and that it is turned out at the ridiculous price of twopence, I feel I am right in prophesying that we have not heard the last of this author.

E. H.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE. STEPHEN KING-HALL. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.). 9s.

"No community which is not primarily charged with the ordinary business of its own defences is really a *free* community. The privileges of freedom and the burdens of freedom are absolutely associated together."

Amidst the rocks of national economies and the shoals of international disarmament conferences, these words of Gladstone's, spoken nearly seventy years ago when the reaction from another great war was disturbing the public good judgment, may well be kept in mind to-day.

"Why are we still 'squandering' all this money on Defence? What is it that we get in return for an annual expenditure of 116 millions on the Fighting Services? . . . Nearly a decade after the end of that war which was to end all wars, the British nation is still spending one-eighth of its annual income on War Forces. Why?"

These are questions that are being asked—and asked insistently—by an increasing body of the general public.

In this little book, Commander King-Hall, a naval officer of the younger school whose writings are beginning to attract attention, sets out to answer them, and he does so with considerable skill and ability. Within the brief compass of two hundred pages he contrives to propound and analyse the intricate problems of Imperial Defence with remarkable clarity. Here is neither prejudice nor rhetoric. In plain language, unadorned with any "fancy frills"—as becomes a seaman—the author marshals and discusses plain facts.

Many civilians still have a profound distrust of service writers. (Commander King-Hall is apparently so well aware of this psychological truth that he makes no mention of his naval rank on the cover of his book.) The old notion that naval and military

Digitized by Google

officers are all swashbuckling fire-eaters dies hard, and as a result the man in the street usually prefers to study his Defence problems —when he interests himself at all in such matters—at the feet of some journalistic Gamaliel.

The author of " Imperial Defence " has, at any rate, credentials possessed by none of these civilian writers. He has studied the questions of which he writes both in practice afloat and in theory ashore. A graduate of the military Staff College at Camberley as well as the naval Staff College at Greenwich, he is also the fortunate possessor of a keen analytical mind. Moreover, it would be difficult to imagine anyone less militaristic. Indeed, his outlook is that of most thinking naval and military officers of the present day. We can do no better than quote his own words.

" I wish to take this opportunity of informing civilian taxpayers that, although from a lack of experience in the art of writing, service authors are often guilty of obscuring their thoughts in technicalities, yet our point of view with regard to Imperial Defence differs in no respect from the informed civilian point of view. We are the advisers and servants of this point of view. We are also taxpayers and men who enjoy life, and since it is our business to study war in general and Imperial Defence in particular, we have a sufficiently shrewd idea of the probable nature of any future war to make us at least as anxious, on personal grounds, as any other section of the community that this war shall remain in the womb of futurity."

It is not our purpose in this short review to attempt a synopsis of " Imperial Defence." It is sufficient to repeat that the author lives up to his own precepts and that the vast problem of Empire Defence is discussed from all angles with the utmost common sense and restraint, illumined by a rare knowledge of the whole subject. Those chapters dealing with Disarmament and a Ministry of Defence should specially appeal to readers of this journal. But in a book whose every page contains some fact or statement worth considering, it is invidious to make distinctions. Even those who may disagree with some of the author's conclusions will at least acknowledge that he has provided them with a strong mental stimulant.

So much for the credit side of the account.

On the debit side must be placed the price of the book. This is, admittedly, delicate ground. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there is an increasing alarm amongst the reading public at the prices demanded for books to-day. Seven shillings and sixpence for an 80,000-word novel is steep enough; 9s. for a 40,000-word volume—specially when it is ingeniously advertised on the wrapper as " A Book for Taxpayers "—strikes the mere layman as right over the summit.

However, this is a relatively small point over which it is quite possible the author had little control. In any case, he is left with a large balance on the right side.

W. N. B.

Digitized by Google

THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. BRIG.-GENERAL COLIN R. BALLARD, C.B., C.M.G. Clarendon Press. 15s.

Of all the men who earned undying fame in the American Civil War none have taken a higher place in history than the great Federal President.

"Now he belongs to the ages," declared Stanton as he stood by the bedside of his dead chief a few hours after the tragedy in Ford's theatre, and though the aggressive secretary was not invariably a trustworthy oracle, on that occasion he spoke with the inspiration of a true prophet.

But, though all historians agree that Abraham Lincoln was a great statesman, with a marvellous faculty for grasping the essential factor in any political situation, many of them deny that he could cope with even the simplest military problem.

In fact, not a few eminent writers, notably Lord Wolseley and Col. Henderson, have criticized Lincoln's military record so severely that the impartial reader is left wondering how such an apparent fool at handling armies can have been such a genius at handling the affairs of a nation. Damned with something less than faint praise, he has so frequently been described by military critics as an "amateur strategist" and an "interfering politician," that most students of history, while acclaiming him a great man in other things, are prone to discount his military achievements.

In this regard, General Ballard, himself a professional soldier, takes a courageous, if somewhat controversial, line. An avowed disciple of Lord Charnwood, whose sympathetic study of the great President has never been surpassed, he adopts an uncompromising attitude.

He refuses either to accept the verdict of those who describe Lincoln as a military failure or to flirt with those who excuse him of military ineptitude on the grounds that others were equally responsible for directing operations.

"Lincoln was solely responsible for the strategy of the North and proved himself a very capable strategist." That is General Ballard's axiomatic dictum, and with great skill he sets himself the task of proving its truth.

Whether he succeeds or not must, of course, depend on the prejudices of each individual reader.

Frankly, we must confess that we have never held the view that only a trained soldier can know anything of strategy. Proficiency as a *tactician* can admittedly only be obtained by close study and actual experience in the field. But brilliant *strategists* are born and not made.

That Lincoln was entirely ignorant of military tactics must be acknowledged; in fact, he frequently admitted it himself. But this did not preclude him from perceiving, more clearly than any other Northern statesman or general, the broad strategical issues involved.

His instant realization of the part that sea-power would play in such a struggle; his sound appreciation of the truth that war

Digitized by Google

cannot be waged in kid gloves, and that the annihilation of the enemy should be the sole aim of the Higher Command, alone proclaims him a great strategist.

"There are many generals in Europe," Napoleon once said, "but as a rule they see too many things; as for me, I see only one thing, the main body of the enemy."

In General Ballard's opinion, "Lincoln saw the one thing from the first." Personally we believe he did, too, and we are very grateful to the author for his extremely able and well-written vindication of a great natural military genius.

The book is provided with twenty-two excellent coloured sketch-maps and an adequate index. No keen student of the Civil War can afford to pass it by.

It will be the source of much argument.

W. N. B.

THE BASIC PRINCIPLES OF AIR WARFARE. "SQUADRON LEADER." Gale & Polden, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

This work will be welcomed by many, for, though much has been written on the subject of aircraft, little has been said of the principles of its employment in war. Air literature has been confined to technical altitudes and, except for the writers of official publications and magazine articles, few authors, if any, have explored the important heights of air strategy. "Squadron Leader," therefore, meets a long-felt want by the publication of this volume.

In a foreword, Major-General Sir Edmund Ironside stresses the importance of co-operation between the three services. The author of *The Basic Principles of Air Warfare* is to be congratulated in having recognized this point. With commendable judgment he resists the temptation to which air enthusiasts are inclined to fall of over-rating the air arm at the expense of the naval and military forces; and he maintains an even keel amid the conflicting currents of opinion.

The author opens by a consideration of the question of "air superiority," its nature, its importance and the factors that affect it. The struggle to attain this, he points out, will be one of the deciding issues in the wars of the future. But this air mastery will not be gained in a day; it will result only from a sustained and unremitting offensive. It must not be imagined that air superiority gives complete immunity from enemy air observation and attack. The vastness of the element in which air forces operate renders such completeness impossible. Air superiority is defined as "a state of moral and material superiority over the enemy which prevents him from seriously interfering with hostile air operations and at the same time denies him the successful employment of his own air forces."

Digitized by Google

From this he proceeds to the principles of air warfare which he lays down as that of offence, that of concentration, that of surprise, that of economy of force, and that of maintenance of the objective.

The principle of offence is strongly emphasized, for the aeroplane is essentially a weapon of attack. Even if an air force is compelled to assume a defensive rôle, that rôle will best be carried out by offensive action. Concentration of force is as important in the air as on land and sea, and cannot be departed from without grave risk of failure. The principle of economy of force has peculiar and vital importance in air strategy and its application to air problems is most difficult. On land and sea one cannot be too strong at the decisive place. In the air there is no decisive place: air superiority is achieved by a continuous process, but, if too great a strength is expended in attaining this superiority, then the air forces co-operating with the navy and army may be unduly and dangerously weakened. On the other hand, failure to gain air mastery will be ruin to all.

The reader will have noticed that the principles laid down are the recognized principles of war. In his last chapter, the author says that the purpose of his book is not to create principles, but to interpret those which exist; this is not compatible with his statement in the opening of the book that "it is the author's intention to place on record certain incidents and to deduce therefrom sound principles." It would, we think, have been more in keeping with the title if he had stuck to his original intention. If his reasoning had led him to the conclusion that the basic principles of air warfare are, in fact, identical with the recognized principles of war on land and sea, not only would his own case have been confirmed and strengthened, but it would have unified the operations of war in all three elements. Instead of which the book is rather an illustration of the normal principles of war applied to air strategy.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY. G. GOOLD WALKER, D.S.O., M.C. John Lane. 12s. 6d.

Until the seventeenth century, when Cromwell's New Model Army confounded both Royalist and Spaniard, an English standing army did not exist. The duty of defending the country was attached theoretically to every citizen: in practice, however, it was upon the civilian levees that during the Middle Ages most reliance could be placed. The link that connected these semi-social, semi-belligerent mediæval bands with the modern professional army may proudly be claimed by the Honourable Artillery Company. It was therefore high time that a compact and readable history should appear upon an organization which in a quiet and steady way had performed so important a function.

Digitized by Google

It is impossible to do more than touch lightly here and there upon a book which deals with nearly four hundred years of history, many of them filled with the alarums and excursions of war, revolution and rebellion.

The origins of the H.A.C. are obscure, but in Henry VIII's Charter of 1537, incorporating a Guild of Archers and Handgunmen, we have if not the real at least an official beginning. There were dead periods, times of stagnation, but practically the history of the Company has been one of deserved success. Although the Company never went into action *qua* Company until the Great War, when it formed three infantry battalions and seven batteries of artillery, it has rendered invaluable service in the way of training and providing soldiers for the front line. The best of the trained bands who turned back Charles I at Turnham Green were of the Company: in the South African War the Company was practically responsible for the C.I.V. Field Battery.

Naturally a book on so specialized a theme is of greatest value to those associated with the H.A.C. But the general reader will find its pages to be full of interest and of illuminating sidelights on England, socially as well as militarily. One passage alone is of such interest to all Englishmen that it is well worth repetition: "For centuries Finsbury Fields had been one of the chief centres for the national pastime of archery; and now the Artillery ground was to become the cradle of another great English game. Cricket is heard of as a game for schoolboys as far back as Elizabethan times, but it was not until a much later date that it began to come into prominence as a national game for adults. The celebrated ground at Hambledon is usually regarded as the nursery of club cricket, but in 1725, about fifteen years prior to the earliest records of the Hambledon Club, the game was played on the Artillery ground. It did not at first meet with official encouragement. In fact, a note appears in the Court Minutes concerning 'the abuse done to the herbage of the ground by cricket players.'"

If this be true, and there seems no reason to doubt it, the H.A.C. forms yet another link—one connecting the Elizabethan village green with Lord's cricket ground.

W. B. P.

NOTES ON TRAINING FOR WAR. LIEUT.-COL. A. KEARSEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., *p.s.c.* Hugh Rees, Ltd.

These notes deal briefly with Appreciations, Schemes, Solutions and Historical Illustrations of the Principles of War, and are intended to assist the Staff College candidate. The book undoubtedly contains much useful information, is well set out, and is easy to follow and understand. The value of the schemes is, however, somewhat wasted through there being no maps to refer to.

We are of opinion that any modern military book dealing with tactical handling should lay more stress on mechanization if it is

Digitized by Google

to be of real value to the reader. It is not sufficient to deal in the more stereotyped problems of some years ago.

For instance, in the remarks on defence, page 32, there is no mention of the tank; yet it is obvious that cases may arise in the future where an enemy attacking with a superiority in these weapons may cause the defenders to give up ground, favourable in other respects, in order to place themselves behind and covering an efficient tank obstacle. Again, has enough stress been placed upon the power of the automatic weapon, the machine gun, the changes in methods of transport, etc.? Though these notes provide little of outstanding interest, they may be useful to the Staff College student from the fact that what appears in official publications is here put down in tabloid form. Personally, we would like a book of this sort not only to be more modern, but less formal in its language; in other words, they should give the young officer something to think about, with conditions *such as they are to-day*.

COMMON MISTAKES IN THE SOLUTION OF TACTICAL PROBLEMS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM. BT.-LIEUT.-COL. A. B. BEAUMAN, D.S.O., *p.s.c.* Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Hugh Rees, Ltd. 2s. 6d.

This little book is a series of hints to officers studying for the Staff College and Promotion Examinations. The criticism we wrote on Lieut.-Col. A. Kearsey's book applies, to a certain extent, to this book as well. It is all astonishingly clear and easy to understand; the mistakes generally committed in examinations are set out in the margin, and alongside the way to avoid them is most efficiently explained. We note that against a definitely located enemy the bulk of the infantry—who must act with energy and determination—are usually committed to the attack from the start. We cannot help feeling reminded of the incident in Mr. Britten Austin's book, *The War-God Walks Again*, where the army staff officer, explaining the instructions for the next "push" at a brigade conference to the C.Os. who were to do the work, and who, incidentally, with their battalions, were being consigned to almost certain death), finished up with the remark, "And I'm quite sure, gentlemen, we're going to put up a really good show this time."

The fact is that modern tactics, certainly as regards the employment of infantry, are rapidly outstripping the regulations, and it is by no means a heresy to say this type of book should take this into consideration.

Digitized by Google

THE WORK OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS IN THE EUROPEAN WAR, 1914-1918. Compiled by COL. G. H. ADDISON, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.A. Published by the Secretary of the Institution of Royal Engineers, Chatham. 20s.

This volume is the last of a series of eight dealing with the work of the Royal Engineers during the Great War. The Council of the Institution of Royal Engineers, with the approval of a Corps General Meeting, undertook the whole business and the bearing of the cost of publication, and on the completion of these volumes we cannot help paying a tribute to the astonishing resourcefulness of the Corps in general and to the ability and industry of Col. Addison in particular, by whom these volumes have been compiled.

The present volume is somewhat less highly technical than its forerunners; it deals with miscellaneous subjects, of which the chapters devoted to the camouflage service and anti-aircraft searchlights are unquestionably of great interest to all. The whole history of the organization of camouflage is told from the first French experiments down to the elaborate developments of 1918. A most interesting section of this chapter deals with "Chinese attacks," *i.e.*, the use of dummy silhouette figures; the following is one of many examples given:—

"On the 26th September (1917), 280 figures were mounted and worked for some twenty minutes, during which time they were all smashed and rendered useless by machine-gun, rifle and shell fire. . . . The enemy reported on this occasion as follows: 'The attack opened with drum-fire, with unheard of intensity. Behind a wall of dust and smoke the English infantry pressed forward between Langemarck and Hollebeke; the enemy attacking many times both sides of Langemarck was continually beaten back by our fire.' On the greater part of this front no infantry attack other than silhouettes took place."

With regard to anti-aircraft searchlights, it is considered, in view of experiences in France, that A.A. Searchlight Detachments require complete freedom in control of action, and the suggestion is made that they should be developed independently of the anti-aircraft artillery and that their work in the future will lie more and more in co-operation with night-fighting units of the Royal Air Force. This is an interesting viewpoint which we hope may be further discussed in this journal.

The illustrations and diagrams are quite admirable.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. EDWARD E. CURTIS, Ph.D. Issued by the Yale University Press, and published by Mr. Humphrey Milford, London. 11s. 6d.

This book has little to say about the American Revolution, but gives a very complete and detailed account of the methods employed

Digitized by Google

by the British Government in recruiting, transporting and subsisting its Army in America. In addition, by means of a long series of illustrative appendices, many interesting details are given concerning the British Army during the period in question. Thus we find a general description of the facings, etc., of the various regiments of foot, a list of the daily pay of each rank in His Majesty's land forces, the prices of commissions, etc.

The general reader will learn, perhaps with astonishment, of the excessively indifferent types which made up the rank and file of the Army in those days, many of them condemned criminals condoned on condition of entering the service; he will read, too, of the press gangs fighting each other for recruits and of the intense aversion to military service of the impressed men, of the appalling conditions, sickness and high mortality during the voyage out, of the negligence, corruption and inefficiency which pervaded the administration of the Army, and yet—" no braver troops ever shed their blood for the flag of England than those who thrice charged up Bunker's Hill or attacked the American lines at Saratoga." Could there be a finer tribute to the inherent soundness of the British stock?

This is not only a very interesting book, but a valuable book of reference to those who love old Army records and traditions.

A British Fusilier in Revolutionary Boston. Being the Diary of Lieutenant Frederick Mackenzie, Adjutant of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, January 5th—April 30th, 1775. With a letter describing his voyage to America. Edited by Allen French. Issued by the Harvard University Press, and published by Mr. Humphrey Milford, London. 15s.

The opening letter gives an account of the seven-week voyage on the troopship to New York. The ladies accompanied their husbands and the gallant Adjutant describes the accommodation for his wife as " very disagreeable." Disagreeable seems hardly the right word. " Imagine to yourself," he says in his letter to his father, " a cube of 7 feet, that is 7 feet long, 7 broad, and 7 high, in this space only think of stowing three women and three children and to be at sea for 7 weeks: I believe you will hardly think it possible."

The Royal Welch Fusiliers arrived in New York on June 9th, 1773, and were moved to Boston in August, 1774, and there in January, 1775, the diary begins. It is a soldierly document, and the account of Lord Percy's march to and from Lexington on the first day of the revolution, April 19th, 1775, and of the running fight that ensued, is of great historical value. The rebels took every advantage of cover, an unmilitary habit which was roundly condemned by the British officers, though our diarist makes no complaint about it. He was, however, distressed that his regiment,

Digitized by Google

when forming line on gaining contact with the rebels, were compelled to do so in not " so regular manner as it should have been," owing to some tiresome stonewalls and other obstructions.

The letter and diary are both attractive commentaries on the Army methods of the day. One is glad to learn that Lieut. Mackenzie, whose family was represented in the Royal Welch Fusiliers for over sixty years, eventually reached the rank of Assistant Barrack-Master-General and died at a ripe old age at Teignmouth in 1824.

The following magazines have been received:—

The Veterinary Journal. The January issue is dedicated to the Army Veterinary Service and is a " Special Army Number " of very considerable interest. *The Veterinary Journal* is the oldest current British veterinary periodical, and its first editor, Dr. George Fleming, was an Army veterinary surgeon. We can compliment the present Editor on helping to maintain a good entente between those of the veterinary profession now serving in the Army and those in private practice, by means of his " Special Army Number."

The Canadian Defence Quarterly.
The Cavalry Journal.
La Cooperazione delle Armi.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal.
The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery.
St. George's Gazette.
The XXX.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.
The Leopard.
The Light Bob Gazette.
The Essex Regiment Gazette.
Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Digitized by Google

Naval and Military Outfitting

THE HOUSE OF ANDERSON, Edinburgh and Glasgow, has half a century's record of outfitting His Majesty's fighting forces on sea and land (and latterly also in the air).

Officers considering renewal of any part of their equipment are invited to write stating their requirements. A comprehensive List, giving details and prices, will be sent to any address at home or abroad.

MUFTI Civilian Tailoring in all its branches is carried out, like the Naval & Military Outfitting Departments, on the firm's own premises.

—

Write for list of Overcoats, High-grade Ready-to-Wear Suits, Hosiery, etc.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS. While Anderson & Sons do not confine their services to any particular branch they have a highly specialised department dealing with Kit for the Highland and other Scottish Regiments. Their knowledge of the various tartans and their proper use, a subject of considerable intricacy, is probably unique.

Wm. ANDERSON & SONS LTD.

14 & 16 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

157 HOPE STREET GLASGOW

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers nearly 900 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependants.

Aiming as it does to bring together all commissioned officers, after retirement, for the purpose of mutual help, it appeals naturally both to those whose circumstances are straitened, and to their more prosperous brothers.

The Association is fortunate in having secured the generous assistance of several eminent surgeons and physicians who as honorary officers grant consultations and carry out operations either free of charge or at greatly reduced fees according to the means of their patients. Other honorary officers include the auditor, solicitor and architect, all of whom are prepared to advise members in their several capacities. That these advantages are appreciated by the members goes without saying.

Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependants.

The annual subscription is £1, and full particulars will be sent on application to the offices at Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, W.1.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

"When the Harness is Unbuckled" : Trout Fishing at Goldstream, Victoria, British Columbia ... *Frontispiece*

PAGE

Editorial 159

The Services in Parliament. By A Parliamentary Correspondent 180

"The Truth about Jutland"—at Last 189

The Evolution of Tactical Methods. By Major Douglas Hogg, M.C., *p.s.c.*, R.E. 198

The Indispensables (Short Story). By R. S. Kenilworth... 209

"The Sea is England's Natural Aerodrome" (Part II) ... 216

Empire Settlement : British Columbia. By Colonel H. G. Reid, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O. 221

The Organization of Mechanical Transport. By Lieut. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, M.B.E., R.A.S.C. 229

The Admiral's Chef (Short Story). By E. H. Vanes ... 236

Events Leading to the Assumption of Military Control in 'Iraq by the Royal Air Force. By Algernon John Insall, late R.A.F. 242

The Crossley Kegresse Battery Car (*illustrated*). 252

Economy in the Army 254

In Accordance with Orders (Short Story). By Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Irvine, C.I.E. 256

Intercommunication and the Increasing Mobility of Modern Armies. By Lieut. F. K. Wilson, Royal Signals 265

Dawn in Bivouac : Mesopotamia, 1917. By "Cotswold" 268

Military Discipline (Short Story). By Neil Gow 269

When the Harness is Unbuckled : (11) Smallholdings. By G. C. Heseltine, late R.A.F. 272

The Regular Army and the Problem of Employment. By Capt. C. M. Paton, The Essex Regiment 281

Correspondence 287

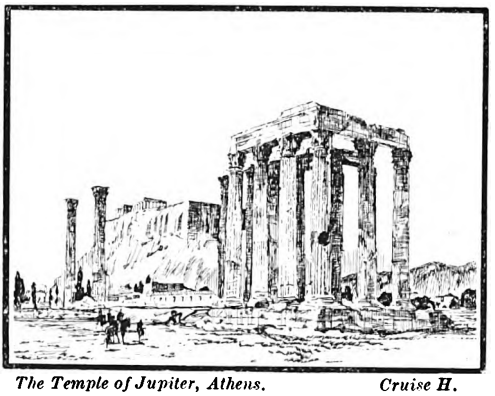
The Bookshelf 290

Gale & Polden, Ltd., London, Aldershot and Portsmouth

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Digitized by Google

SUMMER P&O CRUISES



The Temple of Jupiter, Athens. *Cruise H.*

FROM LONDON
by the oil-burning, twin-screw s.s.

RANCHI

16,600 tons.

NORWAY.

D. Leith, Bergen, and the Fjords.
July 9—13 days; berths from †35 gns.

E. Leith, Bergen, and the Fjords.
July 23—13 days; berths from †30 gns.

F. Norway, the Northern Capitals, and Finland.
Aug. 6—19 days; berths from †40 gns.

† *Lowest fares now available.*

A Cruise in September.

H. ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE, CYPRUS, NAPLES, SICILY, MALTA, etc.
Sept. 10—28 Days; Berths from 58 Gns.

For Picture Handbooks, Cabin Plans, and all information, apply :—
P. & O. HOUSE (F. H. Grosvenor, Mgr.) 14 COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1

SHORT SEA TRIPS BY P. & O. AT HOLIDAY FARES—
Gibraltar, Tangier, Marseilles, Egypt, &c.
Programme on Application as above.

P. & O. *and* BRITISH INDIA LINES

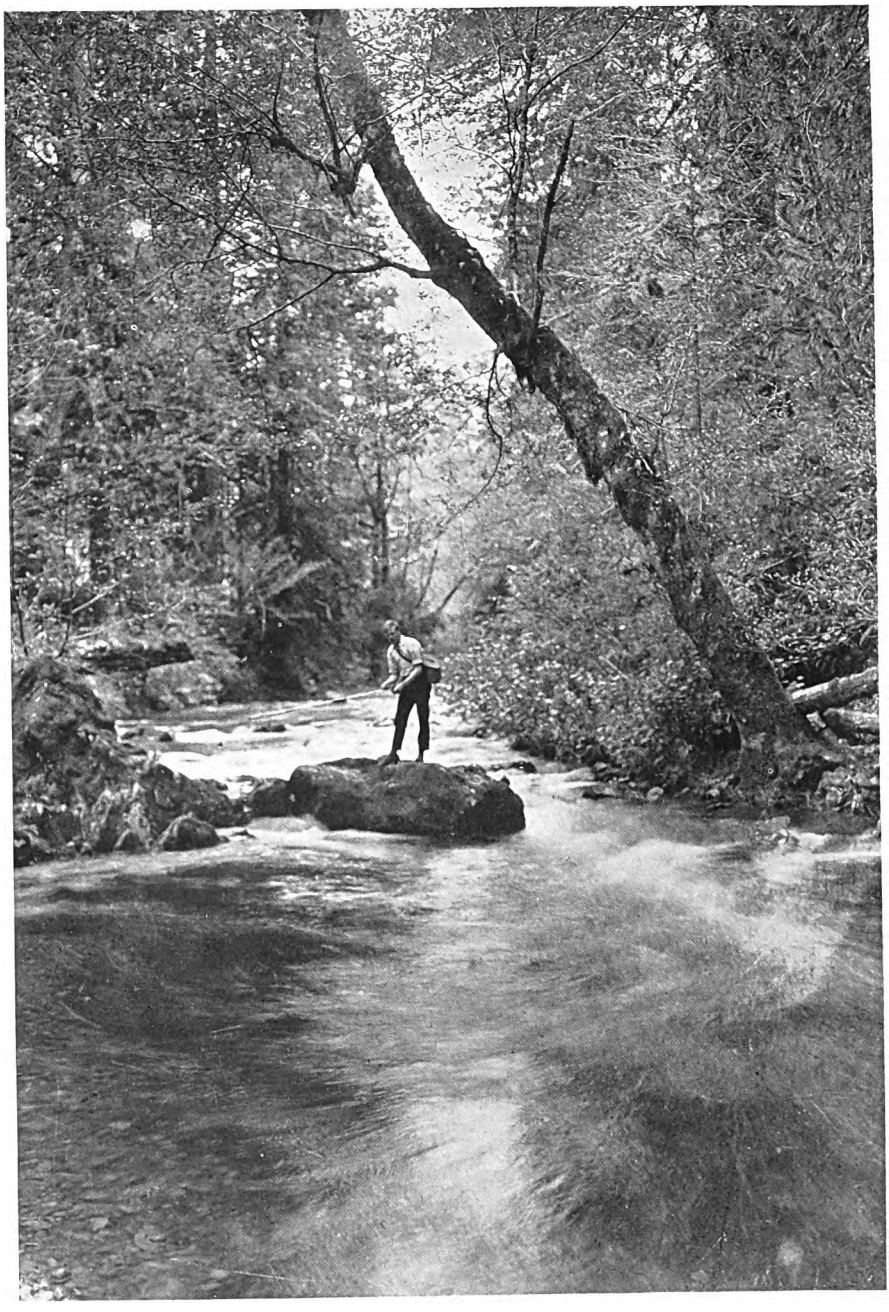
(*Under Contract with His Majesty's Government*).

FOR PASSAGE TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, ALGIERS, EGYPT, AND ALL PORTS EAST OF SUEZ (INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA, &c.)

Apply :—
P. & O. HOUSE, 14 COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
(F. H. Grosvenor, Manager)

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



[*By the Courtesy of the Agent-General, British Columbia.*

"WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED."

Trout Fishing at Goldstream, Victoria, British Columbia.

(See the article, "Empire Settlement," which refers especially to British Columbia.)

Digitized by Google

The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. IV JULY, 1927 No. 2

EDITORIAL

News from China is not of a reassuring nature, and fresh complications in the situation are reported almost daily.

China.

As matters stand, however, the struggle is being carried on, as before, between two main confederacies. On the one hand, Chang Kai Shek's forces of the South, the instrument of the Cantonese Nationalist Government, who have, in their triumphant advance towards the Yangtze Valley, won signal victories in capturing the Hanyang Arsenal, Hankow, Kiukiang and Nanking, and subsequently, after consolidating those gains, have achieved further success by their occupation—against somewhat feeble opposition, it is true—of both the Kiangnan Arsenal and also the native city at Shanghai. Allied to this force is the Christian General Feng Yu H'siang's Kuomintang army advancing towards the Yangtze in a south-easterly direction through Honan. The avowed intention of this combination, which contains a strong Communist element inspired by the Soviet emissary Borodin and represented officially by Chen Yu-jen (Eugene Chen), formerly a London solicitor, who first came to China in 1912, is, primarily, to free the country from foreign influence and to establish a central government whose authority shall be felt throughout the Empire.

On the other hand, there are a number of Tuchuns or Military Governors and lesser freebooters, amongst whom

Digitized by Google

may be mentioned Sun Chuan Fung, late Governor of the Maritime provinces of Kiangsu, Chekiang and Fukien, under whose command were the native defences of Shanghai until his confederate Chang Tsung Chang, Governor of the province of Shantung, relieved him of that responsibility, and subsequently made such a half-hearted resistance to Chang Kai Shek's attack; Wu Pei Fu, a soldier of some distinction, the flank of whose army in Honan is, at the moment, still threatened by the advancing forces of the Christian Feng; and, most prominent among these Northerners and nominally, at any rate, their Commander-in-Chief, Chang Tso Lin, ex-bandit and War Lord of Manchuria, and to him the Peking officials look both to stem the Nationalist advance and to suppress the growth of Communistic influence which is everywhere asserting itself in the country. Japan, whose extensive industrial concessions in China have largely been negotiated with the Peking Government, is naturally inclined to support the faction whose motives are not greatly at variance with those of the old *régime*, and to Chang Tso Lin, therefore, she has until recently extended some moral and material support. The latter holds, at present, a strategically sound position north of the Hoang Ho or Yellow River, where he has the advantage of possessing at Mukden a well-equipped and extensive arsenal upon which to draw for his munition supply. These Northern free-booters, or such of them as are provincial Governors, still, nominally, are under the jurisdiction of the Peking Government, a body which has, however, long since ceased to exercise even that vestige of control over the country which some of its predecessors have enjoyed, but with which, nevertheless, Foreign Ministers, so long as the Treaties remain in force, are obliged to negotiate.

Yen Hsi-shan, the "model" Tuchun of Shansi, has definitely declared himself on the side of the Kuomintang, in spite of Chang Tso Lin's endeavour, by personal persuasion, to win his allegiance to the Northern cause. The political views of Yang Sen, Governor of Szechuan, are uncertain, but he has, at any rate, signified his intolerance of Communism by initiating hostilities against the government which its adherents, Chen and Borodin, have established at Hankow.

Whether the recent Nanking outrages were carried out at the instigation of Nationalist or of Soviet emissaries has

Digitized by Google

not been conclusively proved, but the effect of those murders —the drawing together of the principal Foreign Powers in joint protective action—should have a sobering influence upon any would-be promoters of similar outrages in future. No one will grudge the Nationalists a measure of sympathy in their desire to restore to China the active administration of the Foreign Settlements, but it is surprising that, with so much bitter experience behind the country, the lesson has not yet, apparently, been learnt that protection of foreigners is the essential condition upon which such a desire can be gratified. Up to the present time their armies have advanced through territory, the peasant population of which is not inimical to the Nationalist cause, a fact which must have facilitated the holding of their line of communications and the obtainment of supplies. Added to this, they have met with but little strenuous opposition from the North, and it is, therefore, all the more surprising that their troops have been allowed to get out of hand and to perpetrate such outrages as were recently committed both at Hankow and Nanking.

The stiffening of Foreign resistance, followed by the presentation of demands for redress by Foreign Ministers, has, indirectly, brought about both a split in the Nationalist Party and retribution upon the heads of the members of its Communist or Left Wing to whom the outrages were attributed by Chang Kai Shek. The split has resulted in the latter setting up an anti-Communist Government at Nanking in opposition to that conducted by Eugene Chen at Hankow, and throughout the South Communists have paid the penalty for their rashness by losing either their liberty or even their heads. Although the doctrine of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, upon which the Nationalist movement has been largely built, conflicted fundamentally with that of Karl Marx, whose principle of " revolution by violence " has been adopted by the Communists, it did, in advocating the limitation of capital and equal rights in the land, display a leaning towards Communism, and this will, it is to be surmised, form a basis for an ultimate rapprochement between the moderate and extreme elements which form the Nationalist Confederacy. Doubtless Borodin and Eugene Chen draw inspiration from the Soviet's success in organizing and training the Mongolian Army upon Bolshevist lines for Bolshevist ends. Its peace footing of all arms is to be approximately 70,000 men, of whom some 40,000 are mounted troops, supported by thirty

Digitized by Google

batteries of field artillery. Mongolia's declaration of independence as a Soviet State may, at no distant date, result from this enterprise, and should it do so confidence is likely to be restored to Communist factions throughout China. Feng Yu H'siang is alleged to be advancing to Eugene Chen's assistance at Hankow, but he, in common with other Chinese leaders, has, in the past, displayed such marked opportunist tendencies that his real motives are not easily gauged.

Towards the middle of May the Northern bloc or An-Kuochun (" Pacification Army "), under Marshal Chang Tso Lin, in an evident desire to profit by Nationalist dissensions, launched a counter-attack upon a wide front against both Chang Kai Shek's and Eugene Chen's positions on the Yangtze, and for a time the Nationalist cause appeared to be in jeopardy. For reasons not entirely of a military nature, however, the situation underwent a sudden change, and Chang Kai Shek and his allies have been able, once again, to take the initiative and to clear the Yangtze Valley of Northern armies. Wu Pei Fu, in Honan, in carrying out orders received by him from Chang Tso Lin to advance against Hankow, has been successfully outflanked by Feng Yu H'siang's army, which has captured Loyang (Honanfu) together with " thousands of prisoners and much rolling stock." Sun Chuan Fung's attempt to advance down the Grand Canal and to reoccupy Shanghai was frustrated by a counter-attack delivered by two divisions of Nationalists, who drove him to Yanchow, situated on the Canal, which Chang Kai Shek is reported (June 2nd) subsequently to have occupied in person, and from thence he fled to Haichow, a coastal town in North-East Kiangsu, where he escaped in the cruiser *Haichi* to Tsingtau. By seizing Anking, the capital of Anhwei, Chang Tsung Chang scored an initial success in his endeavour to recapture Nanking from the Southerners, but Communist agitators are reported to have so influenced the morale of his troops that any attempt to exploit that success became impracticable, and latest telegrams locate him with an army of 60,000 Shantung troops at Hanchwang, on the Grand Canal.

Fortune's tide seems thus definitely to have set against Chang Tso Lin and his confederate Tuchuns, and the fact that the Foreign Powers have already reinforced their respective Legation guards in the Northern Capital leads to the assumption that the investment of Tientsin and Peking by Nationalist forces is to be apprehended in the near future.

Digitized by Google

Japan has, furthermore, dispatched two infantry battalions to Tsingtau for the protection of her interests in that port, an act regarded by Chang Kai Shek as an unparalleled violation of international law.

A political event of note is the decision of Foreign Governments, led by the U.S.A., to take no further action against the Hankow Government for the Nanking outrages; neither will the British Government countenance the demands made by the Anglo-Chinese community for an immediate reassertion of Foreign control at Hankow. The liberal policy it adopted towards the river ports certainly appears to have been somewhat precipitate in the light if what has transpired, but at the same time it must be admitted that the Hankow agreement, in extending to China an opportunity to assume control of that port, should serve to convince the Chinese of Great Britain's friendly attitude towards them.

* * *

The Naval Conference.

By the time these notes are published, the three principal Sea Powers will have met to discuss a further limitation of naval armaments, and some, at least, of their diplomatic cards should be on the table at Geneva. It is to be hoped that Great Britain, as the predominant partner in the Navies of the Empire, will be chiefly concerned in opposing any restrictions on the forces necessary to police our Imperial trade-routes and to safeguard British subjects and commercial interests wherever the latter impinge on the sea; also that our representatives will adhere steadfastly to the principle that the size of our Navy, especially with regard to the number of cruisers, must be determined by geographical considerations, and not merely by comparisons with foreign navies.

The United States' delegates will doubtless have to justify to their politicians at home any agreement which may involve inferiority in any class of warships; while the Japanese will probably try to secure a free hand to improve on their present position at the tail of the 5 : 5 : 3 ratio in capital ships and aircraft carriers, although that country is in no financial position to increase her Navy.

From a domestic point of view, the Navy will await the outcome of the Conference with some trepidation. The post-war reductions hit the Service very hard, and any further curtailment, involving more retirements or longer spells of unemployment, would be a heart-breaking business.

Digitized by Google

While we cordially agree with those who advocate the "strong hand" in China, it is as well to be clear as to what our commitments might be if we adopted a more forward policy there. To reoccupy the Concession at Hankow, for instance, and to hold it with an adequate military force, would very likely involve us in a river expedition on a considerable scale. The place is seven hundred miles up the Yangtze, and that water-way would be practically the sole means of transport for the supplies of such a force.

The Hankow Problem.

The lessons of the campaigns in Mesopotamia and up the North Dwina River should act as warnings against embarking too light-heartedly on expeditions of this kind. River transport through a semi-civilized and much disturbed country requires considerable protection and a big organization. In fact, to hold Hankow at the point of the bayonet would be likely to prove an expensive business in which foreign partnership might be difficult to secure and embarrassing to work. Without adequate water transport and a thoroughly efficient personnel to run it, the fighting Services engaged up river, many miles from the main base, would be placed in a position of great embarrassment, as those who served in either of the two campaigns already named will recall only too clearly.

Possibly the old adage, "When thieves fall out honest men come by their own," will prove eventually to be the solution of the Chinese problem.

* * *

The Navy is very well satisfied with the choice of its new professional head. Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Charles Madden has had an unduly long time to wait since his last command afloat, the Atlantic Fleet, before being called to the high office of First Sea Lord; so long, in fact, that many people thought a more recently employed Flag Officer would be selected. It was known, moreover, that when, in July, 1922, he hauled down his flag for the last time, he was a very tired man.

Sir Charles Madden.

The Service had taken a continuous toil of his exceptional energy and ability such as few men could have borne. His rest, however, has done him much good, and he will enter on his great task with all his old-time capacity for work. He will, moreover, be supported by the respect and confidence of all ranks and ratings in no ordinary degree.

Digitized by Google

Admiral Harper's book exposes what has been little short of a public scandal, existing ever since his Record, containing a plain account of that action, was first suppressed. Doubtless the nation owes it to Mr. Bridgeman's innate honesty that at this very late date that Record has been published. Meanwhile the mischief has been done; strangely inspired articles and books have appeared, teeming with inaccuracies and innuendoes, and throughout those years Admiral Jellicoe has been belittled and criticized while his one-time subordinate has been lauded by a busy crowd of sycophantic scribblers.

Jutland.

One word from the man in power would have stopped this campaign of calumny, and, incidentally, in the long run, saved his own reputation. That word has not been spoken during all his years of office; but "truth will out," and from now onwards not only the Service, but every fair-minded Englishman will give credit and pay honour to the great little Admiral to whom, as Admiral Harper puts it, "will go the verdict of that impartial referee, accurate history," and who, from the highest motives, also kept silent.

* * *

Admiral Sir George Hope and the Council of the Nautical Research Society are to be warmly congratulated on having secured the co-operation of the Admiralty, the Office of Works and, presumably, the Treasury in founding a National Naval and Nautical Museum.

A National Naval and Nautical Museum.

It is extraordinary that the greatest Sea Power in the world and the capital of an Empire which owes its whole existence to the sea has no institution devoted specially to ships and seamen. In the heart of London, it is true, there is the Royal United Service Institution, the parent Service museum and seat of war literature and learning, but that has to cater for all three Services, and it is already so full of historic relics and exhibits, naval and military, that it would be impossible to house a collection there such as will eventually find a home in the Queen's House, Greenwich.

Actually, this building now provides a residence for the Commanding Officer and other members of the Staff of the Royal Hospital School, and may not be vacant for some few years, when that establishment finds new quarters at Holbrook, in Suffolk. Meanwhile, however, there will be ample oppor-

Digitized by Google

tunity for patriotic persons to follow the lead of the Admiralty and to notify their readiness to contribute to the Museum naval or nautical models, relics and pictures which will make it worthy of the nation.

* * *

The Experimental Brigade.

The report which will eventually be issued on the work now being carried out by the Experimental Brigade at Tidworth will mark an epoch in war. Unless we greatly err, the document will immensely increase the cleavage between the Progressives and the Die-Hards (or Kill-hards as the unkinder people of the P.B.I. have begun to call them) of the Army. Such cleavage is not a matter for regret. The wider and deeper the rift, the more chance of a glimpse of Truth, with her propensity for concealing herself in wells and chasms. At any rate, we shall see how much credence we should yield to the maxim of Marshal Foch: "It matters nothing whether your soldier is on his feet in the open or shut up inside a tank. The rules and principles of war are always the same. The principles on which he must fight are unalterable."

We do not light-heartedly place ourselves in opposition to the author of "Conduite de la Guerre." But candour compels us to admit that, in our opinion, it would be difficult to pack more balderdash into an equal number of words. In the war of to-morrow the difference between being in a tank and on foot means the difference between being on the winning side or in your grave. As for the "rules" and "principles" of war, they mean anything or nothing. They mean "anything" inasmuch as any writer can make a statement and arbitrarily denominate it a "rule of war." And they mean "nothing" when they convey—as they so often do—a platitude or a truism. It is not, however, to the existence of these so-called principles and rules that we take exception, but rather to the effect of them upon the mediocre mind. They lead otherwise sane people to a constant bleat of "Read and re-read the campaigns of Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal," and so on; and actually induce other folk to quote Clausewitz: "Examples from history make everything clear." There is no history yet of a Mechanized Army. "I am my own ancestor," said Napoleon, and the Experimental Brigade might well make a motto of the phrase.

Digitized by Google

As to the " reading and re-reading " of the above campaigns—there are 88 of them—anyone who has read any Greek or Latin at all knows perfectly well that in those days operations were influenced just as much by superstition as by strategy. Sacrifices, portents and the phenomena of nature led to the grasping or neglect of opportunities just as much as did strategic considerations. Are we to have an Oracle in the Library of the General Staff, a Department of Omens, and Schools of Augury throughout the land ? The protagonists of these wars of old should realize what the logical conclusion of their dictum would imply. It would mean that on the eve of battle some venerable old *haruspex* would be dispatched post haste from the War House with a goose in his portmanteau. And then, sacrificing the bird in the presence of the army, this brass-hatted old seer, poring over the anserine entrails, would decide whether battle should be deferred or joined. For this was " Strategy," this was a " Principle of War," in the days of Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal and Co.

In placing this *reductio ad absurdum* before the General Staff, we do so with an object. We ask them to make an end once for all to this " Back to Methuselah " business ; to realize that a revolution is taking place in war, and that the Marne is as remote as the Metaurus. Archimedes is a back-number. Let us get out of our minds all this nonsense about war in the future, as in the past, being decided by the bayonet. It never was, and assuredly never will be so decided. Let the Experimental Brigade have a free hand ; let there be no hole-and-corner business about its work. Let us wilfully disregard the maxim, *Mihi res non me rebus subjungere conor*. We have simply got to adapt ourselves and our army to changed conditions. The reasons which led to an alteration in the command of the Experimental Brigade, the suspicion that this much-advertised Brigade will turn out to be just an old-time Infantry Brigade with a few mechanized units tacked on to it, has naturally aroused misgivings inside and outside the Service.

And so we repeat, let the Experimental Brigade have a free hand ; if this is conceded there can only be two results to its work. Either the claims of Colonel Fuller and all his disciples will be seen to be unfounded ; they themselves will stand out as wild men, fanatics and bores ; and in that case we can reverently place " Paris " and " The Foundations of

Digitized by Google

the Science of War" on the top shelf alongside "The Innocents Abroad" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass." Or we shall discover that they are on the right track and that their visions are likely to be fulfilled, and in that case we can look to a complete reorganization of the Infantry Battalions shown in the Army List. Soldiers are curious to know, and look to the General Staff to "put them wise."

* * *

The Infantry Myth.

It is indeed difficult to understand the persistence of the infantry myth, which is not only costing this country many millions of pounds yearly, but is preparing us for disaster in our next war. The doctrine in our Manuals (as before the last war) is based on the idea of mobility, and now, as then, static warfare is anathema. It is a curious relationship: on the one side we are told that wars can only be won by slow-moving masses of infantry, and on the other that we must prepare for a war of movement. If we were without practical experience, it might be said that by mobility is meant the marching pace of the infantry soldier. But the last war showed us that for nearly four years out of four and a half this pace was nil, and because it was nil, trench warfare resulted, and because of trench warfare, artillery became the principal arm. It was only towards the end of the war that motorized guns, in the form of tanks, enabled our infantry to move forward, because the enemy infantry were impotent to face them.

The reason for this unexpected evolution is to be sought in small arm's fire-power. In 1914, once the first hurry and scurry of the war was over, the infantryman could not face the bullet. To-day it has been calculated that the bullet power of an infantry division is three times what it was thirteen years ago, yet our Manuals still lay down that infantry is the decisive arm, and the only arm which can win battles. If the infantryman cannot face his like without the shelter of an earthwork, how much less likely is he going to face bullet-proof tanks and armoured cars? In 1917 and 1918 the shock troops of Germany refused to face these weapons, because they were impotent to do so, and even the thousands of guns which supported them never broke down a well-mounted tank attack. To-day in our infantry divisions we have just sufficient field guns to cover the attack of one,

Digitized by Google

possibly two, battalions of infantry against modern small arms fire alone. What, then, are the eleven, or ten, remaining battalions going to do? One of four things—bolt, do nothing, dig, or be exterminated. What are they for? Frankly, to fight a battle they are incapable of taking part in.

What is the solution? Officially, to convoy the infantry on to the battle-field, and there to distribute the other arms so that they may be protected. The picture of such an engagement may be compared to that of a fleet of battleships fighting a similar fleet, and yet simultaneously having to protect a large convoy of armed merchantmen. The unencumbered fleet must win, for the encumbered is anchored to its impotent ward.

In our opinion, the true solution is to be sought in realizing that in the face of modern bullet-power, the trench is essential to infantry salvation, and that, as the trench is immobile, we must mobilize it, and, in the form of armour, make it walk. Surely this was the leading lesson of Cambrai and the 8th of August. We must scrap our Books of the Dead, our Manuals of the 1913 idea. We must clearly understand what mobility demands, and not merely use it as a "blessed word." We must strive for true economy, which does not consist in reducing the "Tins" or in cutting down Territorial bounties and suchlike trifles, but in smashing the idols of the infantry myth, and replacing this myth by a more practical cult. How any Chancellor of the Exchequer can tolerate the present waste of money, not on the Army, but on the *type* of army we have, is difficult to understand. And how any Secretary of State for War, especially one who fancies himself as a financier, can complacently walk up and down those marble stairs of the Temple of the Sacred Illusion and suppose that he is earning his daily bread devastates our imagination.

* * *

Employment on Leaving the Colours.

An excellent scheme, due mainly, we understand, to the initiative of the Commandant of the Army Vocational Training Centre, Hounslow, has been recently inaugurated in connection with employment on leaving the Colours. In order to assist soldiers who have eighteen years or more service to obtain positions of trust, such as caretakers, porters, messengers, etc., it has been decided to attach soldiers desirous of and recommended for such employment to the A.V.T.C.,

Digitized by Google

Hounslow, during the last two months of their service. Such soldiers would be able to make use of the Centre's excellent Employment Bureau, and would, moreover, be immediately available to take positions as they occur.

Another scheme has been arranged which will provide facilities for certain deserving and specially recommended soldiers to undergo instruction with civilian organizations in the London Area. The instruction given will be in trades such as tailoring, salesmanship, knowledge of London (taxi course), and many other trades which are not taught at the Army Vocational Training Centres. Men attending these courses will be attached to the A.V.T.C., Hounslow, during the last six months of their service—*i.e.*, they would live there and travel to the various places of instruction daily. In connection with this question of employment after leaving the Colours, we would draw attention to the article which appears at the end of the present issue, and is entitled " The Regular Army and the Problem of Employment." Probably about 60 per cent. of the private soldier's time in the Army of to-day is taken up in being a labourer, a waiter, a fatigue man, a gardener, etc., etc. If only these necessary jobs were done by time-expired soldiers, permanently employed, how infinitely better the jobs would be done, how infinitely better the soldier's training would be, and how infinitely less harassed everybody, from Divisional Commander downwards, would be. And seeing that a private soldier costs, everything included, round about 50s. a week, while Barrack labourers nowadays cost the Government about 40s. a week, it is incomprehensible why some such scheme cannot be put into operation. Moreover, the Army would then, to a large extent, be able itself to solve the problem of employment after leaving the Service.

* * *

The Psychology of Clothes.

A short time ago two girls ran away from an institution, and gave as the reason for doing so that they hated the uniform and wanted brighter clothes. The magistrate dealing with the case commented on the psychology of clothes, and wondered how many of us, if similarly situated, would do likewise. It is for consideration whether the powers that be in the Army have ever looked at uniform from a similar point of view.

Digitized by Google

During the Great War a frequent " grouse " on the part of the New Army soldier was the deadly monotony of service dress as the one and only uniform, and a longing for a change. In the Near East the change from service dress to khaki drill was hailed with joy, as it was a change of dress although it was still uniform. The " great day " was to be the day when mufti could be donned once more, for that would be a greater change, and it was not so much the change in status that was longed for as the getting away from a dull, drab, monotonous uniform.

Much the same outlook towards service dress uniform is apparent to-day, and the privilege of wearing plain clothes when off duty is greatly appreciated. But is it to the advantage of the Army, from a recruiting point of view, for the soldier to get into mufti when off duty ? Would not it be better to encourage him to keep in uniform ? The blue serge uniform at present sanctioned for wear at entertainments, etc., in barracks and—with special permission—at entertainments outside barracks would make an admirable walking-out dress. It is neat, comfortable, smart, and, with a cap similar to the old " field service " cap, would be a kit in which any man could feel smart.

The pattern cap suggested is to avoid another minor grievance. The forage cap is not comfortable, and is one that travels very badly. It is bulky and easily damaged unless carried in a box when changing station. Furthermore, in the blue variety, it is worn by a lot of semi-uniformed civilians, such as cinema attendants, chauffeurs, bus drivers and conductors, etc. The old field service cap was smart, comfortable, and not worn by other than soldiers. Also it was easy to carry about when not being worn, as it packed flat and took little space in a kit-bag or greatcoat pocket.

Service dress *is* serviceable, but not smart, and no amount of fitting or adding badges, etc., will make it other than what it is—a drab uniform.

No doubt many of us grumble at the bother of getting into mess or evening dress, but who will refuse to admit that he has not felt the better for the change ?

Most of us have our " glad rags " for high days and holidays, and feel that we are free from the trammels and cares of workaday life when we don them. Why should not the soldier have the same ? Having worn a sad uniform for the greater part of the day, a change into something different

Digitized by Google

for his off-duty hours would have the effect of emphasizing the transition from work to recreation.

In the days before the Great War the soldier walked out in his full-dress uniform, which was a very distinctive change, and, although it was by no means comfortable, it was liked because it was a change from drab serge.

The sanctioning of the blue uniform which we have consistently advocated as a walking-out dress need not cost the State or the individual soldier any extra expense, for the clothing allowance at present paid to the soldier would cover its initial outlay and the saving in wear and tear of the service dress uniform would cover its maintenance.

An improvement in the quality of service dress is also suggested. Assuming that the cost of the material for the present pattern service dress jacket is 30s., and that the cost of the making up is 15s., could not a material costing twice as much be used and the period of wear doubled? A saving in cost actually would take place, as there would be the making up of one garment instead of two for the same period of wear. A better cloth would give a better fit; a better fit would give a smarter appearance; and, with a smarter appearance, there is an incentive to take more care of the clothes. A whipcord is not suggested, but as a wearing material it is hard to beat. Who has not fond recollections of a jacket of that material that gave yeoman service during the Great War, and one that saw many service dress jackets "fade away and die"?

* * *

India and Mechanization.

The progress of mechanization in the Army at home is naturally being followed with considerable interest by the Army in India. It is not, perhaps, as true in India as at home to say that "Every day in every way we get Fuller and Fuller," but we think we are right in saying that although progress in mechanization is slow, the Army in India has actually more mechanical transport than the Army at home, largely no doubt because there is no civilian mechanical transport available. The Cardwell system is, of course, the main difficulty for India, as far as adopting mechanization with the same proportionate rapidity as at home. Other difficulties may be summed up as follows:—

(*a*) *Finance.*—In these days the Commander-in-Chief has to fight for every penny of the Army Budget. It is true

Digitized by Google

that the Assembly cannot vote on the Military Budget, but it can show its disapproval by reducing the salt tax or in other ways cutting off supplies. In India there is the Budget and the Finance Bill. The former gives authority to spend money and the latter to raise it. If the Finance bill is reduced then everyone's budget must be reduced automatically to cover the loss of revenue. In this way does the Indian legislator vent his dislike on the Army Budget although he cannot vote on it direct.

(*b*) The Indian habit of sitting on the fence and letting the Home Government hold the baby. The policy at present is, no doubt, to wait till the Home Government has finished experimenting and then step in and buy standardized models.

(*c*) As far as Tanks are concerned, climate is a limiting factor, for no man can live in a tank for long in the Indian hot weather without all sorts of special gadgets.

In addition to the above it must be remembered that the Inchcape cuts, which were only accepted because of the financial stringency existing at the time, have crippled the Army in India to a considerable extent. There is need to-day of many things besides M.T. vehicles to bring it up to a proper state of efficiency; there are also many things lacking in the way of stores and spares which would cause a considerable scandal, if war broke out to-morrow. It might be possible to mobilize a mixed brigade or even a division, but a couple of corps would land the Q.M.G.'s branch in the cart.

We have gone into this subject somewhat fully in order to show the difficulties which India labours under and that failure to adopt a more enthusiastic policy towards mechanization is not solely due to the usual reactionary influences. Still in India, as at home, a really progressive attitude with regard to the reorganization of infantry will undoubtedly be the best means of solving the financial problem.

* * *

Report of the Skeen Committee.

The publication of the report of the Skeen Committee has raised a storm of discussion, and criticism, mostly adverse, but from different points of view. Fortunately the report is only being accepted by the Army Council as a basis for further discussion. In the meantime, it threatens to exercise—in fact, it is exercising—an adverse influence on the supply of young officers for the Indian Army.

Digitized by Google

No longer is there that keen competition to get into the Indian Army which in the old days resulted in only the top layer of those passing out of Sandhurst coming out to India. But, of course, the Skeen report is not entirely responsible for this state of affairs. It has merely accentuated it. As is inevitable, the Press lately has been full of correspondence on the subject of remedial measures. Most of the articles draw attention to the fact that whereas before the war the Indian Army officer enjoyed a distinct financial advantage over his brother officer of the British service, the difference now is almost negligible. Whilst, of course, realizing that Indianization in some form is more or less inevitable, the British officer of the present day takes a modicum of comfort to himself in the thought that he, at any rate, will not have to serve under an Indian and at the same time makes up his mind that his son shall not either. Why should he subject the boy to the same domestic and financial worry that he himself has suffered? Nevertheless, the prospect of finding himself in command of a unit officered by Indians is murky enough in more than one sense of the adjective, and many are the suggestions offered for gilding the pill. Among these, the principal are: (*a*) better leave pay, in fact, the same leave rules as the I.C.S.; (*b*) more liberal Indian element in the pension rules and immunity from any possibility of a pension cut once an officer has retired; (*c*) a revision of the passage rules so that an officer and his family can get a free passage to England whenever he can get leave home. The ordinary rules will eliminate any possibility of an officer getting more leave than he is usually entitled to; (*d*) a gratuity on retirement in addition to pension to enable the officer to buy a house; (*e*) to second all officers to the Indian Army as in the case of Sappers and Miners and Pack Artillery.

* * *

Passages home for the British Service Officer.

The subject of passages brings to the fore a very legitimate grievance felt by British service officers serving in India. These officers are not entitled to a passage home, on the assumption that they can always revert to the Home establishment and get a duty passage. This, of course, is all very well for Sappers and Gunners who come out on a definite tour of duty, but does not apply to British

Digitized by Google

cavalry and infantry, who although allowed to apply for transfer to the Home establishment are only permitted to do so if the exigencies of the service permit, whatever that may mean. What is wanted, of course, is a definite rule granting a British service officer of cavalry or infantry a passage home and back for himself and family after, say, a five-year spell of duty in India. If banks like Lloyds and Grindlays, and firms such as Whiteaway, Laidlaw can give their European employees free passages and, in some cases, full pay on leave, surely the Government of India could afford to do the same? The Government, by the way, is making a saving on the brigade in China, for whilst serving out of India, Indian troops become a charge on the Imperial exchequer. Here, then, is money that might usefully be spent on leave facilities, though justice impels us to state that the first call on any surplus funds should be earmarked for improving the disgraceful accommodation for Indian troops in many barracks.

* * *

Travelling Concessions in India.

In the United Kingdom an officer can obtain certain railway concessions when proceeding on leave, *providing he travels first class*. However, nowadays most officers are quite content to travel third class, in view of the comfortable accommodation provided by the Home railways. In India the European is practically forced to travel first class owing to the discomforts of lower class travel and the necessity for maintaining their prestige. Certain concessions *are* available for officers up to and including the rank of captain, but not to Field Officers or Staff Officers of any rank. The concession takes the form of a Form " E," which entitles an officer to obtain a first-class ticket for second-class fare. This, of course, is much appreciated, but it is by no means clear why the senior officer who usually has far greater expenses than the subaltern, should not also be entitled to this concession. After all, it is not so much a question of how much pay an officer gets, as how much he has left over at the end of the month after paying his bills. Taken this way, the balance is bound to be in favour of the junior unmarried officer. It is not as if this concession costs Government or the railway anything in hard cash. They have to include a certain number of first-class carriages on every train and

Digitized by Google

the senior officer who gets no concession either crowds into a second-class carriage with his family, or else refrains from travelling altogether. It is probably undeniable that the extension of the Form " E " privilege to all officers would actually result in an increase of revenue to the railways because of the greater number of officers who would travel on leave. Why the young Staff Officer should be debarred from the privilege of travelling on Form " E " when on short leave is an unsolved mystery.

* * *

The R.A.F. Display.

The annual Air Force Display to be held at Hendon on July 2nd, will afford the public further opportunity of seeing the latest types of machines and in witnessing the new and varied developments that are taking place in air manœuvres generally. This year's programme is likely to eclipse in interest and skill anything witnessed in previous years. The display is a climax to the annual training carried out in the Force, and as such is looked upon, and rightly so, as a final test of the all-round efficiency attained by the units. The demonstration of skill which is to be exhibited, will be sufficient proof of the high standard that has been attained, a standard which we believe to be unsurpassed or equalled by any other Air Force throughout the world.

* * *

Service Flights.

The flight of four R.A.F. Fairey III F. machines, which left Cairo on March 30th for the Cape, returned to Cairo according to plan on May 22nd. This flight differed from previous service flights in two important respects. In the first place, the flight was accompanied over a great part of their journey by a flight of service machines belonging to the Air Force of one of the Dominions—*i.e.*, South Africa. In the second place, air co-operation work was undertaken at two places along the route—Nairobi and Grahamstown, with the local land forces. It is to be hoped that such flights will become an annual event, similarly embracing co-operation with Dominion air and land forces. They do an immense amount of good in every way ; they give valuable experience to the personnel, afford most useful information with regard to the general efficiency and reliability of machines and engines and, incidentally, " show the flag " in an eminently striking

Digitized by Google

and satisfactory manner. The R.A.F. is rapidly becoming a prime factor in cementing the bonds of Empire.

* * *

Far East Flight.

Details of the forthcoming cruise to the Far East of four R.A.F. flying-boats have now been published. The flight is due to leave this country in October and will be under the command of Group-Captain H. M. Cave-Brown-Cave, D.S.O., D.F.C., with Squadron-Leader G. E. Livock, D.F.C., as his second-in-command. Needless to say, we shall watch the progress of the cruise with very great interest, and with perfect confidence in the result. It is most sincerely to be hoped that it will open the eyes of all in this country to the potential value of this type of aircraft. The flight is to be undertaken on super-marine Southampton flying-boats, fitted with two Napier Lion 430 h.p. engines. These boats are of the new metal-hulled type, and afford a saving of weight over the former wooden hulls which is estimated at 900 lb. The absence of water soakage is another point in their favour, and helps to increase their durability. The hulls are so roomy that there is ample space for a navigator's chart table, and a wireless operator's section with directional wireless, in addition to the control and gunnery cockpits; there is also space for collapsible bunks, so that the crews can sleep on board. The itinerary of the cruise will be:—England—Malta — Alexandria — Baghdad — Karachi — Bombay — Colombo—Singapore—Dutch East Indies—Australia, where an extended flight round the Australian seaboard, in conjunction with the Royal Australian Air Force is contemplated. The flight will return to Singapore where it is probable that the boats will be permanently based, thus forming the first contingent of flying boats to be based overseas.

* * *

The R.A.F. and Raiders.

The Times in its issue of June 13th gives an account of a neat little operation in which British aeroplanes and armoured cars co-operated. Transjordan raiders crossed the Iraqi frontier, attacked Syrian tribes pasturing in Iraq near the Euphrates, and decamped with 250 camels. Aeroplanes and armoured cars were set in motion, the pilots brought back information to the armoured cars and in a very

Digitized by Google

brief space 200 armed men with the looted camels were captured.

But it is not only in Iraq that the R.A.F. have been proving their value. The grant of the Waziristan clasp and Indian General Service Medal to R.A.F. personnel who served in the operations in Waziristan between March 9th, 1925, and May 1st, 1925, calls to mind that this little job, which consisted in strafing certain recalcitrant tribes, was carried out as an independent operation by the R.A.F.

We have to admit that the C.-in-C. in his despatch pointed out that these operations cost considerably more than if the job had been done by the P.B.I. in the old-fashioned way, while certain jaundiced people claimed that the victory was due more to the Political with his fistful of money rather than to the aeroplanes with their racks full of bombs. Anyway, there has been an amazing decline in the number of raids on the North-West Frontier since 1921, in which year there were 194 raids, resulting in a loss of Rs1,45,670,while in 1926 the number of raids was 30 and the loss Rs16,372. Although we are far from claiming all the credit for aeroplanes and armoured cars, we feel confident they are entitled to a very large share of it. Moreover, if they can save the infantry soldier of the Indian Army spending half his life on the frontier, we feel sure there will be no regrets.

* * *

Air Disarmament.

As a result of the meeting at Brussels in February of a committee of experts, a unanimous report on the subject of air disarmament was adopted and forwarded to the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference of the League of Nations. The main problem to be dealt with was the question whether *both* civil and military aviation were to be considered as an integral part of the plan for general world disarmament. Space does not allow of our dealing with the various issues involved, though we hope to do so in a future number, but we can say here that the gist of the Committee's recommendations was to the effect that civil aviation should remain outside the sphere of military interests, and that its development should be directed solely towards economic ends.

This is not in its entirety a practical proposition, but at the same time we welcome it, for it is perfectly certain that so long as civil aviation is run under a department complementary

Digitized by Google

to the Air Ministry, so long will its development be retarded and military rather than commercial interests take precedence. Our own Air Ministry, as controller of all civil aviation in this country, is almost inevitably animated by an essentially military spirit and as a result of this misguided policy cramping restrictions on design and air enterprise generally are not infrequently imposed. It would have been much better if we had followed the example of Germany and treated civil aviation primarily as a commercial and business proposition; had this been the case it would have received far more support from the commercial world than has been the case hitherto.

* * *

Pre-War Army Pensioners.

In our correspondence pages will be found a letter from Captain F. D. Bone, Secretary of the Press Club, on the subject of pre-War Army Pensioners. It is not necessary to add to his forceful remarks, with which we cordially agree, except to emphasize that the different treatment accorded to Army, as distinct from Navy, pensioners, who served during the Great War, cannot in any conceivable way be justified.

Captain Bone is perfectly right in characterizing it as a Service scandal, for which the present Government is almost entirely responsible.

Digitized by Google

THE SERVICES IN PARLIAMENT

By A PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

" When war is on and the enemy nigh,
' God and the Soldier,' is the cry.
When the war is over and matters righted,
God is forgotten, and the soldier slighted."

MOST serving soldiers will recognize the above lines, and, alas! from the Parliamentary point of view, they were never truer than to-day. Yet the present House of Commons contains an unprecedented number of members of all parties who served in the war in one capacity or another. There are more regular soldiers, more professional naval officers than ever before, and there have never been so many airmen as in the present Parliament. It might be supposed that the interests of the fighting forces would be adequately safeguarded, but it must be confessed that such is not the case. There are several reasons for this. The tradition of our political system is that there should be civilian control of the fighting forces, and when a professional soldier or sailor obtains office, it is never at the head of his own Service. There are three Admirals—Beamish, Sueter, and Sir Frederick Hall; one Air-Marshal—Sir Frederick Sykes; and four Generals who have held very high military command—namely, Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Holland, Major-General Sir John Davidson, Lieut.-General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston, and Major-General Sir Robert Hutchinson. There are eight Brigadiers — Ingham Brooke, Clifton-Brown, Cockerill, Charteris, Alexander, Makins, Warner, and Sir Henry Page-Croft, the first seven being Regulars and the latter a Territorial. In addition, there is Major-General Sir Newton Moore, of the Australian Army. Yet not one of these officers holds any Government office, although there are many minor political positions in the fighting services for which they might have been chosen. The fighting man is rarely a talker, and debate, after all, is the main business of Parliament. Colonels, Majors, Commanders in the Navy, and junior officers of the Army and Air Force swarm on the back benches, apart from the gallant gentlemen who held temporary rank or territorial commissions in the war. But I am referring to officers whose life professions have been in one of the three fighting services. And partly because of the system, partly because

Digitized by Google

they all entered politics comparatively recently, they are overshadowed by the non-service politicians. On the other hand, the political chiefs of the Services hold dominating positions in politics with the exception of the Minister for Air, Sir Samuel Hoare, who is one of the junior Ministerialists and suffers from the defects of youth, both political and actual. And although these will cure themselves in course of time, it will be some years before he is in the ranks of the elder statesmen or in the inner ring of the Cabinet. The most powerful individual Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, has been First Lord of the Admiralty and head of both the Army and Air Force. He is Chancellor to-day, and can overshadow any of the regular Service members in debate. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Bridgeman, is one of the inner ring of the Cabinet, as is the Secretary of State for Air, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. These three, where Service matters are concerned—that is, the Chancellor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary of State for War—are in the extremely limited class of leading politicians. Against them men like Major-General Sir John Davidson, Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Sykes, or Vice-Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, cannot hold a candle in debate. And yet these three have risen to positions of great eminence in their professions. And it is a curious anomaly in our English Parliament that the higher a man has risen in his profession as a soldier or sailor, the less part he takes in the actual political work of the House. Thus, Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Sykes makes one speech a year, on the Air Estimates. He is popular, but modest and retiring, and his parliamentary delivery is not good, so that only those in his immediate vicinity can hear him. Yet his speeches are packed with useful suggestions and plans for improving the efficiency of the Air Service.

So with the Generals I have mentioned, who can be counted upon to make a valuable speech, usually rather late in the day, on the Army Estimates. But their efforts are quite overshadowed by the Minister speaking for the particular service whose Estimates are under discussion or the non-service political leaders of eminence who speak for one or other of the Oppositions. The same applies to the others. Thus, of the five Brigadiers, only General Page-Croft is active in Parliament, and his real love is Tariff Reform. Generally speaking, the regular soldiers are supporters of the Government, and, with the overwhelming Conservative majority, the

Digitized by Google

Government whips do not encourage speech-making by members of their flock. Apart from the asking of questions on specific points connected with the Services, not a very satisfactory way of ventilating grievances or making proposals for increased efficiency, the only real opportunities are on the Supply Days devoted to the Service Estimates. This year, for example, two days were given for the Navy Estimates, two for the Air Estimates, and only one for the Army Estimates. The extra days given for the Navy and Air Force was to suit the convenience of the Economists and the Pacifists in the House who wished to make an onslaught on the alleged extravagance of the Admiralty on the one hand and on the need for disarmament on the other, while the extra day given on the Air Estimates was thought to be a suitable occasion for suggesting that an example should be set to the world by scrapping the Royal Air Force. In debates which are pleas for economy, disarmament, or both combined, the actual interests of the Services themselves are neglected.

This year the Army, except for a brief period of the discussion, escaped the attention of both the economists and the pacifists, and it may be convenient to give a summary of the actual debate. The Estimates, in accordance with custom, were introduced by the Minister for War, who spoke for over an hour, dealing with the reductions in all arms of the Service, the pay of the Army, the medical services, the garrisons overseas, the Territorial Army, and mechanical transport. He was followed, as a matter of course, by Mr. Stephen Walsh, the amiable little miners' leader, who, it must be admitted, held the office of Secretary of State for War to the general satisfaction of Whitehall during the Labour Government's brief tenure, and he in turn by Mr. MacPherson, who was for a short time Deputy Secretary of State for War just before the Armistice, speaking for the Liberals. The first three speeches, therefore, which took us nearly up to dinner-time, were the ordinary set political orations, and the first word from a private member with Army experience was the speech of Brigadier-General Sir Henry Page-Croft, who followed with a plea for the Territorial Army and some criticism of the Government for cutting the bounty down. It was then the turn of Labour again, and Mr. Lawson, who was Financial Secretary to the War Office in the Labour Government, went over much the same ground as his former chief, Mr. Walsh, with some special reference to recruiting.

Digitized by Google

Another Territorial officer then followed from the Conservative side of the House, in the person of Colonel Sir Assheton Pownall, and, finally, in a nearly empty House, late in the afternoon, General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston managed to catch the Speaker's eye. He at once protested against the fact that the Army Estimates, the Air Estimates and the Navy Estimates have to be discussed *separately* in detail, and that there is no opportunity of discussing the problems of the defence of the Empire as a whole. This is a matter on which there is general agreement amongst Service members in the House, and he was speaking for the whole of the regular Service members who have made a study of the subjects. He then said a good word for the Territorials and criticized in his turn the cutting down of the bounty, suggesting that there should be proficiency pay to take its place by way of compromise. This excellent little speech occupied about seven minutes, and contained more sense than the whole of the rest of the debate that had preceded it. Sir Robert Hutchison, who sits as a Liberal, spoke later and put in a word for the cavalry. He made some very pertinent observations about the duties of the Quartermaster-General in the post-war Army, and some valuable suggestions about the need of training soldiers, about to leave the Army, for civil occupations. With regard to the mechanization of the Army, General Hutchison scented some danger owing to the great expense of this form of transport and haulage and its rapid deterioration. His suggestion was that there should be some organization for earmarking suitable vehicles used for ordinary purposes in the country, and which could be mobilized, like the cavalry remounts, when needed. In any case, he said, these vehicles would be a valuable reserve as the wastage of transport in the next war is sure to be very heavy. But by the time Generals Hunter-Weston and Hutchison managed to intervene in the debate the steam had gone out of it and most of the members were away at dinner; the greater part of the rest of the evening was devoted to the deploring of militarism by the pacifists, though there was no official Opposition attack. This practically exhausted the parliamentary time, though there were a few speeches towards midnight during the Committee stage. And it will be seen from the above brief sketch of the Army Estimates debate of this year that it is difficult for the knowledgeable members in the House to get down to details and cold facts. For, as

Digitized by Google

the late Lord Randolph Churchill used to say, nothing is easier than to start a hare in Committee of Supply; and once the "pacifists" get to grips with the "militarists" on purely political questions, real details of military administration are lost in the fog of words.

The remedy under our parliamentary system is not easy. Twenty Supply Days in which Estimates, and only Estimates, must be discussed are allotted each year. One day must be given to each of the three fighting services in any case. But the other seventeen days have to be divided over all the Ministries. The Foreign Office debates always take two or three days in a Session, and since the War five new Ministries have been created—namely, Labour, Transport, Mines, Overseas Trade and Pensions; and although three of these—namely, Transport, Mines and Overseas Trade—are to be abolished, the remaining sixteen or seventeen days have to be spread over the others. The Scottish members always demand one or two days, if they can get them, for Scottish Estimates, the educationists always require a day, and the others are chosen, by ancient usage, by the Opposition parties in turn.

There is not much chance, therefore, for the fighting services to have extra days, and we have to thank the economists and pacifists, respectively, for having had an extra day for the Navy and Air Force this year. One remedy would be the adoption of the Committee system, as obtaining in France, America, Germany, and other countries.

The plan is to set up a Committee of twenty or thirty members, drawn from all parties, who would sit on the Estimates of the respective Ministries in detail and have the right to cross-examine Ministers and, what is perhaps more important, the permanent officials. In America and France in particular these Committees do very good work, and members as a rule, once appointed to them, remain during their political career, so that they become pretty expert and familiar with the dodges and ruses of the Civil Servants.

Members with service experience would naturally gravitate to these Committees, and I believe the efficiency of the fighting services, the welfare of the State, and the good of the serving officers and men, would all alike stand to benefit.

There is a nucleus of such a scheme in the existing *unofficial* Conservative Army and Navy Committees which sit upstairs and occasionally receive visits from the First Lord of the Admiralty, occasionally from the First Sea Lord and

Digitized by Google

from the Secretary of State for War and Chief of the General Staff. But these Committees have no statutory authority, and any information vouchsafed to them is given as a favour.

I mentioned earlier in these notes that the service members in Parliament are in a large measure of agreement as to the necessity for a Ministry of Defence and a combined General Staff. But the non-service politicians are inclined to take the side of the permanent officials, who are fiercely hostile to this proposal. The Services here are up against the vested interests of the entrenched civilian officials. The demand has been reiterated from all sides of the House for parliamentary time in which to discuss this vital question, but unless one of the Oppositions asks for the Prime Minister's salary to be discussed on one of the Supply Days, there is little chance of such a discussion taking place. For it cannot be taken on any other Vote !

Now as to the Navy. The Admirals three are not very active in Parliament ; and two of them, Admirals Hall and Beamish, only intervene in debates on the Navy Estimates to ward off the attacks of the economists. Admiral Sueter, who was head of the Naval Air Wing, is a hot critic of the Admiralty for neglecting the Air Service. Commander Kenworthy, on the Labour benches, is the only regular naval officer on that side of the House, and is one of the most active service members in Parliament. He can always be relied upon to voice the interests of the serving officers and men ; but when speaking for the Opposition, he must, of course, make out a case for economies and resist any suspected inflation of the armaments of the country. The Chief Whip, Commander Eyres-Monsell, is an ex-naval officer, and generally speaking the Navy is well represented.

Yet a very scurvy trick was played on the naval officers by the present Board of Admiralty, and, in spite of protests, the House would not listen to the naval members, although they were supported by one or two of the soldiers.

I refer to the case of the naval officers' marriage allowance. The facts will be familiar to readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

Officers of the Army and Air Force receive marriage allowances ; naval officers do not, although naval petty officers and chief petty officers and men have kept this war-time concession. The Admiralty is still bound by the old tradition that a naval officer's wife should be his ship, and that marriage on the part of all officers below flag rank must

Digitized by Google

be actively discouraged. As a result of years of pressure and agitation, the Admiralty decided in 1924 to grant separation allowances to naval officers on the same terms as the officers of the other two Services. The requisite sum of money was included in the 1925 Estimates and voted by the House. The tussle of that year between the Board of Admiralty and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the question of shipbuilding and the necessary money for it then began, and during it the comparatively modest sum which would have meant so much to the families of naval officers was not spent, the scheme was cancelled, the Admiralty broke its word, and the unfortunate sailors were thrown to the wolves. There were strenuous protests from all parts of the House of Commons in the following year, but, unfortunately, without success.

We now come to an important element where the Navy is concerned in Parliament, and that is the so-called " dockyard " members. The Navy has one advantage over the Army and Air Force in that the three principal manning ports of Chatham, Portsmouth and Devonport have a considerable permanent population of naval men ; they and their wives have votes, and, in alliance with the dockyard workmen, who also are an important voting element, they can return, or prevent the return, of any politician who offers himself for election. Now it is the individual voter in the constituencies who really counts with the majority of members of Parliament. The cynic is fortified in his cynicism, therefore, by observing that the dockyard members, though usually civilians, are the most active in voicing the views of the lower deck, and, for that matter, of the serving soldier. Yet since the days when Admiral Lord Charles Beresford was returned for Portsmouth, no naval officer has been elected for a dockyard port. Chatham is represented by a lawyer, Sir Gerald Hohler, and by an airman, Colonel Moore-Brabazon. Portsmouth is represented by Sir Harry Foster, a Chartered Accountant and former Consul for Persia ; by Sir Bertram Falle, who shared the representation of the city with Lord Charles Beresford, and is an ex-Judge of the Egyptian High Court ; and by Sir Herbert Cayzer, shipowner, Master of the Garth Foxhounds, and brother-in-law of Admiral Viscount Jellicoe.

Plymouth is represented by Sir Arthur Shirley Benn, member of a great firm of timber merchants ; by Mr. Hore-Belisha, a barrister who served in the Army during the war ;

Digitized by Google

and last, but not least, by Lady Astor, whose principal complaint is that the working people of England buy too much beer! These dockyard members, however, are very active in putting forward the grievances of the dockyard workmen, and one or two of them, notably Sir Bertram Falle and Mr. Hore-Belisha, of the interests of the lower deck and of the wardroom of the Navy. But none of them is a technical expert except Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who makes very thoughtful speeches on the Air Service and has played some part in resisting the demands of the naval members of the House for the abolition of Chatham Dockyard. The only constituency where there is a corresponding Army Vote is that of Aldershot, represented by Viscount Wolmer, Assistant Postmaster-General, and, as a member of the Government, necessarily dumb on service matters. As a back-bencher in the Coalition Government, he used to voice the annoyances of the shopkeepers of Aldershot at the commercial activities of the Army, Navy and Air Force Service canteens. But he is now silenced.

Viscount Curzon, eldest son of Earl Howe and scion of a famous naval family, used to be particularly active on behalf of the Navy. He has reached the rank of Captain in the R.N.V.R., and commands the Sussex Division of the Reserve. He is now a Whip and a Junior Lord of the Treasury and he also is silenced.

With regard to the Air Force, that Service is fortunate in having very good friends in Parliament. Up till the setting up of the Balfour Committee some three years ago there was a hot agitation for the re-absorption of the Air Service in the Army and Navy. Every member of Parliament who had served in the Air Force sprang to its defence, headed by Sir John Simon, who went to France as legal adviser of the Air Service during the war.

Lord Hugh Cecil, probably the most influential private member in Parliament, who also saw service in the Air Force, Admiral Sueter, Commanders Kenworthy and Burney, and others of the younger school, with memories of Admiralty neglect of the Air, all came to the rescue, and young Members of Parliament of whose names most of the House was unaware appeared suddenly on the benches as passionate advocates of our youngest fighting force. This controversy is now dead and buried, and the Admiralty has obtained more control over its own naval air wing.

But except when there is the stimulus of such an attack

Digitized by Google

on a Service, or the similar stimulus of the efforts of the economists and pacifists, Parliament as a whole takes little interest in any of the three fighting Services. I fear the reason is the lethargy of peace combined with the fact that the Service vote in the constituencies is scattered and unorganized. Occasionally something is done by individuals, as when a Bill sponsored by Service members of all parties was introduced to make compulsory the employment of a proportion of disabled ex-soldiers and sailors in all business establishments and factories employing more than a certain number of persons; but the Government has given no facilities for the Bill, and its chances of becoming law are meagre. Again, the claims of the National Association of Navy and Army Pensioners have been well sponsored by General Sir John Davidson, their President. It is shameful, for example, that the Age and Means clause of the Pensions Increase Act of 1920 should not have been repealed, although a clear majority of members of Parliament at the last election expressed themselves as favourable to it. The case of the ex-ranker officers is another notorious example of broken pledges and injustices to a fine body of old soldiers who have served the Empire well in their day and generation.

These facts show the need of some means of educating Parliament as to the real needs of the Services, both active and retired. As regards the retired members of the forces, it is a pity that the British Legion is precluded from political activity. Its members have great influence if only they would combine to use it in the constituencies; and with long experience of Parliament, I believe it is only the threat of retaliation from the voters that will stir the average member out of his indifference to the claims of public servants, except when there is a war on.

With regard to the active Services, it is a pity that members of Parliament are not invited to attend the annual Army manœuvres and the major Fleet exercises or the naval manœuvres when they are held again. The annual Air Force display is well attended and useful; and nothing but good would come of invitations to members of Parliament to visit the camps, barracks, naval ports and air stations of the country. Parliament annually votes more than £115,000,000 for the three Services, and Members of Parliament have surely a responsibility to see that the country gets value for its money in efficient and contented Services.

Digitized by Google

"THE TRUTH ABOUT JUTLAND"—AT LAST

(" The Truth About Jutland," by Rear-Admiral J. E. T. Harper, C.B., M.V.O. John Murray. 5s.)

FOR seven years efforts have been made in Parliament and the Press to induce the Board of Admiralty to publish Admiral Harper's Record of the Battle of Jutland, which he prepared by order of Lord Wester Wemyss when the latter was First Sea Lord, and which was completed in October, 1919. For seven years those efforts were resisted. On May 26th last Admiral Harper's book, " The Truth About Jutland," was published. On June 1st the Admiralty produced the " Harper Record," accompanied by a warning that it was not to be regarded as being in any way " official," and by various excuses for refusing publication before.

Nothing could be more transparent than the attempt to neutralize the effect of Admiral Harper's damning exposition by this production of a Record which, in spite of all the mystery woven around it, proves to be, as its compiler had already stated in his book, " simply a plain, straightforward narrative of the sequence of events."

But no belated official excuses can atone for the mischief caused by *withholding* this Record at a time when it *was* the best and most reliable account of the battle available. Since it was first compiled, new evidence from German and other sources may have come to light which would have added to its completeness or necessitated a few modifications in detail, but in the main it was correct. To-day, when the facts about Jutland are available in several reliable accounts, chief amongst them being the " Official History—Naval Operations," Vol. III, little purpose has been served in printing this Record; but publication seven years ago, as its author says, " would have prevented the flood of misconceptions and misrepresentations with which the public has been misled. . . . It would also have prevented the controversy, largely of a personal nature, so virulently waged in the Press."

Far the greater part of these " misconceptions and misrepresentations " have centred round the course of events after the main action was joined, and after Admiral Jellicoe,

Digitized by Google

as Commander-in-Chief, was conducting operations. That more attention should have been paid to this phase was not unnatural, for it was he, and not Admiral Beatty in a subordinate command, who held in his hands, during those pregnant hours, the whole fate of the Allies. What is remarkable, however, is that criticism and innuendo of a most unjustifiable character have been levelled continuously at the man who did *not* " lose the war in an afternoon," but caused more damage to the German fleet with less cost to our own than any other Admiral throughout the war ; and that, until 1924, when they published a " Narrative of the Battle of Jutland," the Admiralty did nothing to discountenance these attacks by issuing any connected official account of the battle. In fact, they went out of their way to discredit the account written by the late Sir Julian Corbett from Admiral Harper's Record and published in the Official History.

The professional head of the Navy, Admiral Beatty, throughout his long term of office, has had many opportunities for referring in public to the inaccuracies which were being broadcasted about Jutland, but he has preferred to remain silent.

It is useless to argue that the Admiralty had insufficient data to go on ; that they adopted a neutral attitude to all personalities ; that Admiral Harper and one or two others who have answered falsehoods with the truth are promoting a controversy which is " not for the good of the Service." It has been very *much* to the detriment of the Service that, for seven years, this campaign of calumny and distortion has been allowed to go unchecked by those to whom the Navy has a right to look to uphold its honour and to maintain that public confidence which it justly deserves.

It is no use mincing matters. Admiral Harper has given us chapter and verse for what is nothing short of a scandalous intrigue to camouflage the real failures at Jutland by promoting discussion on intricate technicalities, which the man-in-the-street cannot follow, couched in terms which insinuate failure elsewhere.

He exposes the ignorance and futility of many of those who have put forward spurious technical arguments to further the interests they serve. In doing so he has adopted the excellent plan of taking successive phases of the battle and showing how the truth has been mishandled in dealing with them ; but it will serve our purpose better here to enlist his

Digitized by Google

aid in removing this camouflage and then to enumerate the real failures.

At the outset he gives us two valuable chapters on " Weather Conditions " and " The Influence of Under-water Attack." These are necessary correctives to arguments advanced by critics like Mr. Winston Churchill, who obviously have viewed Jutland from the plane of their writing tables. With neat diagrams of the battle spread in front of them, they have treated the rival fleets and squadrons as so many chessman, and, to their own satisfaction, have propounded move and counter-move, like a man playing right hand against left, but always with unconscious bias in favour of his right. Mr. Churchill, in common with other unprofessional writers, has failed to realize that " the only method to arrive at a fair and just appreciation [of Jutland] is to remember *and keep on remembering* that our Admirals were not sitting up aloft, in a balloon . . . conducting the battle as on a tactical board," as Admiral Harper puts it.

In the second chapter, the author adds: " It is quite impossible for anybody to understand the Battle of Jutland, much less to form a just or reasoned opinion about it, without thoroughly grasping the nature of the various forms of under-water attack and the measures necessary to counter them." This is another factor which has been ignored, wilfully or through ignorance, by a number of writers, some of whom are mentioned in the book.

Popular Fallacies.

Now let us take some popular fallacies which have been promoted in order to camouflage the real failures and see how Admiral Harper exposes the truth. A few notable examples must suffice.

1. *Admiral Jellicoe deployed (to Port) " away from " instead of " towards " the enemy, thereby losing an opportunity.*

Mr. H. W. Wilson*: " A deployment to Starboard would have brought the British into a line ahead on an opposite course to the Germans, but it would have facilitated an annihilating attack on the old German battleships at the rear. . . ."

Admiral Harper: " The author [Mr. Wilson] does not explain how Jellicoe could know that the old German

* " Battleships in Action," Vol. II, p. 150.

Digitized by Google

battleships were at the rear . . . when he had not even been given accurate information of the whereabouts of the enemy battle fleet, much less its course and composition."

MR. H. W. WILSON*: "The deployment to port is not strongly condemned by German Official History."

ADMIRAL HARPER: ". . . the actual views expressed in this publication are to the effect that the deployment to port was to the British advantage, whereas deployment to starboard . . . would have been only too acceptable to the German Fleet."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL "argues with a wealth of geometrical reasoning and no practical knowledge"† in favour of deployment on a centre column, "a clumsy and complicated manœuvre."

ADMIRAL HARPER, however, deals effectively and finally with these and other critics as follows: ". . . the manœuvre, as ordered, was understood by the whole fleet; . . . it enabled our fleet to cross the enemy's 'T' and placed our main force between the enemy and his base. A deployment which achieved these results is above adverse criticism."

2. *Jellicoe turned away from German torpedo attacks, thereby breaking off the fight and losing touch.*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL makes it appear that the battle fleet was turned away *twice* from torpedoes. He says‡ that, at 6.35 p.m., "Jellicoe, threatened by the torpedo stream, turned away according to his long-resolved policy."

ADMIRAL HARPER: "This is a complete fabrication on Mr. Churchill's part. . . . Jellicoe did *not* turn away from any torpedo attack at 6.35. After the first German retreat, and as soon as he was clear of the perilous wake of the enemy, he, at 6.44 p.m., *closed* the enemy, first 11 degrees, and ten minutes later by a 45 degree turn. . . . He thereby brought the battle fleet right across the head of the High Seas Fleet when Scheer blundered back seventeen minutes later."

* "Battleships in Action," Vol. II, p. 191.
† "The Truth About Jutland," p. 166.
‡ "The World Crisis" (1916-1918), p. 152.

Digitized by Google

COMMANDER CARLYON BELLAIRS, alluding to the one occasion when Jellicoe did turn away from torpedoes, indulges in the following sarcastic expression: *" It was to avoid this attack of eleven destroyers that twenty-seven battleships turned away. . . . It is impossible to imagine a more definite break from the whole spirit of naval tradition."

ADMIRAL HARPER, after noting the fact that this was " the only recognized manœuvre for frustrating such an attack," and that it was used at Jutland by Admirals Sturdee, Evan Thomas, Hood, Beatty and von Hipper, remarks: " Beatty employed identical . . . tactics at the Dogger Bank and twice during Jutland with the difference that on two occasions he wrongly turned away from the reported position of a submarine. . . . Jellicoe rightly turned *towards* the position of a submarine." It may be noted, too, that this torpedo attack was accompanied by a dense smoke screen, behind which the German battle fleet retreated for the second time. When the British " turn away " was made, therefore, the main enemy had already broken off the action.

3. *Beatty " made one desperate effort to save the situation by a signal . . . imploring the van of the battle fleet . . . . to follow him and cut off and surround the enemy."*†

MR. CHURCHILL, alluding to this episode, says: " The British battle-cruisers would soon be engaged. Where was the van of our battle fleet ?"

ADMIRAL HARPER: " If before asking this question he had taken the trouble to look at the plans of the action . . . he would have observed that at this time the whole of our battle fleet was heading for the enemy."

Elsewhere the author shows that there was no justification whatever for this somewhat theatrical suggestion on Admiral Beatty's part. With his superior speed, the Battle Cruiser Admiral had rushed on, losing touch with our battle fleet, and he did not know how it was steering. There was nothing from which to " cut off " the enemy save his line of retreat; this Admiral Jellicoe had already done

* " The Battle of Jutland," p. 187.

† Commander Carlyon Bellairs, " The Battle of Jutland," p. 202.

Digitized by Google

effectively. If the object was, as it was, to regain contact, "the position, course and speed of our battle fleet could not have been improved upon for this purpose." In spite of this, the Commander-in-Chief, trusting his subordinate, did promptly give an order to the leading battleship to follow the battle cruisers. Admiral Jerram, however, was unable to obey this order because Admiral Beatty was not in sight and by then had lost touch, not only with his own battle fleet, but also with the enemy. So much for the much vaunted "attempt to save the situation."

Before leaving this episode, however, it is worth while noting Admiral Harper's exposition of misstatements, whereby the time when it occurred has been made to coincide with the time when the battle fleet was swung away from the torpedo attack. Actually, Beatty's "follow me" signal was made at 7.50 p.m., and the torpedo attack occurred half an hour earlier, yet Commander Bellairs,* having apparently acquired advance information of the wording of a, then, unpublished secret signal, gives the time at which it was made as 7.20 p.m.; the *Daily Mail*, in its issues of September 21st, 1920, November 1st, 1920, and November 3rd, 1920, gives the time as 7.15 p.m.; and in its issue of October 12th, 1920, as 7.32 p.m. The inference being in each case that while Beatty was urging closer action, Jellicoe was "turning away" to ensure the safety of the battle fleet.

These must serve as a few examples of misstatements which the Board of Admiralty has allowed to pass without protest.

The Real Failures.

Now let us turn to some of the real failures at Jutland.

1. During the battle-cruiser action, Admiral Beatty had under his command six battle-cruisers and four 25-knot 15-inch battleships. He was opposed by five German battle cruisers. We lost two battle-cruisers and his flagship the *Lion* sustained heavy injuries. The enemy was not seriously damaged.

"This unpalatable result," as Admiral Jellicoe called it, has been attributed to the poor quality of the British shell, the lack of armoured protection to our battle-cruisers' magazines, the enemy having better visibility. Admiral Harper alludes to other contributory factors, such as the

* "The Battle of Jutland," p. 262.

Digitized by Google

poor shooting of our battle-cruisers, except perhaps the *Queen Mary*; and confusion in the arrangements for distribution of fire, whereby one of the enemy was unfired at for some time. But he makes it abundantly clear that the main cause of these, the heaviest losses we sustained at Jutland, was Admiral Beatty's fatal and elementary error in stationing the powerful Fifth Battle Squadron five miles on the opposite bearing to that on which he expected to sight, and had actually placed his light cruisers to scout for, the enemy.

Here we have in a nutshell the whole damning indictment. No wonder desperate efforts have been made to distract public attention from the tragic failure of the Admiral who has been acclaimed by a section of the Press and public as the one real hero of Jutland. Nor, as Admiral Harper shows, was this the only case in which he failed in that action.

Mr. Winston Churchill, seemingly inspired by the Admiralty " Narrative," has endeavoured to throw some of the blame on Admiral Evan Thomas, commanding the Fifth Battle Squadron, although he admits that " it would . . . no doubt have been better if the original cruising formation of the battle-cruisers and the Fifth Battle Squadron had been more compact."

Admiral Harper points out that the support of this detached force was further delayed by failure on the part of the signalling staff in the *Lion* to repeat a flag signal by searchlight—an ordinary enough precaution in the case of a flagship communicating to a squadron some 10,000 yards away; nor did it seem to occur to Admiral Beatty to make a simple signal to " Close." Admiral Evan Thomas was steering the course last signalled when the battle-cruisers " rushed off into space." He turned to follow them the moment he discovered what was happening. It was the failure in the *Lion* to communicate the necessary signal clearly and effectively that delayed the Fifth Battle Squadron still further, and it is unfair to attribute it to anything or anybody else.

2. The Battle Cruiser Fleet, aided by the Fifth Battle Squadron, very gallantly led the whole High Sea Fleet northwards and enticed it into the arms of the British Grand Fleet, but at the psychological moment, just before contact, when information of the enemy's position and course was vital to Admiral Jellicoe, the Battle Cruiser Admiral, who at that stage had no other duty comparable in importance,

Digitized by Google

was unable to supply the needful information, having lost touch with the enemy.

At 6.1 p.m. Admiral Jellicoe made a visual signal to the *Lion*, " Where is enemy's battle fleet ?" At 6.10 p.m. he repeated the signal. Not until 6.14 p.m. did he receive the reply, " Have sighted enemy's battle fleet bearing S.S.W.," but the enemy's course was not reported. The Commander-in-Chief's quickness of decision was remarkable : at 6.15 p.m. the signal was made for his brilliant deployment.

3. After the first precipitate retreat of the German fleet, Admiral Jellicoe, at 6.44, proceeded to close the estimated position of the enemy, diagonally. The Battle Cruiser Squadron was, by now, well ahead and, in spite of the loss of three of its number, consisted of six ships to the German four. Their ample superiority in speed over any of the enemy battleships would have enabled them to regain touch without undue risk, but Admiral Beatty kept a parallel course to our battleships and again failed to give the Commander-in-Chief information of the enemy.

4. The escape of the enemy at night was primarily due to the fact that, although it was sighted repeatedly, no reports that the German battle fleet was breaking through were made to Admiral Jellicoe or any other Flag Officer.

This is understandable in the case of small craft, hotly engaged and with a limited signal organization, but nothing can excuse the lamentable failure of the Captains of the *Malaya* and *Valiant* for not reporting the fact that the enemy battleships had been actually identified as they were crossing the wake of the Grand Fleet. It was this pitiful lack of enterprise and omission to comply with historic obligations to " fight or report " an enemy in sight that lost us the fruits of Jutland—the battle which had only just begun, and which should have been fought to a finish next day.

5. Such information as Admiral Jellicoe did receive that night was contradictory or misleading. In spite of the criticism of those who are wise after the event, neither he nor Admiral Beatty, nor any other Flag Officer present, with the same information to go on, realized that the enemy had broken through to the eastward. But the Admiralty had a definite clue—an intercepted signal from Scheer calling for airship reconnaissance off Horns Reef at daylight. Some woolly-headed member of the Naval Staff, however, kept this

Digitized by Google

priceless piece of information to himself; it was never repeated to Admiral Jellicoe.

These were the five great failures at Jutland; to them are attributable the facts that our casualties were higher than those of the Germans and that the enemy fleet was not brought to action again the next day.

Further comment on Admiral Harper's exposition of " The Truth About Jutland " and how it has been handled seems superfluous, but one final quotation will show how he leaves his readers with a beacon-clear impression, shining steadfastly through all the mirky atmosphere of intrigue and the fog of misrepresentation. " Was Jutland a British victory?" he asks. After summarizing the evidence, he pronounces the verdict. Of the battle cruiser action he says, " We can only acknowledge frankly, that [this] the first ' round ' went definitely in the enemy's favour." But " when the main action was joined and Jellicoe assumed control . . . the German fleet received far more damage than it inflicted. . . . Scheer, . . . like a boxer, knowing himself to be outmatched and outfought, concentrated his wits on avoiding punishment. . . ." Finally, he " evaded further combat by working his way home under cover of the night, as the pugilist who has lost heart and knows himself defeated ' throws up the sponge ' and leaves the ring, never again to challenge his victorious adversary. To Jellicoe, therefore, must go the verdict of that impartial referee, accurate history."

Digitized by Google

THE EVOLUTION OF TACTICAL METHODS

By Major Douglas Hogg, M.C., *p.s.c.*, R.E.
(*Brigade Major, Peshawar Brigade*).

(Note.—This paper refers to a major war between highly developed nations.)

MODERN military teaching rightly stresses the permanent truth of the principles of war amidst the ever-changing methods of application evolved as science surrenders her secrets to the brain of man. There is, however, a school of thought which clings to the belief that the infantryman, by which is meant the foot-soldier, must always be the final arbiter in battle. This belief deflects concentrated thought from the lines on which the evolution of the infantryman may be expected. While everyone will grant that man, by virtue of his brain and psychology, must be the final factor, the foot-soldier theory appears to be based on confusion between the principles of war and the methods of application of those principles.

In civil life, the replacement of muscular power by mechanical power has led to increased economy and efficiency in the majority of spheres of activity. A similar procedure has begun in the Army, as for example, the introduction of mechanical methods of transportation. Are we violating any principle in assuming as probable that the march of science will continue to influence the Army as a whole, including the infantry? Are present-day infantry methods so efficient, so economical in human life and in fatigue, that no room for improvement exists? Surely, a glance at the casualty lists of the Great War is a sufficient answer. In civil life, the stress of competition has demonstrated the superiority of scientific mechanical methods over human effort. Is it not a reasonable deduction that war, the fiercest and most relentless of all forms of competition, will do the same?

Lest we should deter the more orthodox reader from a further perusal of what promises to be an enunciation of theories that are heretical, revolutionary, and fanciful, let us hasten to assure him that nothing of the sort is intended.

Digitized by Google

It is proposed, rather, to discuss methods which seem open to criticism in the light of the march of science, and, by offering constructive suggestions for improvement, to seek out lines along which evolution may be expected. As a sop to the cautious, let us add the conjecture that in future wars, after decisive effect has been produced by highly scientific methods, the muscular efforts of the infantryman will still be required to organize order out of the chaos that has arisen. This does not mean, however, a lavish expenditure of life and muscular effort in antiquated methods of attack, for such is a violation of the principle of Economy of Force. The attack will be made with a preponderance of mechanical effort, the subsequent consolidation and re-organization requiring a considerable amount of human effort. An analogy to this may be drawn from civil life. After mechanical power has done the bulk of the work, human effort is still needed in such operations as the assembly of a motor-car or the erection of a great steel structure.

Let us start with the infantry's first task, the march to the battlefield, while tactically secure, except from the air. In civil life, when efficiency, which usually includes speed, is at stake, long-distance movement on foot is unheard of, when mechanical transportation is available. In the Army, despite the use of strategical and tactical trains and bus columns, walking is still the normal method of movement of the main arm, the infantry. The advantages of adopting mechanical transportation as the normal rather than the exceptional method of movement are firstly increased mobility, and secondly, greater efficiency in battle owing to the elimination of unnecessary previous fatigue. We need not enter at this stage into the proportions of road (wheeled) M.T. and cross-country (tracked or semi-tracked) M.T. required.

Meanwhile, in the realm of fancy, we have brought our infantry, probably bereft of its first line transport, to the battlefield. We must console ourselves for the unsoldierly spectacle of their arrival in charabancs, with the thought that they are fresh for the fight. Further, let us suppose that we have conjured up their first line transport somehow, and that they are once more the infantry of tradition. Let us watch their attack developing. They come under artillery fire and shake out into artillery formations. Fortunately, this is moving warfare, and in the absence of sufficient enemy artillery to produce a real barrage, their casualties so far are

Digitized by Google

slight. Now they come under small arms fire, and enter a more costly phase of the attack, as " fire and movement " begin to develop. Here we see a Lewis gun section providing the fire, while a rifle section is enabled to carry out movement. There we notice a rifle section wriggling along a fold in the ground, gaining a good fire position and enabling a Lewis gun section, panting and perspiring, to gain some ground. And so on. In the meantime, the said sections are thinning out sadly under the machine-gun and small arms fire of the enemy. We begin to wonder if we have really applied the resources of modern science to our tactics. Surely a more efficient method could be evolved. On the particular bit of country we have in our mind's eye, it looks as though the Lewis guns could have been brought along with teams of two in Morris-Martel tanks, or in some such light cross-country M.T. vehicle.

Foolish as it is to accept the practicability of untested theories, it is almost equally so not to explore every possible avenue of improvement. There appears, therefore, to be a good case for experimenting on these lines. The first probable objection is the liability of these vehicles to be held up in unfavourable country. There is no reason, however, why they should not carry two bridging planks each, sufficient for small ditches. As an additional safeguard, it might be thought prudent to mechanize only one of the two Lewis gun sections in a platoon. No financial objection is apparent as the reduction of the section to two men sets off the cost of the vehicle.

We have now, in imagination, increased the efficiency of the Lewis gun sections by applying modern methods for giving effect to the principles of Economy of Force and Mobility. Meanwhile, the rifle sections are as slow, vulnerable and wasteful of human energy as ever. How can they be improved ? One possibility would be to carry them in armoured cross-country M.T. vehicles. Apart from the financial objection, which would probably rule this out of peace organization, there is another and weightier one. Under present conditions, cross-country M.T. is still too liable to be held up by adverse ground, such as forest, for us to place absolute reliance on it. Even so, we can still increase the efficiency of the rifle sections in other ways, to wit, by adding to their mobility. This could be done by relieving the infantryman of every item of his equipment,

Digitized by Google

except the bare minimum of his immediate essentials such as rifle, bayonet, ammunition and anti-gas equipment, and trusting to his reduced load to enhance his natural physical powers of mobility. This proposal would necessitate following the rifle sections up in the attack with a number of light cross-country M.T. vehicles carrying ammunition, water and other stores.

In considering the introduction of M.T., and more especially of cross-country M.T., on a wider scale in the Army, we feel a natural reluctance to go too far on account of the danger of a break-down or a hold-up. Here again, we may reasonably draw a limited parallel from civil life. All systems of mechanical transportation are liable to break-down, especially in their infancy. These break-downs require a considerable amount of human effort to rectify them. The liability to break-down does not, however, lead people to condemn the system; on the contrary, it leads to adequate provision for remedying break-downs by repairs and deviations. The conclusion is that in introducing M.T. into our front-line fighting troops we should include a proportion of vehicles specially designed for assisting the fighting vehicles in negotiating difficult crossings and for rendering first-aid in case of break-downs.

Before leaving the infantry platoon, a consideration of the main platoon weapons is desirable. At the risk of becoming involved in the old *arme blanche* controversy, one is tempted to criticize the bayonet's efficiency as a hand-to-hand weapon by contrast with fire weapons such as the modern automatic pistol. Here, however, we have to proceed warily. Experience seems to show the insistent influence of one of those curious psychological factors which defy cold logic. It is often argued that because bayonets are not often crossed in war, owing to the flight of one side or other, therefore bayonets are not required. It would seem truer to argue that the cracking morale of a highly strained man conjures up a horrible train of thought in his imagination, when he is confronted with the immediate threat of cold steel, and he runs away; in other words, the bayonet causes the final panic. Hence, for the present at any rate, we had better not meddle with the bayonet.

There remain the Lewis gun and the rifle. The former produces a considerable volume of fire for short periods with accuracy quite sufficient for the bulk of requirements. The

Digitized by Google

rifle, on the other hand, produces what under modern conditions must be regarded as an indifferent rate of fire with great human effort, and has a degree of accuracy which is rather in excess of ordinary requirements (as opposed to sniping). The rifle, therefore, falls short of what modern efficiency demands, mainly as regards rate of fire. The Lewis gun is no substitute since it is not a one-man weapon, except when mounted in a vehicle, nor can it take a bayonet. The solution lies in a really light one-man weapon which is automatic, either in loading and firing, or in loading only, and this must take the place of the present service rifle. This leads to the problem of ammunition supply to the rifle sections armed with the new weapon, and again, a psychological factor comes in. With national armies in the field, the standard of training will not be high enough to overcome the human tendency to fire as fast as possible in moments of stress. The rifleman must to some extent carry his immediate requirements in ammunition on his person. Consequently we must put a limit on his rate of fire by giving him automatic loading only. This selection, incidentally, is confirmed by considerations of cooling the weapon. It may be remarked that the difficulty of ammunition supply is a familiar argument brought forward when any improvement in the rate of fire of weapons is mooted, but it has never been a deterrent to progress. Under the conditions of the next war we may reasonably expect S.A.A. supply to be facilitated by the use of light cross-country M.T. and of aeroplanes and parachutes. Moreover, with the enhanced fire-power of the rifle sections we are contemplating, we could dispense with say two riflemen and use them as ammunition carriers. Apart from this, however, it is for consideration whether science, by producing propellants of higher efficiency, can enable us to reduce the weight of the rifle bullet without detriment to its minimum essential striking energy. A ten per cent. reduction in the bore of our rifle should mean a much greater reduction in the weight of the rifle and ammunition, an important consideration.

As regards the production of an improved automatic loading rifle, it is possible that weapons already under test meet our requirements ; otherwise, we must ask our scientific experts to investigate.

Should it be considered that the individual rifleman should be armed with an automatic firing rifle, as opposed

Digitized by Google

to an automatic loading rifle, the *raison d'etre* of the Lewis gun will disappear. In such a case, the platoon would consist of two mechanized sections and two foot sections, all armed with the same weapons, but with a special mounting for the mechanized sections. For the present, however, let us suppose that our platoon consists of one mechanized Lewis gun section, one foot Lewis gun section, and two rifle sections ; the terms Lewis gun and rifle being used to include any improvements in type which may materialize.

We now come to the question commonly referred to as the weight of the infantry attack. This curious phrase does not, as one might suppose, envisage a number of corpulent foot-soldiers, but it goes very near it. It apparently contemplates the presence of a large number of foot-soldiers in the last stage of the attack which culminates in the assault or in a number of assaults. Now it is recognized in defence that efficiency is not obtained by the presence of large numbers of troops at the line " in front of which it is intended to stop the enemy," but rather by the presence of a vast volume of fire at that line. The presence of an excessive number of men merely swells the casualty lists without gaining any advantage. Does not the same apply to the attack ? In order to observe the principle of Economy of Force, should it not be our aim to put as much fire (and other forms of sudden death) into the objective, while risking the lives of the minimum number of men in the danger zone to produce it ? This is what we have been trying to facilitate in searching for methods of conferring on the platoons mechanical mobility, increased fire-power and some small amount of armoured protection. If we can achieve some measure of success in our efforts, shall we need the large number of bayonets we have used in the past to administer the final coup ? The less we need employ, the more we economize life and human effort.

We are now in a position to see the picture of an infantry attack if the lines of evolution that we have been considering actually materialize. In country which is well suited for cross-country M.T., the mechanized sections will lead the way, advancing by bounds from fire position to fire position and producing a screen of fire which will facilitate and render less costly the corresponding bounds of the foot automatic sections and foot rifle sections. It is not to be supposed, of course, that this means an advance in successive parallel lines. There will be the usual manœuvres to turn the flanks of

Digitized by Google

defended localities, on similar lines to what we are accustomed to under present conditions. The process will culminate in the assaults, with the bayonet, of the rifle sections, helped by the fire of all automatics that can safely bear. The "mopping up" process will devolve largely on the rifle sections, but all will help to consolidate and to reorganize, some of the mechanized sections possibly disgorging their teams for a while. Meanwhile, light vehicles will come up behind cover with S.A.A., water, and stores.

In less favourable country, it appears that the foot sections will lead the way whenever the mechanized sections are held up, and will cover the operations of the break-down gangs assisting the passage of the mechanized sections.

In country which is quite unsuitable for M.T., the attack will be carried out by the foot sections as under present conditions, while the mechanized sections will possibly operate by a different line of approach to the objective, in the same way as tanks frequently do at the present time. This is open to the objection that it involves breaking up organization. This must be admitted, but the fact that it will sometimes be necessary does not seem to invalidate the argument. If the methods under discussion can be brought to a degree of perfection which will render them normally effective, they must be considered superior to our present methods of unscientific brute force and of wholesale slaughter of our own infantry.

As a natural corollary to the above ideas, all first line transport would be mechanized, at least half the battalion Vickers' guns being provided with cross-country M.T. The realization of the proposals outlined above will incidentally terminate the existing humorous situation, in which a fighting unit is less mobile than the various echelons of transport behind it.

We have attempted to forecast probable lines of evolution of the infantry. Let us also consider the Royal Tank Corps, regarded by many as a future substitute for the infantry.

The main functions, existing and potential, of the tank from the infantry standpoint appear to be :—

1. Wire crushing ;
2. Anti-tank work ;
3. Anti-machine gun and close support.

Tanks allotted for wire crushing are destined for an

Digitized by Google

object which mainly interests the infantry. There would thus seem to be a case for incorporating them in an infantry formation, say as divisional troops or as part of an infantry brigade. On the other hand, in moving war, wire crushing will not by any means be a task that will always be required. Hence inclusion in a division would be a violation of the principle of Economy of Force as applied to organization. There is, moreover, at least a possibility that infantry evolution will bring with it the inclusion of cross-country M.T. vehicles in the infantry battalion, of a type quite able to crush wire. In such a case, the tank, purely as a wire crusher, becomes superfluous. For the present, therefore, it seems sound to leave wire crushing to the Royal Tank Corps and to allot the quota necessary or available to Corps Troops for sub-allotment to divisions on particular occasions.

Anti-tank work, and anti-machine gun and close support work have one point in common. They are forms of offensive action for which a gun is often the most suitable weapon. This class of activity, actual or potential, of the tank necessarily reminds us of the fact that the Royal Regiment also indulges in similar occupations with its 3.7 inch howitzer and its 18-pdr. gun. It is generally recognized that the 3.7 inch howitzer is not an ideal weapon for anti-tank work, though its high trajectory renders it useful for close support of infantry. The 18-pdr. gun also, even with a split trail, suffers from the disabilities inherent in a weapon of limited traverse. This suggests that there is scope for investigating the possibility of co-ordinating these weapons with the tanks, adopting the advantages of both arms and rejecting their disadvantageous features. The result will probably be the adoption of perhaps two types of gun, each with an all-round traverse, carried on a cross-country M.T. vehicle, otherwise a tank. This conclusion further leads us to a consideration of the party which is to have the " custody of the children," so to speak, whether the Royal Regiment or the Royal Tank Corps. A decision on this delicate subject seems to follow logically from the recollection that the Royal Regiment has already begun to discard horses in favour of dragons. We begin to wonder whether all guns should not be controlled by one branch of the Service. The guns ? Then why not the gunners ? In this conclusion we are further fortified by the thought that with the " service going to the dogs," at its present rate, there appears to be little doubt that the bulk of

Digitized by Google

the guns of the Royal Artillery will ultimately be mechanized. Under such conditions there would be little justification for keeping guns of accompaniment under a separate corps.

Probabilities, therefore, point to a stage in the future, at which the Royal Tank Corps, after a brief though distinguished and useful life, will be merged into the other arms of the Service, if our forecasts are not entirely wide of the mark. It seems that the artillery and the infantry will absorb their shares and we may hazard a guess that the cavalry and the engineers will press their claims also. Nevertheless, though approaching, the time has not yet arrived for administering Solomon's judgment. Tracked vehicles are in their infancy, research work by specialists is still required, and ideas on tactical methods are not yet mature. For the present, it will be better to maintain the organization of the Royal Tank Corps as a separate arm, while experimenting in all directions and preserving an open mind for the future.

Having concluded a hasty stocktaking of some of our existing tactical methods, we can now summarize the tentative proposals made and see how they might be incorporated in our war organization. It is, of course, understood that any proposal that fails to survive a fair trial must be dropped until it succeeds.

We have first to recognize that in existing circumstances finance puts a rigid barrier beyond which we may not pass. Certain innovations will be capable of inclusion in peace organization if they show a saving in one direction to set off new expenditure in another. A mechanized Lewis gun section replacing a Lewis gun section of the present type, and a motor lorry replacing a horse-drawn wagon are examples. Other innovations can be accepted in war organization as involving the use of *matériel* and personnel which will be available on mobilization from civil resources, though not available in peace time, except to a limited extent. Road M.T. is an example. Lastly, there are innovations which, though highly desirable in peace time, cannot be made available in full, even in war organization, until post-mobilization production has had time to develop. Under present conditions tanks are examples of such innovations. There is no doubt that if a great war occurs under existing economic conditions, the opposing forces will start with an entirely inadequate supply of many modern weapons. The country,

Digitized by Google

therefore, which, as a result of peace-time investigation, starts with the clearest conception of its deficiencies and the best arrangements for intensive production, will be on the high road to success.

In the matter of peace organization, the following are the measures suggested for investigation :—

1. Mechanization with cross-country M.T. of fifty per cent. of all existing automatic weapons in the infantry, the other fifty per cent. to remain for the present more or less as now organized.

2. Replacement of the present service rifle by an automatic-loading rifle.

3. Mechanization with cross-country M.T. of two field brigades R.A. per division, to be carried out as funds permit. A similar policy for the field companies R.E., but a greater proportion of road M.T. will be permissible.

4. Experimental work to evolve one or more types of gun with all-round traverse, tank type carriage, to take over the work of close support and anti-tank guns, with a view to ultimate incorporation in the divisional artillery.

5. Mechanization, mainly with road M.T., of all first-line transport, and the elimination of all chargers that can be replaced by road M.T. without loss of efficiency.

War organization measures to be operative on mobilization would be :—

6. Provision in corps or army troops of sufficient road M.T. to carry two-thirds of the mobilized infantry divisions. This must include floats for the necessary animals and for such vehicles, horse-drawn or light cross-country M.T. as cannot keep pace with road M.T. It is necessary to specify light cross-country M.T. as the mechanized Lewis gun vehicles contemplated would probably not stand the wear and tear of rapid movement by road and would have to be carried.

It seems unprofitable to attempt to forecast post-mobilization measures, with scientific evolution in its present backward state.

The measures suggested are purposely given on very broad lines as it would be impossible to settle details until the main outlines can be determined with some certainty.

When the introduction of a new weapon or mechanical device is mooted, especially if it concerns the infantry, we usually hear as one of the numerous objections raised, that

Digitized by Google

it will add a fresh complication to the already difficult task of training the soldier. This objection ignores the fact that as each successive generation of a civilized nation reaches manhood, its technical knowledge and power of absorbing such knowledge are far in advance of those of its predecessors. The older generation of serving soldiers will recollect how, when they joined the Service, a man who understood wireless telegraphy or motor-cars was looked on as something of a wizard. Nowadays, it is a common thing to find schoolboys constructing valve sets for their parents, and the young man of the period is unlikely to win favour in the eyes of his lady love if he is unable to defeat the more elementary problems presented by a refractory light car or motor bicycle. The younger generation will not fail to provide the knowledge if their leaders point the way along the lines which experience has shown them to be based on sound principles.

Much that has been suggested by progressive military students may prove impracticable. Still, the fact remains that the Army has not yet harnessed science to its chariot on a scale approaching that adopted by civil life. Progress will come by the exercise of the imagination, trial and selection, not by hide-bound prejudice and slavish adherence to the methods of tradition, however admirable the principles underlying the obsolete methods may be.

Digitized by Google

THE INDISPENSABLES

By R. S. Kenilworth.

OH, undoubtedly a good colour party is everything in ceremonial—especially the officers. I mean, since each battalion in a brigade is usually much of a muchness in drill and steadiness, a couple of really imposing officers with the colours make just that little difference which puts one battalion a short head in front of the others.

Know Hatcher and Buscell? But of course you wouldn't. They had gone to India before you joined us. As like as two peas they were. Great strapping fellows—six foot three—and if they couldn't drill and march and carry themselves on parade, then no Guards' sergeant-major could. If they had been born two hundred years before, there is no doubt that Frederick William of Prussia would have given thousands of marks to enlist these two in his brigade. As things turned out, however, they carried our colours.

By the way it was only in the distance they resembled one another. Both were broad-shouldered, with fine long limbs well-moulded, but a close-up would show little resemblance, for Buscell was inclined to be red, and Hatcher was quite dark. If there was any likeness, it was merely in their expression of bovine simplicity. One often sees this in large men.

Buscell had a car. It was the exception rather than the rule for officers to have cars in those days, and Buscell was much sought after in consequence. But, like attracting like, I suppose, Hatcher and Buscell were firm friends, and frequently to be seen, two mighty figures, crushed together in the small runabout.

One week-end these two had leave to go up to Town. Our first really big brigade ceremonial was to be on the following Monday, and although I have forgotten the occasion, I remember that the Divisional Commander was paying his first visit. That was old Rusty. It was a fairly important day, you see, and, of course, our two leviathans were to carry the colours.

Well, they went up to Town. I think they had an appointment with Mr. Leslie Henson at the Winter Gardens

Digitized by Google

Theatre—I'm not sure; but, in any case, it was usually something pretty important which called them up to Town. On Sunday night, at about eleven o'clock, they dropped anchor at the " In and Out," where the car had been left. Now, it has been reported by some who were in the club at the time that Buscell's car left on its homeward journey shortly before midnight, so that there is no question of their having run things fine.

The story of their journey down was as follows. They told us about it in the ante-room just before they went to see the C.O.

The car left the " In and Out " and turned down Piccadilly. Not more than one hundred yards had they gone before phut went the side lights. Hatcher remarked that this was unfortunate, and Buscell's reply was to switch on the head lights. Phut went the headlights.

Buscell stopped the car. " All is now lost, Hatch, old man," said he. " I've no spare bulbs, and here, of course, is the policeman."

He turned out to be quite a sympathetic man, and told them of a garage in Knightsbridge, which was open all night and where the lights might be put right. He told them to drive very slowly. As they proceeded, two or three more policemen pointed out to them about their lights, but after a little talk allowed them to go on.

But at Hyde Park Corner there was another. Hatcher said he was a bit peevish, and you must admit Hyde Park Corner might be rather a trying spot to be on duty at that time of night. But they did not think of this—at least, Buscell didn't.

" Wot's this, wot's this ?" demanded the Law in a deep bass voice and with upraised hand. " Drivin' with no lights ?"

" Go up two places, Constable," Buscell suggested.

" You can't go drivin' round without lights," the Constable informed them.

" 'Tis true we have no lights, sergeant. You say we may not drive. What do you suggest ? It would make me weep to leave my car in the middle of the road as a refuge for old ladies."

Hatcher said he tried to get Buscell to humour the constable, but Buscell's temper was getting ragged.

Digitized by Google

" You can't go leavin' cars in the middle of the road with no lights on, and there's no call to get fresh with me." The constable glared at Buscell.

" Well, what in heaven's name shall I do ? Shall I get out and push while my friend precedes me, striking matches ?"

Hatcher whispered fiercely that Buscell had done it now, and that he was a fool not to see the Bobby had no sense of humour.

The constable puffed and produced his notebook. There was not a great deal of traffic, and when he had taken a few notes and seen Buscell's licence he gave judgment.

" You will take your car to that garridge over there, and it will not come out again, without lights, this side of daybreak. Onderstand ?"

At the garage the mechanic on duty succeeded in fusing a number of spare bulbs, and then announced :—

" You're shorting somewhere."

" We're shorting, Hatch."

" Your wires are bare somewhere—p'raps . . ."

" Our wires are naked, Hatch !"

" . . . Or your dynamo's dirty."

" Oh, I say, Hatch, do you hear him ?" Buscell turned to the man. " How long to mend ?"

" Half an hour or longer—depends what's wrong."

Unfortunately, " or longer " seemed to be somewhere near the time it was going to take to do the repairs, and at last our two gallant standard-bearers, realizing that the mechanic was no electrician, squeezed into the car and composed themselves at rest until dawn. But dawn seemed long in coming. In fact, it began to appear overdue, and Hatcher began to get alarmed.

" Half past five," he informed Buscell. " It ought to be getting light by now."

Buscell grunted sleepily. " Eh ? What's that ? Half past five ?" he muttered, and then sat bolt upright. " Be Cripes !" he exclaimed. " Summer time ! Oh, by gosh, what boneheads we are ! Why didn't I think of it before ? We've got another hour to wait !"

" But we shall miss the parade !" gasped Hatcher.

" It looks like it."

" Lor', that is a blow," Hatcher groaned. " We'll be letting the Regiment down, that's what worries me. I don't mind getting it in the neck for being absent—that's not the

Digitized by Google

point. But we are indispensable, old boy. It's sickening. Fancy Betts carrying my colour !"

" Yes," sighed Buscell, " I agree. Fancy the Porker carrying mine !"

Now, as you know, no one in the Army is indispensable. I mean that's what the C.O. always said to Ruggs when he used to come bursting into Orderly Room, just about the time Headquarter Wing was being formed.

" They want to take Corporal Smug from me, sir !" Ruggs might complain one day, " to send him to H.Q. Wing. I can't spare him, sir—really. He's indispensable—the only N.C.O. I've got who's been to Hythe. H.Q. Wing, sir, is like a great cancer eating into the heart of the battalion." Old Ruggs' eyes would seem full of tears behind his glasses.

" Sorry, Ruggs, but no man is indispensable ; and your simile is very apt—H.Q. Wing, like cancer, is incurable."

There you are, you see. This would be all the change he'd get out of the C.O.

But there really was some justification for the remarks made by the occupants of that car in the " garridge " somewhere about oh six hundred hours on the morning of the brigade ceremonial. For in those days, you understand, ceremonial drill was being dug out of the post-war scrap heap, and we were not particularly brilliant at it—no one was ; and we were unlucky, at that time, in being very short of officers. Some were on courses at Shorncliffe or Hythe, and others were on various jobs. You know how it is.

The only people who could understudy our two experts were Betts and the Porker. I ask you ! If Hatch and Buscell were the best people to carry the colours, then I suggest their understudies were the worst in the service. I call them understudies, but they didn't often do any, but even if they had it would have made no difference. Some people simply cannot do that sort of thing. Besides, look at their figures ! Another point—we wanted to impress our new Divisional Commander, but not in the way Betts and the Porker would have done it.

Well, to hark back to those two. Dawn came at last, and the car emerged from the garage and set off on its doubtful task of reaching barracks in time for parade.

" One hour more—half an hour more, in fact—and we could do it easily," said Buscell.

" I know. Confound this summer time !" Hatcher com-

Digitized by Google

plained. " If only the Divisional Commander might have forgotten to put his watch on an hour yesterday !"

" Hur !" said Buscell.

The car moved along fairly rapidly, and I suppose they must have reached Divisional H.Q. about the time Rusty was thinking of turning out for his drive over to our brigade.

" I hope we don't see anything of him," Hatcher remarks uneasily. " We are so unfortunately conspicuous—once seen, never forgotten."

Meanwhile, we in barracks were getting somewhat bewildered. No signs of our stalwarts. The Advance had sounded and the escort for the colours was waiting outside the Mess. Soon all were alarmed and some were rushing about.

" Where's Hatcher and Buscell ?" cried Jimmy—he was Adjutant then. " Oh, my aunt ! Not in barracks ?"

" I wish she were here," said Ruggs. " She'd make a better show with the colours than Betts will."

The luckless understudies had the job thrust on them at the last moment, and repaired reluctantly to the Mess, and it became quite a business to find enough officers to command the companies. The C.O. was quite unperturbed when he came on parade. I expect that if Jimmy had come up and told him all the officers had been murdered in their beds, his reply would have been, " No officer is indispensable. March on the colours !"

We reached the brigade parade ground without mishap, Porker and Betts staggering about with the colours, and the parade was dressed ready for the arrival of Rusty.

Half a solid hour we waited for him, and nothing happened. At last the Colonel-Commandant sent a fellow on a motor cycle to the top of Craw Hill to do Sister Anne, and then ordered the brigade to sit down.

Another half-hour passed, and I was just dozing off when I heard a commotion behind me, and there were Hatcher and Buscell, in uniform and rather red in the face, taking over the colours from the other two. They came up very quietly, and as there were a few odd people moving about I don't suppose many noticed them.

The parade was A1—it really was. Rusty arrived about an hour and ten minutes late. I was behind the colours during the march past, and Hatcher and Buscell were outstanding. Rusty followed them for so long with his eyes that he nearly missed my salute.

Digitized by Google

You know our old C.O.? Of course, you've met him at sports and regimental dinners. He had a way of saying things, the full meaning of which didn't always strike one at first. The four Commanding Officers were called away after the parade to have a yarn with Rusty, but the C.O. had caught us up before we were dismissed. One could see he was pleased.

"The Divisional Commander congratulates you, men, on your excellent drill and marching to-day," he said. "The brigade march past was good."

When one examines this statement, it would appear, as they say in Military Controversy, that the Divisional Commander was astonished at the excellence of our battalion, but that the brigade, as a whole, was only good. At least, this is what I believe the C.O. meant to convey.

What would have been the report had Betts and the Porker carried the colours, I tremble to think. The most excellent drill by the rest of the battalion could hardly have covered their deficiencies.

In the ante-room afterwards Jimmy approached the two delinquents, who were being questioned as to their dramatic appearance.

"Twelve-thirty, you two," said Jimmy. "The C.O. will no doubt like to hear all about your dirty dynamo and naked wires. It was a great relief to me to see you creeping on parade, but if it had not been for a rare piece of luck you would never have managed it."

But in orderly room the C.O. did not leave any openings in the conversation for a discussion on dirty dynamos. All he maintained was that he found them absent from his parade, that he censured them for the said absence, and that they had better go and see the Adjutant about it.

Jimmy was sitting at his table all this time, and when Hatcher came up, he told him: "You will take next Sunday and the Saturday after"; and when Buscell came up to his table, he said: "You will take next Saturday and the Sunday next but one after. In this manner you will, between you, carry out the duties of Orderly Officer during the next four week-ends."

That ended the episode except for a good deal of chat about it. Some people thought Rusty had been late because he had forgotten about summer time coming in the day before. That's absurd. Even if he had, there were a number of staff

Digitized by Google

officers round him whose job it is to keep pace with such things. They were all *p.s.c* men, so that at least one of them would have remembered. Then when Hatcher and Buscell went to India, other people wondered if the C.O. had got his knife into them over the business. This, again, is not worth considering by those who really knew the C.O., and, in any case, he was rather fond of them.

No; the trouble was that Hatcher and Buscell, like many large men, cannot manage a thing neatly. They are too big and clumsy. I mean, it does not do to be caught jabbing pen knives into a divisional commander's car tyres, even if it is only the chauffeur who catches you doing it. Also, this chauffeur got into some trouble over those tyres. If only they had looked for the man and talked nicely to him, all would have been well. The chauffeur would not have been cursed by Rusty for leaving the car lying about for people to stick knives into, and it would have been a simple matter for him to manage the carburettor trouble on the way down, after Buscell had reasoned with him. As it was, he had to use another car and still do the carburettor act so that he could come and collect his other two quid from Hatcher.

It was not until later that he got his brain wave. He knew that the matter of the cut tyres still rankled in Rusty's mind, and at last it occurred to him that it would be quite easy to get a convincing case against Hatcher and Buscell. Everyone knew they must have passed Divisional H.Q. that morning, and that it was in their interests to delay the parade.

So, you see, the chauffeur became importunate, as they say, and it began to cost them a lot of money. So they decided India would be cheaper in the end. They put in quietly for an exchange to the other battalion without telling the chauffeur.

It's a great pity they've gone—you would have liked them. But it is also a pity they did not find out in time that Rusty had sacked the chauffeur for theft.

Still, no one is indispensable, and as they've been promoted, they couldn't carry the colours even if they were here.

Digitized by Google

"THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S NATURAL AERODROME."

PART II.

IN our previous issue under this same title we dealt with the military value of the flying boat: we shall here turn our attention to the commercial side of the problem. The flying boat compares favourably with the aeroplane as regards capacity to develop in size and to carry greater weights for the following reasons:—

1. The size of the aeroplane is necessarily limited by the surface and area of land aerodromes. The flying boat, on the other hand, suffers under no such restrictions as to size, and can, moreover, be loaded higher than an aeroplane owing to the fact that it has never to get off a confined space such as an aerodrome, and has seldom, if ever, to clear obstacles.

2. It must be more economical in weight to house passengers or carry goods in a hull, which constitutes the undercarriage of a flying boat, than in a separate structure as must necessarily be the case in an aeroplane. In addition, the flying boat is far safer and can carry more at less cost. Moreover, flying boat bases cost less to construct and maintain than do aerodromes.

Even in their present state of development, flying boats have been built far larger than any aeroplane. In fact, the flying boat begins to come in as an economic proposition where the aeroplane leaves off, owing to the latter becoming too heavy and unwieldy to be managed on the ground. The hull structure offers the only solution, so far as we can see, to the problem of providing ample room and comfort for passengers and space for a paying load of cargo. The aeroplane must, we feel sure, eventually yield place to the seaplane for serious commercial aviation. A further important point is that the hull of a flying boat can be constructed so as to support vast weights upon the surface of the water. It is no exaggeration to say that the flying boat possesses none of the inherent disadvantages of the aeroplane and can easily be developed into an efficient means of transport. We are therefore convinced that this type of aircraft gives us the best opportunity of success in

Digitized by Google

the realms of commercial aviation, and, all things considered, we are led irresistibly to the conclusion that the principal air lines of the future, and in particular the Empire air routes, will be operated by large marine aircraft. Major R. E. Penny, than whom there exists no greater authority on flying boats, in a recent paper read before the Royal Aeronautical Society, said : " It is not only for military and naval purposes that we in the British Empire have to consider the large seacraft. For commercial work the seaplane or flying boat has qualities to offer to the travelling public greater than the corresponding land machine, once it is proved to the public that travel by air over the sea is not attended (except as a very remote possibility) by the chance of a forced alighting and shipwreck. For this country, development of the seaplane is of paramount importance. We do not possess aerodromes or alighting harbours closer than Gibraltar or Malta ; even these provide much better facilities for flying boats than for land machines. All along our present trade routes, where coaling stations exist for the Navy, seaplane bases have been or could be formed. We have, therefore, with little expense, all the harbour organization available for the development of seaplane or flying boat routes, and these lie at points already familiar to the traveller by sea, and are available at little cost to this country. Wherever we look on Imperial air routes, the situation is marked out for development by flying boats."

Flight, the official organ of the Royal Aero Club of the United Kingdom, and therefore, one assumes, the leading national authority on air matters, comments on the above as follows : " This passage accurately represents the views we have been expressing for several years now, and which, we regret to say, appear to have borne little fruit. Indeed, the case for the seaplane would seem to be so obviously sound that no persuasion should be required."

The official attitude regarding the whole problem of civil aviation, and to the flying boat in particular, appears all the more astonishing in face of these facts and of the opinions held by so many experts and leading authorities on this question.

As far as this Journal is concerned, we have done our best to get the whole subject more widely known and appreciated. In our opinion, the military and commercial interests of this country and the Empire are in danger of being

Digitized by Google

jeopardized by a short-sighted policy such as we are convinced exists in relation to the development of this type of aircraft. Whilst we fully realize how essential it is for us to possess an efficient home defence air force, the fact must not be overlooked that this country is just as liable to be starved —through the destruction of our sea-borne commerce—as it is to be attacked effectively from the air. In this connection it is well to remember the important part played by large flying boats during the last war in anti-submarine operations, commerce protection, and coastal defence operations. The flying boats of to-day have been greatly improved, and promise to be the great air transport craft of the future, besides possessing enormous powers of offence. Their value as commerce raiders, for the protection of sea-borne commerce, the defence of sea communications in general, and for air work with naval forces, has been emphasized and dealt with fully in the first of our articles on this subject.

It should require neither genius nor foresight to realize that " the sea is England's natural aerodrome," and that our future security and commercial prosperity will depend more and more on the development of our marine aircraft.

During the past few years there have been many striking proofs of the general efficiency of the flying boat as the result of the individual long-distance flights that have been undertaken and also from service cruises and exercises. Sufficient evidence is available to convince even the most sceptical of the potentialities of this type of aircraft. Sir Alan Cobham, who possesses wide and unique experiences of the practical aspect of the problem, has strongly advocated the use of the seaplane type (which term includes the flying boat) for air transport.

Finally, we will direct attention to the business side of the question. The general tendency in this country has been up to now to look upon all forms of flying as the immediate and sole concern of the State. Business circles have not yet come to appreciate the vast possibilities of this new mode of transport, or the commercial benefits that will inevitably accrue once it has become firmly established on an economic basis. It is not surprising that this is so, for the aircraft industry itself has been prevented from taking the initiative owing to the restrictions placed upon them by officialdom. It is frequently asserted that the Air Ministry is guided in a too military spirit and imposes cramping restrictions on design

Digitized by Google

and enterprise. In striking contrast to this attitude on the part of the commercial circles of this country is the active interest that is being shown by those concerns in many of the leading continental countries, and which is already bearing fruit. The interest in aviation taken by the leading industries and town municipalities in Germany is worthy of serious attention. The credits voted by individual German towns and cities for aerodromes are significant. In 1925 alone thirty German towns voted 13,000,000 marks for aviation. Of this total, nearly 8,000,000 was destined for the fitting up of aerodromes, nearly 5,000,000 for interests in air lines passing through their territory, and the rest for lines of " local interest."*

It is interesting, further, to note that the German Chambers of Industry and Commerce have recently established a special air traffic committee for the purpose of bringing about closer co-operation between air traffic and the other means of transport.

In Italy a very powerful consortium is being formed for the purpose of developing aircraft of all types and for undertaking industrial aeronautics. A significant characteristic of the consortium is constituted by the quality of the groups of subscribers and backers. Twenty million lire will be entered by the group of shipbuilders, a large contribution by a strong industrial group, and a further large sum by a group that includes all the leading banks. There is thus associated in developing Italian commercial aviation the outstanding industrial and financial forces of the country.

There is little doubt that unless commercial aviation in this country receives similar support, we can never hope to see the day when this country will be supreme in this new commercial enterprise. It is in the development of marine air services that our energies should be concentrated. Is it too much to hope that the great shipping industry of this country will give the lead ? That this is a vital question to our future sea supremacy has been fully vindicated, and unless the shipping industry become actively interested in the development of marine air services, its prosperity in peace and security in war will be severely compromised. In our opinion it is only by running commercial air transport in

* " German Aviation and its Lessons."—*Ninteenth Century*, February, 1927.

Digitized by Google

conjunction with the existing methods of transport that it can develop on economical lines.

The openings that exist for the development of marine air services are both wide and varied. Besides the more important commercial services, there exists a vast scope for developing pleasure cruises by flying boats operating at the more important of our seaside resorts. There are grounds for believing that this is becoming more generally appreciated, and a start has already been made in this direction. Details have been published recently of a proposal to inaugurate a flying boat service for short passenger flights and for a permanent air service between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. It is to be hoped that the seaside municipalities will give every encouragement, both financial and otherwise, to projects of this nature. The cruise of the R.A.F. flying boats which visited the more important seaside resorts in the summer of 1926 would appear to be bearing fruit. What we want is to get the general public interested, and this can only be done by schemes of this nature. We possess advantages second to none in the matter of developing marine air services. The sea has been our stronghold in the past, and will only remain so if we take full opportunity of the remarkable advantages presented by the flying boat in developing our Imperial air routes.

It is unfortunate that Sir Samuel Hoare, the present Secretary of State for Air, has not seen fit to embark on a larger building programme for flying boats in the Service, and to promote commercial air routes operated by these craft. Perhaps it is because he has become so deeply committed to the policy which he has advocated of launching out into the unknown realms of Airship development.

"The sea is England's natural aerodrome." Let us take full opportunity of this fact and concentrate more on the development of the flying boat for military and commercial purposes. If we fail to do so we shall one day receive a rude awakening, and discover that we have lost our position as a great maritime nation.

Digitized by Google

EMPIRE SETTLEMENT

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By Colonel H. G. Reid, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.

THE problem of the better distribution of the white population within the Empire is now better understood, and in consequence is receiving in this country the attention which the importance of the subject deserves. The numbers migrating are still comparatively few, but with increasing prosperity an increasing flow of settlers to the Dominions may be expected.

In the meantime, it is very necessary that a systematic and sustained effort to bring home to all classes in all parts of the country the importance of the problem should be maintained. A general lack of a spirit of adventure amongst all classes, coupled with incomplete and unsatisfactory Government schemes, account for much of the falling off in migration.

What is wanted is to find the right stimulus to bring out the desire to migrate, and to get all the Dominions to see that it is in their best interests not only to give a decided preference in their schemes to the Anglo Saxon, but to extend a welcome to *all* classes of the community.

Those who know the Dominions as well as other parts of the civilized world, are only too conscious that there is a certain lack of culture to be found there This is not surprising when it is considered that the Dominions were, and are still, being largely populated by people who emigrate to improve their position and standard of living. They succeed in doing this, and simply live for business and financial success. Canada especially needs a better class of settler, lying as she does in close proximity to a foreign country, and receiving as she does large numbers of immigrants from Central Europe.

Amongst the better educated people in this country, there is no class which should prove to be a greater asset to the Dominions than the ex-Regular officer of the Army Navy, and Air Force, and no class which can be obtained in larger numbers.

The regular officer retires at a comparatively early age, and when he is more or less in the prime of life. He is

Digitized by Google

mentally, morally, and physically fit. He is in possession of a little capital, and a small but certain pension for life. He is, moreover, a gentleman and a good sportsman. He is, as a rule, married and has a small family. To him the Dominions have much to offer. Better value for his money, a life of freedom, which cannot be found amidst the more conventional conditions at home.

The Dominions cover so wide a range of conditions and climate, and their natural resources are so vast, that there is scope for almost unlimited development. Their products, industries, and manufactures are also so numerous and varied, that a large choice of occupation and employment is open to the retired officer and his children.

A few months ago it was suggested to the General Council of the Overseas League that the League was in a very strong position, with its 30,000 members scattered throughout the Empire and with its sound organization, to render voluntary assistance to the better educated classes who are desirous of settling in the Dominions.

Although the League had previously taken no active part in Overseas Settlement work, the General Council appreciated the necessity of some such assistance being granted, wholeheartedly agreed to undertake the work, and immediately appointed a migration Sub-Committee composed as under :—

Chairman	...	... Evelyn Wrench, Esq., Founder and Organizer of the League.
Members	...	... Sir Henry Cowan, M.P. F. Pauline, Esq., Agent General for British Columbia. C. Bavin, Esq.
Co-opted Members		... Officers of the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

This Sub-Committee met and decided

(*a*) As its first objective, to assist ex-Regular officers of the Army, Navy, and Air Force who are desirous of settling in British Columbia.

(*b*) To set up an information bureau at headquarters of the League in London ; to collect and collate reliable information about British Columbia in the first instance, and later, about other parts of the Empire.

(*c*) To set up small committees composed of members

Digitized by Google

of the League in British Columbia, and later, in other parts of the Empire with the following objects :—

(i) To collect information required by prospective settlers, and to forward it to the Headquarters of the League in London.

(ii) To extend a welcome and hospitality to settlers on arrival in their districts, and to render such further assistance as may be possible to enable them to settle down to happy and contented lives.

The Sub-Committee has strictly laid down that no one is eligible to serve on a committee who has any commercial interest in the business of immigration, or interest in the sale of land.

The whole scheme is being carried out on a voluntary basis ; no subscriptions, fees, or charges are made. Such expenses as may be incurred by the Sub-Committee will be paid for out of the funds of the League.

Committees are in the process of formation in each of the following districts in British Columbia :—

Vancouver Island, Fraser Valley, Okanagan Valley, Kootenay Valley, and Salmon Arm.

Though the Sub-Committee has only recently been formed, it will, nevertheless, welcome inquiries from officers who contemplate settling in British Columbia or other parts of the Empire.

Officers desirous of availing themselves of the services placed at their disposal, are invited to communicate in writing to :—

The Hon. Secretary, Migration Sub-Committee, Overseas League, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

The writer* has often been asked by officers who are about to retire whether he would recommend them to settle in one or other of the Dominions, and, if so, in which. It is always a very difficult matter to give a satisfactory answer to the first part of the question, as so much depends upon the tastes, circumstances and prospects of the individual ; on the other hand, the officer who has made up his mind to settle abroad cannot do better, in the writer's opinion, than to make his home in British Columbia.

* The writer has lived abroad 40 years—28 of which have been spent in the four Dominions.

Digitized by Google

The regular officer who retires at a comparatively early age does not feel that " his day is done," and is, moreover, usually without sufficient means to enable him to settle down to a life of idle luxury. He is, therefore, brought face to face with the difficult problem of having to start life afresh ; upon the right solution of this problem depends the happiness and prosperity of himself and family. He enters civilian life a stranger to it and its conditions, but in possession of a small capital and a modest pension.

The problem then for him is, How to make the best of these, and at the same time to obtain congenial and remunerative employment. He will be told that there are only two things carrying value in business—one is experience, the other capital ; of the former he possibly has little or none ; of the latter, none to throw away. The well-established business finds little difficulty in obtaining all the capital it needs, and seeks only men of experience ; whereas the business which has difficulty in obtaining capital has often to offer employment to inexperienced men to obtain it. The officer will not readily obtain employment in the first class of business, and should only sink his capital in the second after the most careful investigation.

It is doubtless for these reasons that so many officers give up all idea of a business career and accept appointments such as secretaries of clubs and associations, and bursars of schools. These appointments are interesting up to a point, but are poorly paid, and offer little prospect of advancement. The officer, then, who has the spirit of adventure strong within him, and is looking for a broader and more interesting life, will naturally turn to one or other of the Overseas Dominions. Like Scotch whisky, there is no Dominion which is bad, but some are better than others.

British Columbia is second to none in natural wealth, beauty, climate, sport, and, last but not least, in its geographical position, which confers upon it the prospect of a wonderful future. British Columbia, as everyone knows, is the most western province of the Dominion of Canada, bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and extending from the 49th to the 60th parallel of latitude. It is some 700 miles long by 450 miles broad, and has an area of about 360,000 square miles, rather larger than the combined areas of the United Kingdom, France, Holland, Belgium and Denmark.

Digitized by Google

If Canada is destined to become the centre of the Empire, British Columbia will surely take pride of place within the Dominion.

Peopled by the British race in ever-increasing numbers, it will be a tower of strength to Canada and a bulwark to the Empire itself. It has only a population of roughly 600,000 inhabitants, or less than 2 per square mile. Seventy-five per cent. of its population is British, which compares unfavourably with Australia and New Zealand (90 per cent.), but favourably with the rest of Canada (50 per cent.). The remaining 25 per cent. of the population is composed of Indians, Chinese, Swedes, Germans, Italians, Japanese, French, Austrians, Russians, Hindus and other nationalities. Half of the population lives in the cities—Vancouver (235,000) and Victoria (65,000). Four other towns have between 5,000 and 16,000 each. Twenty-two have between 1,000 and 5,000, and thirty have under 1,000 each. British Columbians are, perhaps, more in sympathy with the people of this country than any other Dominion, with the possible exception of the New Zealanders. For many years after confederation they preferred to be called British Columbians rather than Canadians.

Generally speaking, British Columbia is a highly mineralized, mountainous country, with attractive valleys and plateaux of arable and pasture land, great forests, and extensive waterways. Though it is a fact that many parts of the Province are mountainous, it is also true that in the great northern areas contiguous to what is known as the Peace River country, it is possible for one to look in every direction without being able to see a mountain. It is not generally known that there is sufficient suitable land available to grow the same quantity of wheat as is grown in the rest of Canada to-day.

British Columbia is probably the richest country in the world. Within its mountains may be found almost every mineral known to science. In its valleys are grown cereals, fruits and vegetables, which seldom fail to win first prize wherever they are shown. Its forest wealth consists mainly of the largest stand of Douglas Fir, Silver Spruce, Cedar and White Pine and Balsam on the North American Continent. The trees grow to an enormous size, which can be verified by viewing the 150 foot flagstaff in Kew Gardens. There is a greater variety of game and fish than in any other part of North America. The coastal waters, lakes and rivers teem

Digitized by Google

with salmon, halibut, herring, sturgeon, sea bass, black cod, perch, trout, and many other varieties. Sportsmen can find big game, such as grizzly and black bear, caribou, panther, deer, wapiti and moose. Small game include many varieties of duck, geese, swans, grouse, prairie chicken, ptarmigan, pheasants, partridges, quail and snipe.

The climate is excellent; taken on the whole, it may be described as mild to moderate, varying according to belts, latitude and altitude. The Japanese current and the moisture-laden winds from the Pacific Ocean exercise a moderating influence on the coast, and for at least a hundred miles inland. Along the seaboard, therefore, there are no extremes of temperature either in winter or summer, and the rainfall is plentiful. Summers are fine and warm with plenty of bright sunshine, and severe frost rarely occurs in winter. To the eastward of the coast range the climate is quite different; the summers are warmer and the winters colder, and the rainfall rather light; bright, dry weather is the rule. The winter cold is seldom severe, and the hottest days of the summer are made pleasant owing to the fact that the air is dry and the nights are cool. In some districts the rainfall is so light that irrigation is necessary, but in others it is sufficient for all needs.

The scenery of the Province cannot be excelled for majesty and beauty anywhere in the world. Of Victoria, Kipling wrote: "To realize Victoria you must take all the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay and the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley at Hong-Kong, the Doom Sorrento and Camps Bay, add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands and arrange the whole round the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background."

British Columbia is thus a very attractive place in which to live, and the officer who only wishes to make a home for himself and to get the best value for his money can go farther and fare worse. The officer, though, who must of necessity supplement his pension will want to know what his chances are of obtaining employment, or of earning a living in some other manner. His prospects of employment would not appear to be any better than in this country. The same conditions will apply as regards experience and capital. There are no secretaryships going, for the reason that clubs are few and far between. He will be a stranger and unacquainted with local conditions. On the other hand, the

Digitized by Google

country is developing rapidly, and there must in consequence be an ever-increasing demand for men, and especially for those of the better educated classes, and opportunities will occur to invest his capital in sound undertakings offering a good return.

Many officers who have settled in British Columbia have gone in for fruit growing. It is probable for him the most congenial and suitable of occupations. It does not need the same amount of experience as other types of farming, nor does it entail the same amount of hard manual labour. It can be carried on in a small way in the vicinity of towns, where social amenities may be enjoyed, and does not require a great deal of capital or labour.

The natural market for British Columbia fruit lies chiefly at its door; the three grain-growing Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba having a large consuming power. Not only is the grower assisted in every way possible by the District Horticulturist in the growing of the fruit, but the Government is also fully alive to the fact that the grower must receive a fair price for what he produces. To assist in this matter a market branch has been established with Market Commissioners located on the prairies. The greatest era of tree fruit planting took place in the period 1903—1912, and during the war very few new trees were set out, so that the majority of the orchards can be practically considered to have reached full bearing. With small fruit the reverse is the case, the favourable prices received in recent years having resulted in a very large increase in acreage since 1919.

The man with a capital available of from £1,000 to £2,000, and a yearly income of from £300 to £500, will be able to live in comfort; he will have no rent to pay, having bought his property. His live stock and vegetables should keep him and his family in food, his butcher's meat and groceries being bought out of the proceeds of his surplus live stock and vegetables. His income will be available to meet his other expenses, and the profit on his orchard will be all to the good.

The choice of an occupation should rest with the individual, and the climate of British Columbia suits a wide range of agricultural activity, such as stock raising, dairying, poultry raising, beekeeping, fur farming, etc., in addition to fruit growing. Prospective settlers would be well advised to

Digitized by Google

consult the Agent-General for British Columbia, 1, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, on this point.

For the younger generation it may be mentioned that the educational system is entirely free, and opportunity for a complete education available to everyone.

Granted, that the question, " Where shall I go ?" is of supreme importance ; where, still under the Flag, can I find a wider field of opportunity for myself and family ? I have answered these questions in the first paragraph of this article, for my choice is British Columbia.

Digitized by Google

THE ORGANIZATION OF MECHANICAL TRANSPORT

By Lieut. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, M.B.E., R.A.S.C.

THE evolution of the W.D. type rigid frame six-wheeler marks an epoch in the history of mobility. There can be no question that it satisfies the three main requirements of military transport—viz., first-class road performance, cross-country ability and commercial value. The outstanding success of this vehicle leads to the inevitable conclusion that its universal adoption in the mechanization of the Army is only a matter of time.

If this conclusion be granted, attention is immediately directed to the present anomalous and uncertain organization of M.T., and to the urgent need for a sound system upon which this new and essential development may be firmly established.

In order to achieve maximum efficiency in the employment of M.T. on a large scale, more especially in regard to the organization and administration of its supply and repair services, the following principles must be observed :—

1. Co-ordination, by means of which responsibility for the provision, operation and maintenance of all M.T., both fighting and load-carrying, is placed under one and the same controlling authority.

2. Homogeneity, which ensures that the number of different M.T. formations and repair units, types and makes of vehicles and other *matériel* is minimized. It is only thus that questions of supply, reinforcement and replacement can be simplified and the complementary principle of universal interchangeability applied.

3. A high standard of organization, with identity of operation in peace and war.

Let us consider the organization which exists in the Army to-day, in the light of these principles.

As regards co-ordination, the present system cannot by any stretch of the imagination be said to possess this essential requisite. For instance, two branches of the Army, the R.A.S.C. and the R.A.O.C., are both responsible with little or no co-ordination for provision and maintenance services ; the former deals with wheeled load-carrying vehicles, and the

Digitized by Google

latter with track types and all vehicles peculiar to fighting arms. This means to say that as regards *matériel* there are two sources of research, design, provision and maintenance, causing general duplication, overlapping, confusion of aim, failure to pool talent or to exploit and mobilize industrial resources, competition in the open market, and general dissipation of funds and effort. In the same way, these two separate maintenance organizations will compete on mobilization for artificer personnel having identical qualifications, with loss of economy in man-power. From the point of view of operation we are confronted with similar difficulties. Under the present régime, the R.A.S.C., R.A., R.T.C., and R.C. of Signals all provide, and in the case of the first three train, their own drivers. In war, therefore, the provision of driver personnel is bound to cause acute competition, and in consequence distributed reserves and tremendous wastage in man-power. If the present system continues, and, as mechanization develops, battalion and other units' personnel drive their own M.T., these difficulties will be correspondingly multiplied, and the gravity of their effect increased.

The second principle is homogeneity, and here we find a similar impasse under the present régime. There now exists an anomalous state of affairs on account of which it happens that a non-transport unit may have different M.T. vehicles in use, which are provided and maintained by two different repair organizations, although, with the exception of driving on wheels or tracks, the vehicles may be identical in construction. Further, two separate stocks of spares would be held for such vehicles. While considering this question of homogeneity, it is as well to remember that in any war the selection of the right type of vehicle for either transport or fighting purposes may be a deciding factor in the achievement of success. If, however, we do not know in advance the locality of the campaign, the nature of the fighting, the terrain, or the climatic conditions, this selection must be, of necessity, a tentative matter. We have only to consider the numerous forms of transport which had to be improvised and collected for the campaign in Palestine to realize the truth of this. Thus at any stage of a war a type of vehicle provided and maintained by one source may be found to be the best or only possible machine for a task other than the one for which it was originally earmarked and subsequently employed. Such a contingency would, under the present organization,

Digitized by Google

mean transference in the midst of an operation of the suitable type, with all the attendant responsibilities of provision, repair, maintenance, replacements, etc., from one controlling authority and branch, which had developed it and knew all about it, to another which had no experience of it, nor possibly the resources in *matériel* and personnel on the spot to undertake its immediate operation and care.

As regards a high standard of organization, it is evident that any organization based on the first two principles must be, in itself, as far as possible—

(*a*) Simple, consistent with a high degree of efficiency in operation and adaptability to all conditions.
(*b*) Flexible, being built up throughout of interchangeable components, which allow of rapid expansion or reduction of the whole.
(*c*) Quick in operation and therefore under a unified control, but one capable of de-centralization.
(*d*) Reliable, this depending largely on efficient personnel, *matériel*, and soundness of administration.

The majority of these desiderata cannot be said to apply to the present system either in peace or in war. What is the remedy?

To take first of all the provision and maintenance of M.T. services, the obvious remedy seems to be to make one corps responsible for all mechanical transport throughout the Army. This corps would not only undertake the provision, inspection and maintenance of all mechanically driven vehicles, load-carrying and otherwise, but, in addition, train technical officers and artificers in peace and absorb similar personnel from civilian sources in war, through the medium of the Supplementary Reserve, etc.

It is suggested that the R.A.S.C., having been the most intimately connected with M.T. since its inception, should be entrusted with these responsibilities.

In this way the close relationship between certain corps of specialists and their counterpart professions in civil life, existing for instance to such good purpose in the case of the R.A.M.C. and the Medical Association, the R.E. and the Institute of Civil Engineers, and so on, might be extended to the mechanical transport sphere, and a definitely recognized affiliation effected between the R.A.S.C. and the Institute of

Digitized by Google

Mechanical Engineers, or the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

It is generally agreed in the motor industry that much is owed, in connection with road transport, to the experimental work of the War Department, which is frankly acknowledged to have given the pneumatic-tyred 30-cwt. lorry, and up to the present the only really successful six-wheeler of its kind in this country—to the commercial user.

An *entente cordiale* does, in fact, already exist between the R.A.S.C. and the automobile manufacturing world, which in the event of the former becoming the sole representative body of this " profession " in the Army, cannot fail to become still closer and more beneficial in its results.

We will now turn to the more detailed consideration of this suggested organization.

In every peace station of any size there would be one or more R.A.S.C. Mobile Repair Units, with establishments based on the number of vehicles in the area, these units being the nuclei of the numerous workshop formations required in the field.

In the case of units such as Tank Corps Battalions, etc., where these were situated at any distance from a garrison workshop, a small workshop company or self-contained section in charge of an officer could be posted to deal with their repair work.

The artificer personnel allotted to units for running repairs, etc., would also be provided by this branch of the R.A.S.C., and attached in a similar manner as are Armourer Sergeants or R.A.V.C. personnel.

The next proposal deals with operation—*i.e.*, the supply of driver personnel and of officers to supervise the daily care and maintenance of all mechanical vehicles. If the R.A.S.C. is to undertake all responsibilities for mechanically driven vehicles, the only sound solution is for all Transport personnel to belong to that corps and to be attached to units as and when they become mechanized. If units still continue to run their own Transport sections and provide their own Transport officers and drivers, the rapid replacement of casualties in war, and even in peace, will be extremely difficult. In peace this method will entail a number of officers and men on Command at Schools of Instruction, and reshuffling of personnel from time to time within the unit, at once both disruptive of training and harmful to general

Digitized by Google

efficiency. If the whole provision of trained officers and drivers is undertaken by a specialist corps, units will be relieved of much harassing responsibility and will be better able to concentrate upon their own particular functions.

There are many advantages in this proposal—*i.e.*, the enlistment of *all* M.T. personnel into the R.A.S.C., from which, after being tested, graded, and given a short military training, they can be attached to nearly all other branches of the Service as required. There is first of all the immense advantage of facilitating the preparation and carrying out of mobilization plans; thus M.T. personnel of the General and Supplementary Reserves would, in the event of war, join one corps instead of a number of corps, from which corps the other arms would be completed to war establishment.

Secondly, the possibility of enlisting into a corps having tradesmen's rates of pay, in which a trade may be learnt, is bound to attract more recruits, and so will allow the recruiting authorities to exercise a degree of discrimination in selecting suitable men.

Most battalions are at present under strength; the provision of drivers from a technical corps which can always get recruits will assist the peace strength of the Army as a whole.

If this proposed scheme came into force, there would naturally be a great number of points to be thrashed out, but space will not allow of their detailed discussion. It may, however, be pointed out that attached N.C.Os. and men would be absolutely under the unit commander for all purposes of discipline, and would be sent to M.T. training centres from time to time for up-grading courses, during which periods drivers from a pool held at the central Depot of the R.A.S.C. could be temporarily posted for duty as required.

It appears essential that in the case of the Royal Tank Corps drivers should be provided and trained by that arm. Similarly, the drivers of the actual gun tractors of the Royal Artillery, if it is considered that they should also be trained as gunners, could be enlisted under artillery arrangements, although there is no reason why the remainder of the vehicles should not be driven by attached personnel, as the same general principles apply equally to drivers of these as to those of other units.

Digitized by Google

A brief reference is necessary to trace the proposed working of the system as far as the officer personnel alone is concerned.

An R.A.S.C. officer, after leaving Sandhurst and passing through the R.A.S.C. Training College, would be first posted for two years to an M.T. Company of the R.A.S.C., where he would get plenty of experience to supplement the initial instruction in M.T. work received at the College.

On completion of this period he might be posted for two or three years as transport officer to an infantry battalion, where he would be responsible to the Commanding Officer for the efficiency of the unit's vehicles, and would carry out all the duties normally undertaken by a battalion transport officer.

The attached fitters would work under his orders, and he would be in charge of all M.T. tools and equipment, stores, etc., accounting for them in the prescribed manner. He would also be responsible for arranging the monthly vehicle inspections, in conjunction with his Commanding Officer, on the one hand, and the Garrison Repair Unit on the other, and for sending vehicles into workshops as required for repairs with which the unit fitters are unable to cope. On the completion of his tour of duty with any one unit, he might be posted in the same capacity to another arm—for example, to a Brigade of Artillery, or a Signal Company, or possibly to one of the R.A.S.C. M.T. companies.

On promotion to Captain, he might assume command of one of the latter, and would, during the remaining stages of his career, tend to remain with his own corps, as there would be few vacancies for transport officers with other arms, which carried more than a subaltern's or captain's rank.

In conclusion, it may be stated that this question of the organization and administration of mechanical transport is already several years overdue, and urgently demands a solution. There is little doubt that considerable re-orientation of existing ideas on this subject will be necessary if the foundations of mechanization, upon which so much will depend, are to be laid on a sound basis.

No radical change in an institution so impregnated with professional conservatism as is the British Army can be expected to mature in a day, but we must not mortgage the future by a too leisurely worship at the altar of tradition.

It is considered that the R.A.S.C., freed from all other distractions, should be therefore invested as soon as possible

Digitized by Google

with sole responsibility for the provision, maintenance and with certain exceptions the operation of all mechanical vehicles, irrespective of the arm to which allotted.

Constituted in this way, the functions of the R.A.S.C., in the service of the Army, would closely resemble those of the R.A.F., which provides and operates aircraft both for its own uses and for those of its sister services.

Thus at last, definitely conscious of a great rôle, and thoroughly comprehending its terms of reference, the R.A.S.C. could concentrate fully upon the many problems of mechanization, in order to prepare and perfect weapons of mobility truly tempered for the Army's future tasks.

Digitized by Google

THE ADMIRAL'S CHEF

By E. H. Vanes.

LAST week I got a letter from my old schoolfellow Masters, asking me to go down and shoot at his place in Cornwall. As business was fairly slack, and I had been promising myself a holiday, I accepted the invitation with alacrity. There are few things I am keener on than rough shooting, and I have a specially warm corner in my heart for Cornwall. Masters does one very comfortably, too, and the sport is good; so altogether I found the prospect a very attractive one as I stepped into a first-class carriage on the "Riviera Express" two days later.

The first day we had six guns out for a partridge drive. While waiting for the birds at the first stand I asked my loader Higgins what the birds were like this year, and what sort of bags they had got to date. Higgins and I are old friends, and it is a point of honour with him to accompany me whenever I am staying with Masters. He is a pensioner Chief Petty Officer of the Royal Navy and occupies the position of general factotum in the household, and is altogether a most entertaining companion.

"Pretty fair, sir," he replied in answer to my query, "but we nearly 'ad a gamekeeper in the bag last week as well. Young Trevarthen got peppered by one of the gentry, but fortunately 'e wasn't badly 'urt. Reminds me of an incident wot 'appened in the old *Improbable* way back in '02 when I was up the Straits in 'er. I was cox's'n along o' Admiral Sir William Rattey in the flagship," said Higgins reflectively.

"Go on, Higgins; let's hear the yarn," I said with a smile.

Higgins is a matchless raconteur and I settled back comfortably to listen. Thus encouraged, he removed his pipe and went on:—

"Sir William was one of the old style—proper swift and no mistake—ugly as the back of a cab, with bright red 'air and carroty whiskers. 'E 'ad a chin like the ship's ram an' a liver like a Strasburg goose. Didn't do to cross *'is* bows, I can tell yer. Ole Ginger we used to call 'im. Work all day and 'arf the night, Ginger did. 'E was a nailer for

Digitized by Google

'is food, was the Hadmiral. Well, 'e 'ad a chef chap name of Purkiss, wot could see orf any blinkin' chef I ever noo, and I come across a few in me time. Serve a slap up dinner off of corn beef and marrowfat peas, wot yer couldn't get at the Ritz, if yer arsk him. Don't know what screw Ginger give him, but 'e used to say 'e didn't want to go out an' dine nowhere. 'E'd rather stay aboard an' 'ave wot Purkiss give 'im. Me an' Purkiss was chums, done two year together in Depot in the aughty aughts, an' got our long service and good conduct medals same day, I remember."

He paused expectantly. I murmured a weighty approval of this exemplary record.

" Yus, fifteen year of undetected crime, Purkiss 'ad for 'is medal," he continued. " We picks up the *Improb.* together at Pompey when Ginger 'oists 'is flag an' takes 'er out to the Straits. Smart ship she were, plenty o' spit an' polish." Thus reminded, he expectorated freely into the hedge. " We 'ad a fine crowd of orficers, too. All specially picked, like the personal staff," he added unctuously. " 'E wouldn't 'ave no duds aboard 'is flagship. 'E wasn't arf barmy on shootin', an' 'e used to go round all the best places for sport when he was cruisin'. Wouldn't 'ave no orficers neither wot couldn't shoot. They wos a good lot we 'ad that commission, too. The best on 'em was the First Lootenant, the Honnerable Algernon Gatesby, eye like an 'awk, specially when 'e went the rounds on the mess deck. Regular tiger 'e was on ditty boxes ; 'e'd 'ave a dozen rescrubs every day. 'E 'ad a proper down on the Hadmiral's staff, called 'em the lousiest crowd 'e'd ever seen an' a disgrace to the service. 'E didn't arf chivvy Purkiss whenever 'e got the chance. 'Im an' the chef 'ad been 'ole ships together in the *Impossible* way back, an' cooky 'ated the sight of 'im. Called 'im that blarsted barrinet, 'e did. Appears as 'ow cooky missed the boat one day, an' the Honnerable Algernon, 'oo was orficer of the watch, sent 'im ashore at Portland in a whaler an' nearly drowned 'im. Then 'e run 'im in 'nother day for bein' drunk and disorderly ; Purkiss never forgive 'im for that. You see, 'e was one of them water-waggon brigade an' wore a temperance medal." Higgins paused for breath and mopped his brow. " Well, we goes up to Imbros in the flagbus one September an' 'ole Ginger takes a party of the 'ighups, including cooky an' me, an' some o' the wardroom orficers an' middies ashore for a day's shootin'."

Digitized by Google

" I've always heard that the Aegean is a great sportsman's paradise," I observed.

" Yes, I never see a better I reckon," continued Higgins. " Well, arter lunch when we started off again, an 'are got up very suddenlike not far from the Honnerable Algy. The barrinet hups with 'is gun and pots at the little beggar. Then Cookey chucks a stunt. 'E was standin' in the direck' line of fire an' 'e done the 'ell of an 'owl an' groans awful as if 'e'd been stung by a nestful of 'ornets. Made yer 'eart bleed to 'ear 'im. 'E starts staggering an' reelin' about 'oldin' 'is backside an' kickin' up the dooce of a 'ullaberloo. Presently up come the Honnerable Algy all innocent like. Then Cooky points an accusin' finger at 'im an' lets fly. Lumme, 'e didn't arf serve 'im out with a pint of acid. Halgy gets the wind up proper. Yer see, sir, 'e noo 'e was nearly out o' the promotion zone, an' that 'e was a gonner if ole Ginger 'eard about it. There was Cookey moanin' an' groanin', then abusin' of 'im an' threatenin' to tell the Hadmiral. The barrinet goes down on 'is 'ands an' knees to look arter 'im an' soothe 'im. Tender as a woman 'e was. Give 'im a nip out of 'is flask too, an' a fiver to hold 'is tongue. Then 'e shove off quick. I saw Cookey do a bit of a grin when 'e'd gone, as if the pain 'ad got a bit better. 'E liked a drop o' wot killed Aunty if 'e could get it on the sly an' there weren't no one to twit 'im about 'is Temperance Medal. 'E managed to 'obble back to the boat some'ow in the evenin' without Ginger noticin' of 'im. But every now an' then 'ed wince fearful an' screw up 'is face with hagony, an' I see the First Lootenant give 'im an appealin' look several times comin' off in the boat. We 'ad to 'elp 'im up the gangway when the hadmiral 'ad got inboard, 'e was that bad."

" Poor fellow," I murmured, " and such a painful place, too."

" Next day number one said 'e noticed a *great* improvement in our place. 'E come in an' sez it was lookin' a treat. Quite a credit to the ship, in fact. Then 'e arsk arter Purkiss' backside. ' 'Ow do yer feel to-day, chef ?' 'e sez anxious like. First time I ever 'ear 'im call cookey ' chef.' 'E usually call 'im ' That lop-eared blighter.' Purkiss sed 'e a'dn't 'ad not a wink o' sleep the 'ole blessed night long, wot with the throbbin' an' burnin' an' feelin' 'e wanted to vomit the 'ole time. 'E was afraid 'e would really *'ave* to see the Doctor about it. O' course, 'e didn't want to go sick—never 'ad a

Digitized by Google

day's illness since 'e bin in the Service. The 'ole man 'ad a big official dinner next night not to mention a lunch party or two, an', o' course, 'e didn't want to let 'im down—so for 'is sake 'e'd try an' stick it out an' see 'im through. The Honnerable Algy look fearfully hagitated an' 'e slip another quid into Purkiss' 'and when no one weren't lookin' and sed 'e 'oped 'e'd 'ave a better night and feel more 'isself in the mornin'." Higgins stopped and looked round. "Any sign o' they birds yet, sir?" he asked. There was nothing in sight and I pulled out my watch. "I should think they'd be another five minutes at least," I replied.

Higgins moistened his lips and started afresh. "Well, next mornin' Purkiss seemed proper doubled up with pain. 'E limped round the ship something awful, an' you should 'ave 'eard 'im moanin' an' groanin' in the galley. Sure enough, the First Lootenant look in agen to see 'im an' arsk arter 'is 'ealth. 'Well, I 'ad to go to the bay larst night,' sez Purkiss, lookin' like a man wot's just been dipped 'is medal. 'E saw the First Lootenant go white as a sheet. 'But I didn't arsk to see the Docter,' e' added slowly. 'I see the sick bayman instead.' A look of relief came over Algy's face. ''E sez, o' course, I *ought* to see the P.M.O. an' 'ave proper treatment. 'E couldn't give me no remiddies 'isself without the Doctor's permission, but 'e wrote down one or two things 'e think I ought to 'ave—tole me I could get 'em ashore if I wouldn't see the medico. O' course, sir, me bein' a married man with five children all at school an' a sick mother to support, I can't afford to pay for 'em all meself,' sez Purkiss with a snivel. 'Suppose I'll *'ave* to give in an' go sick if it don't mend in a day or two.' The First Lootenant done a quick look round, nobody weren't near, an' 'e slips a couple o' jimmies into Purkiss' 'and an' tell 'im in an hagitated voice to get whatever 'e want ashore an' let 'im know if it weren't enough. I see Cookey in a new suit a few days later. 'E tole me 'is wardrobe was gettin' a bit dickey.

"We 'ad our regatta next day. The old *Improb.* 'ad a flash seamen's cutter an' Cookey, 'oo allus liked to 'ave a bit of a flutter, puts all 'is spare dibs on 'er. She got beat by the *Incapable*, an' Cookey went down the drain."

At this point in the story Higgins paused to borrow my matches and relight his pipe. As I said before, Higgins is a matchless raconteur. Pocketing my matchbox, he continued :—"That night, Cookey was took worse. 'E seemed

Digitized by Google

to think them remiddies 'ad bin a bit below par. So 'e tell the First Lootenant next day 'e think 'e'd better try some fresh stuff wot the sickbayman 'ad just recommended 'im. Number One forks 'im out another quid, 'ush money. Purkiss was a bit of a comedian I might say, sir, an' 'e was proper vain about 'is hactin'. One day we was talking to 'im in the galley about 'is wound an' tellin' 'im we thinks them pellets must be festerin' 'im an' ought to be took out by the Doctor. Purkiss look very hurt when we sez that; 'e seemed proper stung, in fac'. Then 'e sez, confidential like, 'You don't suppose there was *really* any pellets, do yer?; why, I'm 'avin' 'im on a yarn orl the time, yer fat'ed!' 'Ho!' sez the pantryman, 'I 'eard ole Gate talkin' to the sick bayman as I came by the bay jes' now. 'E said 'e believed you was malingerin' all the time an' e'd made up 'is mind to see the Doctor about you." "I never see anybody shift so quick in me life," persued Higgins. "'E nipped aft to the Hadmiral's cabin like a redshank—then when 'e gets outside 'e doubles 'isself up like a cripple an' 'obbles in. 'Ullo, wots hup with you, Perkiss,' sez ole Ginger, 'I seen you limpin' round the place lately, thought you was a bit overdone by that day's shootin' last week, p'raps.'

"'No, sir,' sez Purkiss, 'oldin' 'is backside an' shippin' a face like a hangel, 'tain't fatig*u*, it's a *wound*.'"

"'Wound,' bellows Ginger, 'an' where the 'ell was you wounded, I'd like to know? I never 'eard tell *you'd* been on hactive service!' Then Purkiss tells 'im'. By this time we'd got aft and was peerin' through the trap 'atch. I never see anyone so hangry in me life. 'E fair gibbered with rage ole Ginger did. 'E rung 'is bell for the horderly an' told 'im to send the First Lootenant aft *hat* once.

"The Honnerable Algernon didn't know what was up, but when 'e see the Hadmiral's face 'e went as pale as a ghost. Ole Ginger give 'im the 'ell of a drubbin'. I never 'eard a gentleman speak like it before. 'E never repeated 'isself once, not in the 'ole five minutes. Told 'im 'e could blinkin' well find plenty of First Lootenants for the flagship, but there was only one Purkiss in the Navy. An' 'e'd somethin' well trouble 'im not to molest 'is personal staff. 'E was blanked if 'e'd 'ave 'im on 'is shootin' parties any more, an' 'e'd b—— well better 'ave some shootin' lessons. 'E was to report to 'im when 'e'd done so. The Honnerable Algy shook like a jelly fish, 'e didn't dare cross ole Ginger's bows about 'is

Digitized by Google

cook; 'e noo it'd put paid to 'is promotion if 'e did. As 'e slunk out of the cabin we give 'im a one-gun salute in the pantry with a 'eavy tray an' some bottles—jest to cheer 'im up like."

"'E didn't trouble us no more that commission," Higgins added parenthetically.

"I think the First Lieutenant was rather hardly done by," I ventured. "Did he ever find out the truth?"

"No, sir, 'e give Cookey a wide berth arter that; proper sheepish 'e looked too every time 'e see 'im," answered Higgins.

"And what happened to Purkiss?" I inquired with interest.

"Oh, 'e took 'is time a year or two later an' went outside. Last I 'eard of 'im 'e'd got converted by some whiskered 'orror at a Gospel meeting up North an' 'ad turned local preacher—proper Pussyfoot now they say—covered with temperance medals an' fidelity stars."

"I hope the First Lieutenant got his promotion all right?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, 'e didn't, 'e missed the bus altogether. Yer see, sir, it don't do to part brass rags with an Admiral's Chef. Algy faded into hobscurity a sadder an' wiser man, I reckon."

"Well, I'm ——," I said, "look out, Higgins, here come the birds!"

Digitized by Google

EVENTS LEADING TO THE ASSUMPTION OF MILITARY CONTROL IN 'IRAQ BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

By ALGERNON JOHN INSALL, LATE R.A.F.

ON February 23rd, 1920, the Secretary of State for War and Air (Mr. Winston Churchill) in his speech on the Army Estimates in the House of Commons, touching on the cost to the country of the Mesopotamia Mandate, said :—

. . . . We have had an example of the possibilities of the Air Force recently in the Somaliland campaign, which, for a cost of about £30,000,* achieved much more than we were able to do in one expedition before the war for an expenditure of over £2,500,000, and that would be £6,000,000 or £7,000,000 of the present currency.

That campaign was particularly interesting because it was the first time the Air Force was in command, and where the ships and the military, or ground forces and sea forces, co-operated under the general direction of the aerial command. I propose to apply that principle to another field.

I have directed the Chief of the Air Staff to submit an alternative scheme for the control of Mesopotamia, the Air Force being the principal force or agency of control, while the military and naval forces on the ground and river would be an ancillary power.

Up to the present the General Staff have not been able to offer any solution of the problem of Mesopotamia, except by the employment of a military garrison, the cost of which would crush the country. I propose to invite, as it were, competitive tenders from the Air Staff. It may be that, by changing fundamentally the point of view and by applying an entirely new line of thought, a great saving in annual expenditure may be effected, and should a practical scheme involving a real reduction, be framed on high professional authority, and should it receive the approval of the Cabinet, the Air Force's Estimates will be increased by the amount necessary to provide for the security of Mesopotamia, and the War Office Estimates will be decreased by what I hope will be a much larger sum.

It would also follow that the Command-in-Chief in Mesopotamia would be vested in an officer of the Air Force, just as in other parts of the Empire the air forces are placed under the command of the local military Commander-in-Chief, so that if the Air Force becomes respon-

* The all-in cost of the Somaliland operations of 1919-20, which resulted in the overthrow of the Mad Mullah, actually reached some £250,000.—*A. J. I.*

Digitized by Google

sible in this theatre, the naval forces on the river and the military forces on the ground would be under the command of the Air Commander-in-Chief. . . .

With this masterly exposition the new trend of thought was initiated. At the time it appeared to many a capricious notion, too venturesome to call for serious consideration. But to those who had followed the successful work of aircraft in the Darfur operations, in 1916, in the operations conducted after the war in Somaliland (when a dozen aeroplanes had taken the place of an Expeditionary Force), and in the campaigns in Lower and Upper Mesopotamia, 1914-1918, the suggestion presented nothing of a fantastical character. Rather was the scheme a perfectly natural development.

In this view its sponsors enjoyed the warm support of the civil authorities on the spot. Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Wilson, Deputy Civil Commissioner, Baghdad, had had ample opportunity of appreciating the peculiar aptitude of the aeroplane for the maintenance of law and order in a land where roads and other ground communications were for all practical purposes non-existent. Also, as he pointed out on one occasion, the political effect of the contact between members of the Royal Air Force and local chiefs was of the highest order, owing to the great prestige enjoyed by the officers of the air service.

This prestige can readily be understood. Compare the state of mind, which, in the teething stage of flying in England, brought the adult population of up-to-date towns and villages running madly to the scenes of every local forced landing, bent on prostration before the oily god, who, at a convenient moment would spring lightly from his aerial chariot and tinker industriously with its engine until some bolder member of the concourse stepped forward to offer him the indefinite use of his estate. To the Arab sheikh, austere demi-god that he was, the visit of an air-borne envoy was flattering, even if he did receive a sharp rap over the knuckles in the course of the ensuing interview. He knew, on the other hand, to his cost, that to ignore any hint which the winged messenger might let fall would entail a different kind of visit accompanied by a profuse shower of bombs, against which type of persuasion he and his kin were powerless to guard. "We are not afraid of your troops," he was wont to explain. "Guns cannot reach us, but we cannot fight against your aircraft."

Digitized by Google

It was much the case of the naughty children and the rheumatic governess. Mobility was the desideratum ; without it control was impossible.

Colonel Wilson had already tried the thin end of the wedge by obtaining permission for certain retired officers of the Royal Air Force, who had joined the Civil Administration in Mesopotamia after the Armistice, to fly when occasion presented itself. On at least one such occasion the experiment had proved successful, the Political Officer, possessing as he did local knowledge of the ground to be identified, being able single-handed to conduct a bombing expedition against an unruly tribe with entirely satisfactory results.

* * * * * *

Before any immediate effect could be given to the proposals outlined by Mr. Churchill, grave events were to occur in Mesopotamia and North-West Persia which unavoidably deferred the whole scheme.

It will be recalled that the Armistice with Turkey, signed on October 31st, 1918, provided for the withdrawal of all Turkish troops from North-West Persia and the surrender of garrisons in Mesopotamia. It involved the maintenance in the country of an army of occupation, the intention being in due course to set up " national governments and administrations drawing their authority from the free choice of indigenous populations."*

At that time the Royal Air Force was represented, in the land for which in the dawn of history Rome had fought Parthia and Persia, by one wing of three aeroplane squadrons. Before a year had passed, one of these squadrons was withdrawn, leaving Nos. 6 and 30 Squadrons, equipped at first both with R.E. 8's and later with D.H. 9A's and Bristol Fighters†, respectively, to watch over approximately 150,000 square miles of virtually unmapped country ! The military forces available comprised two divisions, a cavalry brigade, and a mixed infantry brigade, in addition to lines of communication troops, these forces later being augmented by a third division.

* Anglo-French Declaration of November 8th, 1918.

† The R.E.8 towards the end of the war was the standard Artillery aeroplane (2-seater). The D.H. 9A appeared during 1918 in the rôle of 2-seater day bomber. The Bristol Fighter in the spring of 1917 was a 2-seater Fighter Reconnaissance machine.—*A. J. I.*

Digitized by Google

The first signs of trouble manifested themselves towards the middle of 1920. Rumour had spread that the British were about to withdraw from the country, and this coincided with the incitement, by certain pronounced religious fanatics, to a general revolt against the government set up in Mesopotamia. The pundits of Islam were referred to to show that Christian intervention could no longer be tolerated. Appeals were started, and the securing of signatures was made easy by the statement that whoever did not sign was *ipso facto* a *Nasrani* (Christian). Sheikhs on pilgrimage at Kerbala, below Baghdad, appeared to have formed definite plans for revolt, and information came to hand of an inter-tribal covenant for conjoint action.

The institution of law and order in the country was only three years old, in many districts less, and it was perhaps but natural that no very great persuasion was required to disaffect those leaders who, until recently, had been robber barons of considerable wealth and standing; the *agents provocateurs* at the back of the dark business chose their time well.

The mentality of the Arab is well illustrated by the lament of one prominent Sheikh at a meeting with a Political Officer on the eve of the revolt. This Chieftain said: "You have offered us independence, we never asked for it, we had never dreamt of it till you put the idea into our heads; for hundreds of years the country has lived in a state as far removed from independence as it is possible to conceive. Then you come with your promise of independence, and every time we ask for it you imprison us."

The paradox was all too true; certain agitators had indeed been arrested during the preceding month, and these arrests, to the elvish mind of the Arab, merely justified adherence to the rising.

The insurrection proper flared up on July 1st, and, like its "co-anniversarist" the Battle of the Somme, 1916, did its best to see the year out. A preparatory period, occupying the greater part of the month of June, witnessed sporadic attacks on convoys and garrisons, chiefly in the upper reaches of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Punitive expeditions by ground and by air ostensibly restored calm, but it was only the lull preceding zero hour.

On July 1st tribesmen attacked the Government prison at Rumaithah (a straggling town on the Euphrates, 150 miles

Digitized by Google

THE CROSSLEY KEGRESSE BATTERY STAFF CAR

MECHANIZATION has many attractive features, and not the least is its faculty of bringing the soldier into close touch with the business world ; on the one hand we have the soldier who has to operate and, if need be, to fight the machine, on the other the civilian manufacturer and expert designer, and between them they are developing types of vehicles which, apart from their military qualifications, have obvious commercial possibilities as well.

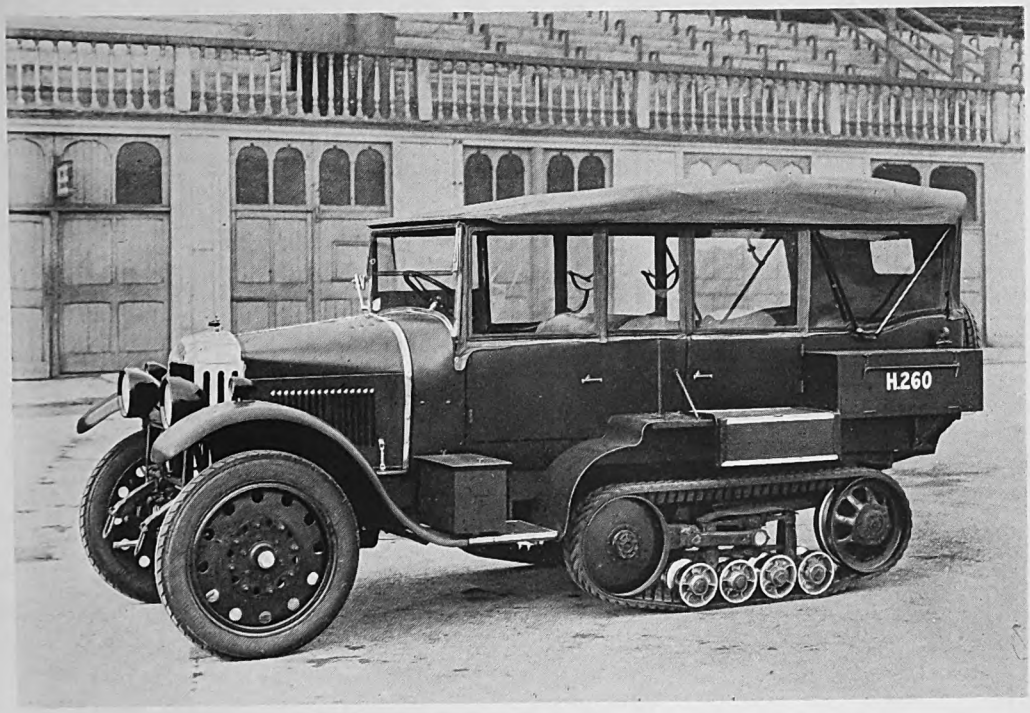
On the opposite page we give two illustrations of the Crossley Kegresse Battery Staff Car, manufactured by Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., Manchester. A large batch of these very up-to-date cross-country vehicles have recently been purchased by the War Office. Their attractive appearance, comparing as they do very favourably with many ordinary touring cars, and—though, of course, primarily intended for cross-country work—their capacity for a good turn of speed on the road, unmistakably demonstrates their potentialities for civilian as well as military work, more especially in such countries as India and South Africa, where there are so many trackless spaces.

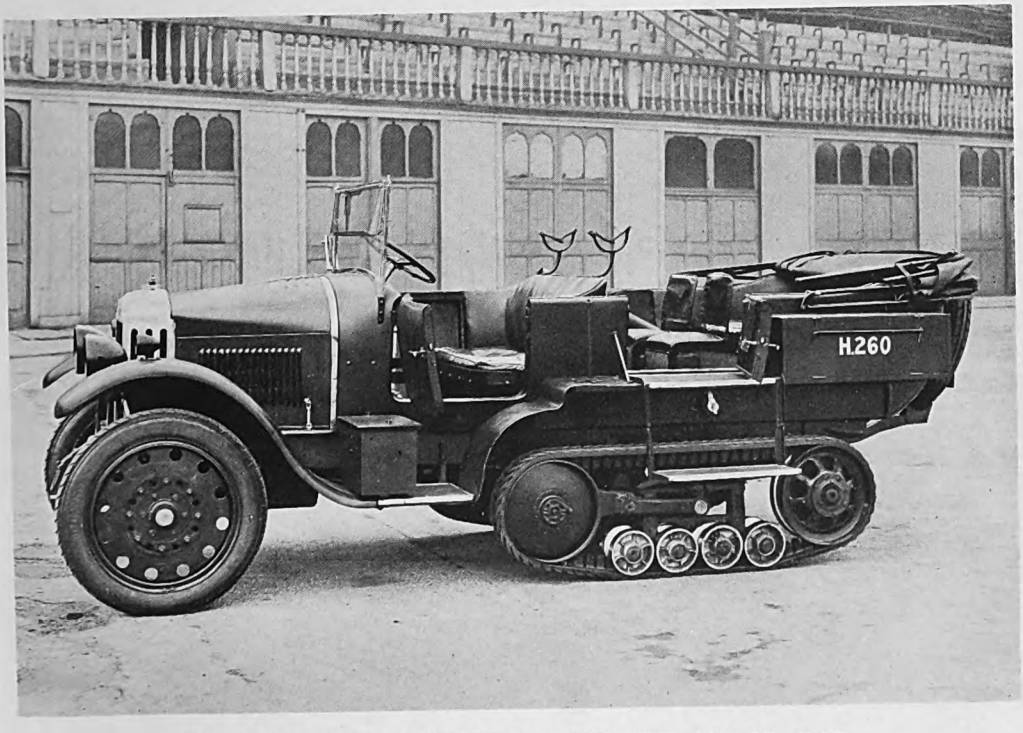
We emphasize this point because, as whole-hearted advocates of army mechanization, we realize no real advance can be made unless practically *every* military mechanized vehicle has characteristics which allow of its use in the civilian world as well.

The Kegresse track, which is fitted to the car instead of the usual wheels in rear, enables the weight of the vehicle to be distributed over a large area, at the same time allowing the bogie portion of the track to adapt itself to the contour of the ground traversed.

There are two gear boxes, the forward one giving four speeds. The other gear box has two speeds, and is incorporated on the Kegresse track rear axle. Eight forward speeds and two reverse speeds are provided, so that all conditions of travel are catered for. A special differential locking device is also fitted for use on soft ground.

Digitized by Google





THE CROSSLEY KEGRESSE BATTERY STAFF CAR.

Digitized by Google

During August the Royal Air Force in Mesopotamia was reinforced by No. 84 (D.H. 9A) Squadron from Egypt, and this addition, followed in September by No. 55 Squadron (from Constantinople per H.M.S. *Ark Royal*), also equipped with D.H. 9A aeroplanes, eased the situation considerably. Although the rebellion was still in spate, there were signs that the submission of the major insurgent tribes was more a matter of time than circumstance, and those who earlier had inclined to a withdrawal from the Mosul Vilayet and other outlying areas on Baghdad, began to congratulate themselves on the impracticability of their counsel of despair. Indeed, there is little doubt that had such an evacuation been attempted it would have brought speedy disaster in its train. In actual numbers the total British forces in the country very nearly equalled the disaffected tribesmen, the number of insurgents in possession of rifles being only slightly in excess of the combatant troops at the disposal of Lieutenant-General Sir Aylmer Haldane. But, as has been pointed out already, vast distances separated the various detachments of the British forces, and these detachments relied for their well-being on the security of their communications—the foremost objective of the crafty rebel sheikh.

The railway line having been torn up or otherwise tampered with at a hundred and one different points, and, it being impossible to spare sufficient troops adequately to guard it, it rested with the aeroplane to keep officers commanding garrisons informed of the situation; to convey to them (when ground wireless stations were not available) such orders as the G.O.C. required to issue; to provide them with ammunition, essential food, medical stores, and newspapers. This, too, in a climate and at a season of the year that combined to make any form of physical exertion a positive cruelty! In Mesopotamia he who flew after 8 o'clock in the morning at this time of the year did so fully knowing what form of torture awaited him, and with only the Recording Angel to make a note of the fact.

An idea of the amount of work done by the Royal Air Force may be obtained from the brief mention that, during the month of August (1920), one hundred and twenty flights were made, some two hundred photographs were taken, nine and a half tons of bombs were dropped, and approximately twenty-four thousand rounds of machine-gun ammuni-

Digitized by Google

Normally the hand brake lever operates shoes in the wheels to both tracks, but an arrangement is incorporated in the gate whereby either track can be braked separately by moving the brake lever to either side. Thus braking effort can be applied to either side, materially assisting steering on rough and uneven surfaces, even though the front wheels are off the ground. The foot brake operates internal-expanding shoes in the front-wheel drums and the transmission brake.

The body gives accommodation for a detachment of six, and, in addition, space is provided for the Battery Staff equipment.

It is understood that this machine gave a very favourable performance at the War Office trials at Bovington earlier in the year, and we may expect to see large numbers in use during the present training season.

Digitized by Google

termination, in name if not in effect, of the rising. Far from being completed, the duties of the Royal Air Force straightway assumed added importance, for many areas continued to give trouble and it was essential that the disarming of the tribes should proceed with the utmost expedition, and no relaxation of authority encourage the rekindling of the fires which after so much trouble had been subdued.

In the R.A.F. War Diary for May, 1921, there is recorded this observation: "The rôle of the Royal Air Force has gradually and steadily increased from that of subordinate auxiliary to predominant factor." Allusion is then made to operations, consisting of bombing expeditions in the Mosul area, to induce certain wayward tribes to submit to Government terms. These operations succeeded in their object at the first attempt. "The Mosul operations," the observation continues, "are however noteworthy from the fact of the development of this tendency to its extreme limit, *i.e.*, to an instance where the Royal Air Force (with the Political Authority) conducted the whole operation."

Similar energetic and prompt action in the ensuing summer throttled at birth another manifestation of trouble attributable to outside designs on our mandatory charter, and the close of 1921 saw the situation in 'Iraq* become normal again. The military force in the country was in fact reduced by two-thirds during the year. The Royal Air Force, on the other hand, had been augmented by two additional squadrons, which brought its strength up to a group of six flying units.

This was the position, when, in the following autumn, there loomed a dark cloud over the northern horizon. Bands of Turkish soldiery, elated no doubt by national successes in Asia Minor, overstepped the line from South and Central Kurdistan and started to foment anti-British feeling among the tribes inhabiting the northern boundaries of 'Iraq. It so happened that at this time a local chief was being pursued from place to place by a small British column, to answer for the murder some time earlier of two British officers, and this "persecution" was all that was needed to inflame the tribes, to cause them to unearth their unconfiscated firearms

* In September, 1921, the Secretary of State for the Colonies adopted "'Iraq" as the official designation of Mesopotamia. The inverted comma represents a kind of gargling noise required properly to pronounce the word, the meaning of which is "cliff."

Digitized by Google

and to induce them once again to rise against the oppressor. Temporary military reinforcements had to be drafted into the country, and, two further squadrons being now available, 'Iraq disposed, for the second time in its post-war existence, of all the essential ingredients for a first-class disturbance.

Fortunately, the speed with which the necessary immediate action was taken demonstrated the futility of another protracted trial of strength; the ably-conducted evacuation from Sulaimaniya (a town near the Kurdistan border) of the complete British colony, numbering close upon one hundred souls and including a number of women and children, left the tribes with nothing remotely provocative wherewith to fan their passions.

Twenty-four aeroplanes, two of them troop carriers "plying for hire," swept down out of the sky and gathered up the waiting refugees to transfer them, safe and sound, to a place where their presence could give rise to no *casus belli*.

The cloud still hung over the horizon and would continue there to hang in varying density for many months. But 'Iraq's dark hour was passing.

On September 15th, 1922, there set sail from Southampton the *Braemar Castle*, the first Royal Air Force troopship, carrying R.A.F. reinforcements for the East. On October 1st of the same year the Royal Air Force, under Air-Vice-Marshal Sir John Maitland Salmond, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., assumed control of the administration of this country larger than the whole of the British Isles put together, and populated by two-and-a-half million children of the desert.

How well 'Iraq has fared under the new *régime* the student of contemporary history may judge for himself. It is not necessary here to labour the advantages accruing from the full employment of the Royal Air Force, not only in 'Iraq, but, as Mahan might express it, wherever communications dominate the work in hand, now or in the future.

Digitized by Google

THE CROSSLEY KEGRESSE BATTERY STAFF CAR

MECHANIZATION has many attractive features, and not the least is its faculty of bringing the soldier into close touch with the business world; on the one hand we have the soldier who has to operate and, if need be, to fight the machine, on the other the civilian manufacturer and expert designer, and between them they are developing types of vehicles which, apart from their military qualifications, have obvious commercial possibilities as well.

On the opposite page we give two illustrations of the Crossley Kegresse Battery Staff Car, manufactured by Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., Manchester. A large batch of these very up-to-date cross-country vehicles have recently been purchased by the War Office. Their attractive appearance, comparing as they do very favourably with many ordinary touring cars, and—though, of course, primarily intended for cross-country work—their capacity for a good turn of speed on the road, unmistakably demonstrates their potentialities for civilian as well as military work, more especially in such countries as India and South Africa, where there are so many trackless spaces.

We emphasize this point because, as whole-hearted advocates of army mechanization, we realize no real advance can be made unless practically *every* military mechanized vehicle has characteristics which allow of its use in the civilian world as well.

The Kegresse track, which is fitted to the car instead of the usual wheels in rear, enables the weight of the vehicle to be distributed over a large area, at the same time allowing the bogie portion of the track to adapt itself to the contour of the ground traversed.

There are two gear boxes, the forward one giving four speeds. The other gear box has two speeds, and is incorporated on the Kegresse track rear axle. Eight forward speeds and two reverse speeds are provided, so that all conditions of travel are catered for. A special differential locking device is also fitted for use on soft ground.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Normally the hand brake lever operates shoes in the wheels to both tracks, but an arrangement is incorporated in the gate whereby either track can be braked separately by moving the brake lever to either side. Thus braking effort can be applied to either side, materially assisting steering on rough and uneven surfaces, even though the front wheels are off the ground. The foot brake operates internal-expanding shoes in the front-wheel drums and the transmission brake.

The body gives accommodation for a detachment of six, and, in addition, space is provided for the Battery Staff equipment.

It is understood that this machine gave a very favourable performance at the War Office trials at Bovington earlier in the year, and we may expect to see large numbers in use during the present training season.

Digitized by Google

ECONOMY IN THE ARMY

IN our last issue we pointed out, in the Editorial, that further economy in the Army Estimates could unquestionably have been attained by means of the abolition of the Barrack Department. It may be pointed out that the Barrack Department is a wing of the R.A.S.C. Each Command has a District Barrack Officer attached to Command Headquarters, who is in control of the Department as far as his particular Command is concerned. This appointment is practically always held by a retired officer. The various officers in charge of Barracks are also under the supervision of the senior R.A.S.C. officer of the station or district concerned.

We give below the various functions of this Department, and will show how their various duties can be quite adequately carried out by other existing means.

1. *Allotment of Barracks.*—The allotment of Barracks is carried out by the Officer in charge of Barracks at the various military stations. It is a perfectly simple job which could be quite easily performed by the Garrison Adjutant or Camp Quartermaster at large stations, or by the O.C. Troops, or an officer deputed by him, at small stations.

2. *Equipment and Furnishing of Barracks.*—Articles under this heading are actually supplied by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, but only reach the units through the medium of the Barrack Department. Units deal direct with the R.A.O.C. in the case of clothing, harness, saddlery, ordinary equipment and numerous other stores. Why not in the case of Barrack equipment and furniture also ?

3. *Fuel.*—On active service this is supplied by the Supply Officer. There seems to be no valid reason why it should not be supplied by him in peace time as well, instead of through the Barrack Department.

4. *Light.*—This is entirely a Royal Engineer service except for accounting purposes as regards the amount of light consumed ; this, for some abstruse reason, is undertaken by the Barrack Department. Let the R.E. do the lot.

5. *Water.*—On all fours with light, and the same remarks apply exactly.

6. *Chimney Sweeping.*—Contracts for this purpose are made by the O.C. R.A.S.C. at the stations concerned. Units

Digitized by Google

certify that the chimneys have been swept, and send the certificate to the Officer in charge of Barracks for him to forward on to the Paymaster. Why should not the units forward their certificates to the Paymaster direct ?

7. *Washing*.—The washing in question is that, of course, which is done at the public expense—*i.e.*, Barrack sheets and blankets and hospital washing. Where there are no War Department laundries, which is generally the case, the washing is carried out by contracts made by the R.A.O.C. But instead of the units arranging direct with the various laundries allotted to them for the collection and delivery of sheets, etc., the middleman Barrack Department once more comes into the picture. Sheets, for example, are changed every fortnight, to allow of the dirty ones going to the wash. They are collected under unit arrangements, taken to the Barrack store, handed in and a corresponding number of clean sheets issued in exchange. The Barrack Department send on the dirty sheets to the laundry. This system has never been satisfactory, particularly from the point of view of the Company Commander and Company Quartermaster-Sergeant and their opposite numbers in other branches of the Service. The sheets, etc., pass through too many hands, and there are frequent deficiencies.

The remedy is, of course, to let the units deal direct with the laundries. This would mean that Quartermasters would have to keep a certain amount of stock for exchange, but there would be no difficulty about this.

If all the above suggestions were carried out, it would mean a very little extra work put on the R.A.O.C. and R.E. ; and though unit Quartermasters might be put to some slight additional trouble, they would much prefer this to the present system, which involves dealings through a middleman.

It is difficult to say exactly what saving would be effected by the abolition of the Barrack Department, but it would certainly run into many thousands of pounds annually.

Digitized by Google

IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORDERS

By Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Irvine, C.I.E.

MR. RAYMOND DANCE, now living in comfortable retirement, and, as we say in the picturesque language of the East, " eating his pension," was for many years Confidential Clerk in one of the offices of the Government of India.

At the time of which we are speaking he was a bald, benignant looking gentleman in the early fifties, born and bred in the country, dusky of complexion—"*nine annas in the rupee*," perhaps—with a mind like a set of well-ordered pigeon-holes and the stomach of an alderman.

Extreme respectability was his strong suit; and had anyone told me that Mr. Raymond Dance might have been seen one morning seated in a reed-constructed wigwam outside Kalka railway station, stripped to the buff and swearing in a manner neither secret nor confidential, I should have felt impelled, in default of further evidence, to set that person down as a liar!

Yet it was so; and if you wish to rouse Mr. Dance out of his accustomed placidity into a perfect frenzy of wrath, ask him the seemingly innocent question—" *whether he believes in disinfection as a preventive measure against epidemics?* "

The cause of the trouble was Jansen. Jansen was then an Assistant Commissioner of some eighteen months' service; one of the keen-faced, grey-eyed youngsters that Oxford used to produce for life sentences in the Indian Civil Service. Naturally, he had brains; but his chief mark at the 'Varsity had been made as a Rugger half.

Fortune favoured Jansen on his arrival in the Punjab, in that he was stationed at Jhelum under Rogers. Rogers was a Deputy Commissioner of the old school, not much given to the writing of minutes and reports, but knowing his district and its people inside out. When he arrived at a village on one of his lengthy " cold weather " tours, a crowd was there ready to besiege his tents with greetings and petitions. The local *shikari* hovered in the offing with reliable information concerning the whereabouts of duck and snipe. Pot-bellied urchins clad in the garb of Adam eagerly awaited the customary scramble for small copper coin showered by

Digitized by Google

the bountiful hands of the *Bara Sahib*. The only absentees on these occasions were the bad characters, who, with a singular bashfulness and an avoidance of ostentation not noticeable at other times, happened to be away on week-end visits to relations in distant villages.

Rogers took an immediate liking to Jansen; taught him many and curious things about India, and harangued him frequently for the good of his soul.

"You'll have to choose your line before long," he said. "And, if you take my advice, you'll stick to being a district officer. It's a strenuous life, but we are the people who really govern the country and know what's going on. Of course, if you like, you can try for the Secretariat. Then you'll sit writing yards and yards of twaddle till you're caught up to Simla, and join the flock of Golden-Crested Boot-Lickers hopping under the deodars with their beaks open to catch the C.S.I. plums dropping off the branches. Or you can elect for the Judicial line, and some day get into the Chief Court and rot there in your boots till you're sixty."

Rogers laughed, chewed on the butt of one of his eternal black cheroots, and administered a final word of advice.

"The work of a district officer's a man's job; and remember, when there's anything really important, *to get your orders in writing and stick to them!* Then, if things don't happen to work out all right, no one can turn you down. Now I'm going to send you into the district with Chaudhri Sultan Ahmad, my best Tahsildar. He'll teach you a lot, and he'll smoke a cigar, if you offer him one."

So Jansen departed into the unknown with a small tent, a pony, and a camp outfit; and learnt much, and shot black buck and enjoyed life hugely. From time to time he returned to headquarters, and there was hunting with the "bobbery pack" of the Native Infantry, and dances at the tiny Club in a ball-room the size of a receiving-room of a prison. When the "hot weather" came he experienced what it was like to live in an oven, but Rogers believed in keeping his men fit, and he was generous in the matter of casual leave to the hills.

It was during Jansen's second "cold weather" that plague appeared in India. The men of the I.C.S. could tell many tales about the difficulties of combating the pestilence in a country given over to caste and superstition. Inoculation, the rumour went, was like to rob a man of his vital

Digitized by Google

strength. What hope was there of exterminating plague rats, when enthusiasts of the Jain caste in the villages snapped down the tops of the poison-baited traps during the night lest, by causing the death of a rat, they might commit the unforgivable sin of taking life? So the figures of the death-roll mounted.

Towards the end of the " cold weather " it was decided to post a Plague Prevention Officer at Kalka, whence the *tongas* used to start on their fifty-six miles' drive up the hill to Simla, and choice fell upon Jansen. The season was approaching when the Government offices would make their annual move to Olympus, and the Government of India " *could not but view with apprehension* " the possibility of an outbreak of plague at the summer headquarters. Apart from the danger to the common herd, there would always be the risk of a Member of Council contracting the disease. As everyone knows, a Member of Council in robust health is a sufficiently awe-inspiring sight. But a Member of Council suffering from bubonic plague would be a spectacle horrifying beyond even the wildest imaginings of the insane. So Jansen went to Kalka with very strict and printed orders.

His staff consisted of a Hindu Assistant-Surgeon, qualified to feel pulses, a Mahommedan clerk to keep the lists and accounts, half a dozen Sikh police constables under a Havildar, and a couple of red-coated *chuprassies* for dignity's sake.

He lodged comfortably enough in two rooms of the *dak* bungalow, and had his meals at the station refreshment-room, the *cuisine* of which compared unfavourably with that of the Carlton. However, he made friends with old Mahomed Khan, the refreshment room *khansama*, and when he saw him sprinting round the outhouses in pursuit of something that appeared to be a beak speeding over the ground upon two skinny legs, would look forward to chicken curry for dinner.

His work was not particularly onerous, as the rush to the hills had not commenced. A few trains dawdled in each morning, and disgorged, for the most part, small traders going up early to Simla to open their shops for the season. Those of the passengers who travelled with second-class or " intermediate " tickets had their pulses felt by the Assistant-Surgeon, and were allowed to proceed after their names and addresses had been recorded. But regarding third-class

Digitized by Google

passengers—workmen, labourers, and wild-looking travellers making for the hill states and the Tibet road—the rules were mandatory :—

> " All third-class passengers must undergo thorough disinfection, and their clothes and bedding must be boiled in the receptacles provided for the purpose."

Jansen saw to it that the rules were observed with thoroughness. *Chappars*—wigwams constructed of coarse grass and reeds, such as may be seen from one end of India to the other, serving as temporary shelters—had been erected close to the railway-station, with great vats of boiling water outside them. Into the *chappars* Havildar Partap Singh and his constables, grinning broadly, shepherded the aspirants for fumigation. Thereafter, purified, smelling to heaven of chemicals, and marvelling at the strange devices of the *Sirkar*, the pilgrims proceeded on their way amid the shouting of the *tonga* and *ekka* drivers, the braying of transport mules, and the squabbling and jostling inseparable from the expeditions of itinerant India.

After dispatching the day's victims and dealing with the day's papers in his office, Jansen would look for recreation. It cannot be said that his life offered much of variety. Tramps with a gun over the low foothills of the Sewaliks ; occasional talks with English officials passing through to Simla. For some weeks he looked eagerly forward to the advent of the Girl, and when, after a brief and pre-occupied talk with him, she disappeared on her *tonga* in a cloud of dust under the escort of a hated subaltern of Horse Gunners, Jansen turned misogynist, and applied himself to the study of Persian for the Lower Standard examination in that mellifluous tongue. Boredom weighed heavily upon him ; he missed the cheery life at Jhelum, the tours in the district with Rogers, the gay evenings at the little Club. But India does not wait long before testing the worth of a man to the British *Raj*.

Early one morning there slid into Kalka station an ornate travelling-saloon linked to a few third-class carriages. The saloon, a gorgeous vehicle painted bright yellow with red embellishings, had the honour of conveying the chief of a minor hill state and his private secretary returning from a religious festival at Benares. The third-class carriages bore within them the Rajah's suite, a motley crowd of ragtag and bobtail retainers.

Digitized by Google

Jansen was on the platform awaiting the Rajah's arrival, and had rehearsed a short speech of welcome in rather halting Hindustani. As he walked towards the saloon, Havildar Partap Singh and his constables began marshalling the retinue with their bundles of baggage.

The saloon door opened, and the Private Secretary, a dapper young Babu with large gold spectacles, stepped out upon the platform. Jansen greeted him civilly, and inquired after the Rajah's health. The Secretary, anxious to display his accomplishments, replied in fluent English.

"How are you, Sir, I ho-o-ope?" he asked politely, holding out his hand, and without waiting for an answer, continued: "His Highness is quite well, no doubt, except for slight pain in belly caused by melons." He offered Jansen a cigarette from a cardboard packet. "You are not addicted to Lady Nicotine? No? At Delhi they were telling us of disinfection post; but His Highness feels sure that in case of Ruling Chief you will excuse, eh?"

Jansen laughed. "We shan't bother His Highness or you much, Secretary Sahib," he said. "But I'm afraid we can't make any exception as regards the followers."

A cloud fell over the face of the Secretary, and he raised a hand in protestation.

"But, Sir," he expostulated, "this is highly inconvenient notion! There is with Rajah Sahib a very holy chap, who has never yet taken bath. And His Highness is unwilling to consent to boiling of State's subjects!"

Jansen kept his features under control with some difficulty. "I don't want to boil anybody, Secretary Sahib," he explained good-humouredly. "It's merely a matter of fumigation; and only their clothes and bedding will be boiled. The orders about third-class passengers are very definite. I can show you a copy of them. . . . You don't want to run the risk of plague getting into the State, do you?" he added persuasively.

"That, or *vice versa*, is on the knee of God!" replied the Secretary evasively. "And I must again consult Rajah Sahib." So saying, he hopped into the saloon carriage.

When, after a short interval, he hopped out again, his face was glum.

"You must kindly excuse, Sir," he said, with a wry smile—and Jansen surmised that his august master's temper, not improved by the melons, had probably been more than

Digitized by Google

usually trying—" but I am bearer of ultimatum from Rajah Sahib. His Highness insists that, if rule is to be followed, we must withdraw in special train and lay the matter before Government of India in Foreign Department."

Jansen reflected for a moment, and then he said :

" Well, Secretary Sahib, that's your business, of course. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. My orders are clear enough. I'll have your men and their baggage put back into the train."

He gave the necessary instructions, and watched the train move out of the station, the Chief's *entourage* jabbering out of the windows. The Secretary, he supposed, was busy in the saloon writing telegrams ; and he wondered to what extent he would be held to have compromised himself.

Half an hour later the Calcutta mail steamed in. Then began the customary bustle and commotion ; station coolies labouring past with luggage, travellers hunting for their *tonga*-drivers or besieging the refreshment room, and the usual crowd of third-class passengers being lined up for the ordeal of the *chappars*.

Jansen, glad to find someone he knew, seized on a man in the crowd and suggested breakfast in ten minutes ; but Partap Singh was suddenly at his elbow with something to report.

" What is it, Havildar ? " Jansen asked, a shade of annoyance in his voice. " Has another Rajah Sahib arrived ?"

The Havildar grinned. No, there was no Rajah Sahib, but a difficulty even greater had arisen. From two third-class carriages at the end of the train there had emerged a number of Sahibs, with their Memsahibs and children and much baggage. They were headed by a fat Sahib, who proclaimed that they were employed in Government offices and would have naught to do with disinfection arrangements. What was to be done ?

Jansen turned to his friend with a gesture of disgust. " Great Scott ! this is the limit ! Well, I shall have to go and see about it. So long, Ferguson, meet you next in Simla, perhaps. Come along, Havildar "—and he hurried off down the platform, Partap Singh following.

Entrenched behind a pile of boxes and bundles, as if to repel a combined attack by the constables, was a party of some twenty persons, including children. An extremely stout gentleman stepped forward mopping the perspiration from his face and raising his hat.

Digitized by Google

" I'm Mr. Dance, Sir," he said, " of the Government of India offices ; and these are some of the clerks with their families. I've been telling these policemen—— "

Jansen cut him short.

" The Havildar informs me that you and your party refuse to comply with the regulations about disinfection. Is that correct ? "

Mr. Dance, prodded from behind by a buxom lady with an umbrella, unwisely attempted to bluster.

" But, Sir," he began, " I must protest—— "

Jansen's face grew stern. " Oh, you can protest, if you like—I can't stop you. But all I know is that you are third-class passengers, and have to be treated as such in accordance with orders. Why you're all travelling third-class I can't imagine," he added.

Mr. Dance opened an explanatory mouth, but receiving another prod from the umbrella shut it again.

" Well, after all, that's not my concern," Jansen admitted. " And there's nothing very terrible about the business, you know. There are separate compartments for the ladies, of course. But you won't be allowed to leave Kalka till the rules have been complied with ; so I advise you all to be reasonable. My men will have your things brought along. . . . Come, I'll take you across myself."

And soon afterwards Jansen and his police led out of the station precincts a band of mourners towards the line of *chappars*. The procession somewhat resembled the passing of a funeral cortege.

The rest of the story was told me by Burgoyne of the P.W.D. one night after dinner at one of his Canal Rest-Houses.

" I went into the refreshment room," Burgoyne said, " to get a bit of breakfast before starting up the hill, and sat next to a young fellow whom I hadn't met before. Jansen, his name was, and he told me that he was on Plague Prevention duty at Kalka. He told me also about some trouble he'd had that morning with a Rajah, who'd turned up in a special train and refused to have his followers disinfected.

" After I'd finished breakfast I strolled about outside the station smoking, while they were getting my kit on to the *tonga*.

" There were two sets of ramshackle *chappars* close to the station, which had been rigged up for disinfection

Digitized by Google

purposes. A most extraordinary din was coming out of them; so I walked across to see what the matter was. I could hear what sounded like women crying in one of them, and in another there was some fellow swearing at the top of his voice in English. A few policemen were standing about doing nothing, and in front of the *chappars* were large steaming cauldrons, which emitted a powerful stench of chemicals. A greasy, yellowish smoke was oozing out from the *chappars*.

"I took a look through a hole in the wigwam in which the swearing johnny was holding forth—and then I nearly fell on my back! You know old Dance, of course? Everyone does. Well, I'd seen him knocking around Simla for twenty years; but I must say that I'd never before seen so much of him!

"He was sitting on a hard wooden bench without a rag on! Bare as—as Columbus's egg, and calling young Jansen every name he could lay his tongue to.

"Through the clouds of smoke I could make out a few other men keeping him company; and the whole gang hadn't enough clothes on to make a pocket-handkerchief. I thought I should die of laughing!

"After that I was afraid to look into the next lot of *chappars*; so I went to see what was happening in the cauldrons. Some half dozen rapscallions of coolies in nothing but loin-cloths were stirring up the witch's-brew with long poles, and just as I got there one of them plunged his pole into the hell-broth and pronged out what looked like an old matting basket covered over with rotten fruit.

"I couldn't think at first what it could be; and then I realized to my amazement that it must, once upon a time, have been a garden-party hat! Possibly Mrs. Dance's party hat. The cherries and plums and things on it were all melting into a lump.

"The rapscallion with the pole took another dip in the lucky-bag and fished out a wad of something—of many colours, like Joseph's coat. Only, it wasn't a coat; it was, or rather, had been a white dress—but the red and blue dye of the ribbons had run over it in streaks. By that time I had to sit down to laugh for fear of hurting myself.

"I knew, of course, that there must have been some ghastly mistake, and I sent one of the policemen to fetch Jansen. My *tonga* was ready, and I had to be off. I heard

Digitized by Google

afterwards that Jansen had arrived in time to prevent much more damage being done.

"No——he didn't get into any trouble over the affair, and I'll tell you the reason presently. He had been strictly correct about having old Dance and Co. fumigated. That was in accordance with his orders. To some extent he was to blame, I suppose, for the destruction of the hats and things; but it wasn't really his fault. The native Assistant-Surgeon who ought to have supervised the business, had gone off somewhere; and the ignorant coolies had just shovelled the contents of the boxes into the vats while the fumigation was going on, as they had been accustomed to do with the ordinary third-class passengers' bundles!

"All Simla heard about it afterwards, and laughed for a week; but Dance and Co. never made any official report. They didn't dare to make one!

"What had happened was this. Dance and his fellow clerks had been trying to work a pretty little ramp on the Government. They were entitled to the price of second-class tickets from Calcutta; but as there had been a sufficient number of them to fill two or three third-class carriages, they'd decided to travel that way, and then bill Government for second-class fares and pinch the difference! They never imagined they'd run up against anyone like young Jansen."

Burgoyne sat for a moment chuckling over the scene he had recalled to memory. Then he said:

"Dance is a clever old bird, by the way. I hear that he and one of the Babus in his office have written a most interesting monograph on Indian Witchcraft. . . . If he ever becomes an adept at casting spells, I imagine young Jansen will be for it!"

Digitized by Google

INTERCOMMUNICATION AND THE INCREASING MOBILITY OF MODERN ARMIES

By Lieut. F. K. Wilson, Royal Signals

IN these days when armies are seeking to mechanize themselves as much as possible, with a view to increasing their mobility, some thought is necessary on the subject of inter-communication.

It is hoped that armies can be made so mobile that, in future, we shall have wars of movement, instead of stationary warfare forced upon us due to the power of modern firearms.

Lately we have seen the mechanization of the divisional train and the gradual exchange of tractors for horses in artillery. That first line transport and machine guns of infantry will be put into mechanical cross-country vehicles is practically a certainty. The improvement of tanks for fighting and transport, open up a vast field for reorganization and development for the future.

The maintenance of communication even with a comparatively slow-moving body of troops is none too easy, as the Great War and subsequent manœuvres proved. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the means of communication available should keep pace with the improvements in the mobility of a force, otherwise the communications will be outmarched.

The means at the disposal of the Signal Service from the front rearwards are runner, visual, pigeon, cable, D.R's., mounted orderlies, and wireless at and forward of divisional headquarters. Behind it, cable, airline, D.R's. and wireless.

The requirements of a good system of communication (see F.S.R., Vol. I, Sect. 92) may be summarized as :—

Digitized by Google

(i) Reliability.
(ii) Speed.
(iii) Simplicity.
(iv) Adaptability.
(v) Security.

Of all the means available, cable is the most vulnerable to shell fire and damage by our own troops ; but all the means open to us are liable to interruption from hostile action, accident, mechanical breakdown, or damage by our own troops. In spite of the vulnerability of cable, it is preferred by most Signals as the primary means of communication. Commanders also prefer it, as they are able to speak to the " man on the spot," which is invaluable.

When events are moving rapidly it is impossible to put down much cable, if at all, and wireless and despatch riders are the main means of clearing traffic. At present, unfortunately, too much reliance cannot be placed upon the wireless.

The question of the use of wireless should be examined in the light of the " requirements of a good system " already mentioned. It is not reliable at present, as it is liable to break down under the continuous rigorous conditions of active service. The speed in transmission is comparatively slow, especially when the time taken to erect and dismantle the set is considered (as far as I am aware the Army still awaits a set that can send and receive on the move, although the R.A.F. have this). Much progress has been made in simplifying the actual sets used, and it is hoped that this may continue ; tuning is still the difficulty for other than skilled operators. Perhaps in its adaptability wireless really scores, for it can send and receive messages in any direction and it enables a force to operate " in the blue," but still in touch with its higher command. In addition, the actual vulnerable parts of the set are small and can be hidden. The system is not secret as yet.

As, with rapidly moving bodies, we can only rely on despatch riders and wireless (occasionally assisted by other means, *i.e.*, visual), it is essential that before money is spent on further mechanization of the Army a simple and reliable wireless set, mounted on a cross-country vehicle, and capable of sending and receiving on the move, must be produced. A simple cipher machine will probably be a necessary adjunct

Digitized by Google

to this set. Further, a reliable and *secret* radio telephony set is required, and it is hoped that the experiments at present in progress for civil radio telephony will produce the requisite secrecy.

To sum up. The present means of communication available to the Signal Service is only just sufficient to compete with the Army's present mobility. Any speeding up of movement will throw a heavy strain upon Signals, which it is doubtful if it could bear. Therefore, before we spend much money on further mechanization a reliable, efficient and secret wireless system must be introduced. It seems useless to fashion a speedy machine without producing at the same time the means by which it can be controlled. Wireless, backed up with despatch riders, appears to be the only solution.

Digitized by Google

DAWN IN BIVOUAC.

MESOPOTAMIA, 1917.

A FLICKER of dawn in the reddening East ;
A cluster of clouds in the melting grey :
A quickening stir amongst man and beast,
Drowsily conscious of coming day.

A sentry's challenge—a stray dog's bark—
Cut the silence. From where we lie
The guns stand out in the lessening dark
In grim silhouette against the sky.

A whistle shrills through the cool, sweet dawn ;
The camp is astir as the thin note dies :
An oath, a jest, and a laggard's yawn
From his rough, warm blankets unwilling to rise.

A shouted order, a snatch of song—
Smoke from the camp-fires hanging low ;
In a jingling column, ghostly, strong,
Down to water the gun teams go.

Two hours later the camp is bare,
High overhead a bullet sings :
(There's a sniper up in those hills somewhere)
Into the desert the rear guard swings.

" COTSWOLD."

Digitized by Google

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

By Captain Neil Gow

HECTOR is aged six. (Or is it five? Anyway, I know it is between the two.) Also, for some reason I cannot fathom, he is always called Bill. Bill (or Hector) will one day go into the Army; his father wants him to be a stock-broker, like himself, but I have decided that Bill shall be a Gunner, like his Uncle (me). And Bill is all *for* it. So Bill and I have decided upon an Army career. Bill's father is quite agreeable; that is to say, when approached on the subject, he tore his mind away from contangoes and oil mergers for a few moments and said, "Anything you like!" which Bill and I regard as parental approval.

As I have said, Bill (or Hector) is aged five. (Or is it six?) Anyhow, it is just the ideal age for impressing on the growing mind all those vital lessons which—er—you know! Moulding the infant mind, and all that. And I rather fancy myself as an infant-mind moulder.

Under my direction young Bill's mind is being prepared for the job he will one day adorn, and when the day arrives for Bill to put on the gaudy panoply of a Major-General, I shall like to think—I shall be a bit ancient when that day dawns—that I had a hand in it.

Bill can now perform his rifle drill. We practise it with a walking-stick every morning after breakfast. He is a bit weak on the "Present," and his "Slope" is a bit rocky. On the other hand, the energy of his bayonet drill is terrific, and the suddenness with which he hurls "Who goes there?" at me, at the same time sticking the ferrule of his walking-stick into my midriff, is apt to be startling, especially on entering a semi-dark library, erroneously believed to be empty.

I was dozing comfortably on the chesterfield, before a cosy fire, my whole being bathed in sweet content, when "Bang!" said a voice, which brought me gasping and trembling to earth. The small grubby face of my nephew was leaning over me, and I observed that he was sprawling over the back of the chesterfield. "I cwawled over the pawados and enfiladed you dead," he explained.

Digitized by Google

" Well, don't do it again," I said irritably.

I dozed off again, this time dreaming of the blue skies of Mentone (which this year I cannot afford). I was awakened suddenly by a heavy hassock landing with a sickening jolt on the solar plexus.

" What on earth are you doing ? " I yelled.

" Sowwy ! I was wegistering my sixty-pounders on the edge of the fender."

I sat up. " Bill," I said, " I observe that your military training has been conducted upon too strenuous lines."

" What's ' strenuous lines ' ? "

" Never mind. In future I shall concentrate upon teaching you the social amenities of military life."

" What does that mean ? "

" It means behaving properly in the Mess."

" What's the Mess ? "

" It's a sort of—er—nursery, where the officers live."

" Ooo ! What do they do ? "

" Oh, they sit around, and—er—play cards, and tell each other the latest yarn ? "

" Yarn ? "

" Yes—stories, you know."

" What, like Jack and the Beanstalk ? "

" Well—er—yes. Something like that."

Bill's eyes opened wide. He came over and sat down beside me. " Tell me some more," he commanded.

I struggled for a few moments. Bill's thirst for detail is apt to be a bit exhausting at times.

" Well, Bill, old man, let's imagine that this is the Mess. You and your brother officers are sitting around in chairs. Some are smoking, others are writing letters, or reading, or playing cards—— "

" What, ' snap ' ? "

" Er—' snap ' ; yes. Then you say, suddenly, ' I say, you fellows, there's a topping good yarn going round the Sergeants' Mess—stop me if you've heard it ?' Then you tell them the one about the three bears."

" What do we do then ? "

" Then the Major says, ' I heard a scream the other day—stop me if you've heard it—about Princess Goldilocks.' Then everybody laughs. Then they stand each other milk, and go to bed."

" *I* wouldn't go to bed. I should stay up."

Digitized by Google

" You would have to do as you were told. What would *you* do, if one of your soldiers disobeyed orders."

Bill didn't hesitate a moment. He knew the answer to this one. " I should hit him."

I confess that this answer shocked me. " No, Bill, old man," I said, " you couldn't hit him. That would be cowardly, to say nothing of leading to court-martial on a charge of striking a subordinate."

" What's a—a sbordnit ? "

" People who are smaller and weaker than you, whom you mustn't hit."

" Mustn't you hit people who are smaller and weaker than you ? "

" Never, under any circumstances," I said firmly, feeling pleased at this opportunity to rub in a wholesome lesson.

He turned this new thought over in his mind for a few moments, while I glowed with self-righteousness. Suddenly he said :

" Then *you* can't *hit* me, can you, Uncle Howace ? "

" No, of course n——here wait a minute ! "

Too late I realized the pit I had dug for my own feet. I tried in vain to withdraw myself from the trap.

Bill considered the thing from all its angles.

" Never ? " he said.

" Er—no, never ! " I said miserably.

* * * * *

So there's the position. I can't spank my own nephew. My hands are tied. And, what is worse, I seem to have tied the hands of Bill's parents, and they are not pleased about it.

And I don't mind admitting that there are occasions when I would cheerfully give a quid—— Anyway, it's too late now.

Digitized by Google

WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

II.—SMALLHOLDINGS.

By G. C. Heseltine,* Late R.A.F.

I AM particularly glad of the opportunity of writing on the subject of smallholdings for the readers of Fighting Forces because it gives me the chance of putting my own experiences to really practical use for once. I know of very few subjects on which more sheer nonsense has been written than on " Smallholdings for Ex-Service Men "—with disastrous results to both the smallholdings and the ex-service men. Most of the printed information on the subject has been written by long-haired, unwashen " back-to-the-land " cranks with the best of intentions and the worst of intelligences, by self-styled " experts " who have never turned a sod in their lives, or by smallholders who have failed and found the pen a less arduous and more profitable tool than the spade.

All these are unreliable chiefly because they try to show either that the prospects are better than they are or that the working of a smallholding can be brought down to a simple matter of " economics " and figures. They are invariably omniscient and always positive—never admitting ignorance or the possibility of divergence from their dicta.

Thus it has been extremely difficult to obtain any reliable or unbiased information on the subject. Again, large numbers of ex-service men have tackled a smallholding on utterly unsound advice or none at all with the result that very many have failed, and we hear a general opinion that smallholdings are a washout, that poultry or pigs do not pay, and so on. Despite this and the fact that every man who proposes to start a smallholding life is warned by all his friends, who usually end their prophecies of failure with a deep sigh for another good man gone wrong or gone soft, despite this general " wet blanket " attitude, there is still a steady flow of ex-service men on to smallholdings. On this

* Author of " The Change " (Sheed & Ward, 2s.), etc., ex-Member of National Poultry Council, Judge at Dairy Show, Crystal Palace, Olympia, etc.

Digitized by Google

account I venture to give the results of my own experiences in the field, leaving my readers to judge into which category I must go, but at least offering them information which I have been unable to find in any textbook on the subject.

I will assume, in charity, that the reader who is leaving the Service and thinking of taking up a smallholding is not doing so with the object of making a fortune. Most ex-service men, if they have not too much good sense to want to make a fortune, will have too much commonsense to expect to make it this way. For they will know that it cannot be done by serving one's country—and after all, sticking to the land, keeping it green and fertile, producing home-grown food is as effective a service as any man can render. There is no fortune to be made out of a smallholding—at least, not honestly. But there is a good healthy manly living to be earned and enjoyed (if you go the right way about it), with sufficient surplus to provide for the rearing of a family and give access to whatever normal pleasure and culture takes your fancy in our civilization. It is a great mistake to think that a smallholding is an easy way to wealth, it is equally foolish to think that it necessarily means life of unrelieved slavery.

Hence the first essential to success on a holding is the right attitude of mind—if you want to make money, leave it alone, you will do better as a stockbroker, bookie, or cat-burglar, or any of the professions which depend for their bread on the less ambitious men who grow food, or safeguard its growing, the farmers or soldiers.

The man who works his own holding must make up his mind to work hard and get dirty—but it is healthy work and clean dirt. If he keeps stock such as poultry or pigs—and livestock is the most profitable line—he must expect to have to turn out in all weather and at all hours if necessary (for example, in the breeding season with poultry) but once the holding is in working order he will be able to take time off in the slack season and usually work in shifts with his helpers. Which brings me to the point that a holding is a family job ; the man who can run a holding single-handed is an exception, and, as a rule, the man who ought to do so, being unfit for other folks' company. So it follows that the smallholder's wife must at least be at one with him in his choice of life and be ready if not to work regularly on the

Digitized by Google

holding, to take only lighter jobs, such as looking after chicks or other young stock, when necessary.

The next essential, after the right mental attitude and the right mate, is capital. Under present economic conditions—space forbids my going into details—adequate capital is absolutely essential. The best will in the world cannot win through without it. It is useless to tell me of so-and-so who started on next to nothing. I am writing for the average ex-service man, and not for the superman or super liar—neither need my advice. The question at once arises " How much capital is required ?" Unlike experts, I do not want to give figures, because nearly all figures are grossly misleading, and I do not mind admitting that I do not know. The amount of capital required depends on so many things, naturally on the size of the holding, the nature of the stock or crops, the amount of labour available, the locality and so on, but also on things far less easily calculable, such as the man himself. Most men who start on a holding will be prepared to live simply and carefully until they have it well-established and in profit, but not all men will succeed equally well in doing so. This point is very important indeed, and since it seriously affects the first two years it often makes all the difference between success and failure. With all the will in the world some men cannot change their mode of life as much as they think, and the wisest course is to provide against failure to do so. By which I mean, make up your mind to cut down drinks, tennis parties, and so on by all means—you will have to do so—but do not count on succeeding to the extent of not needing sufficient living expenses for these things and cutting down your original estimate of capital required too far. Do not count on living far more cheaply in the country than in the town. You will do so as far as your own produce is concerned but local tradespeople, if you are an ex-officer for example, will see that you do not live (or at least that you do not pay) below your position. This is a psychological factor against which you will do well not to waste your energies.

The amount of capital required will also depend on the size of the house you have and whether you are buying outright or not. Hence it is wise, or more truly necessary, to consider the requisite capital under two heads : (1) the amount required to stock the land of the holding ; (2) the amount required for yourself and family to cover housing,

Digitized by Google

maintenance, etc. This second item you can estimate with fair accuracy on a basis of your normal rate of living, but beware of under-estimating in your enthusiasm—it is fatal—you must have sufficient to secure you living for at least two years. If, as I take it, it is most likely you have a pension, on no account cut your communications by compounding your pension to raise capital for the purchase or stocking of the holding. A regular amount as a standby, even if it be only thirty shillings a week, will make all the difference in a crisis—such as illness, unexpected loss of stock, sudden temporary drop in market prices, or other setbacks over which you have little or no control. The capital required for the holding will be higher per acre the smaller the holding if you are expecting to make a living out of it. Figures are, as I have already insisted, very misleading, since they vary with so many other factors, but in a recent Government publication the amount of capital required on a holding of six acres is stated to be about £50 per acre, this does not include purchase price, though it may include rent, but in my personal opinion it is on the low side.

However, I refrain from giving even rough figures, except so far as the above may be taken as an absolute minimum, because I do not believe they can be given with safety or with advantage to the prospective smallholder. He must not in any case attempt to take on a smallholding without some form of personal advice from one engaged in the particular line which he proposes to take up, and on this advice he should base his estimate of capital required, being careful above all things to err on the safe side. The point in this precaution is, of course, that by a small under-estimation you run the risk of losing the lot, since I am here talking of a *minimum* estimate. For the man who has enough and to spare I will not presume to write here except to warn him against laying out heavily in the beginning in the hope of establishing the holding quickly and getting a large turnover. There is an insidious temptation here which probably explains why more people with ample capital fail than those with a bare minimum.

This matter of obtaining advice brings us to the next essential to capital—experience. I place experience after capital because all the experience which the average ex-service man can obtain will be wasted unless he has the minimum capital necessary to enable him to put his experience into practice in starting the holding, whereas with the

Digitized by Google

requisite capital one can afford to buy experience to some extent, that is, learn by making a few mistakes in the beginning, a costly method perhaps, but very effective, particularly if one is sharp enough to learn quickly from mistakes and one keeps an open mind with a due sense of one's own ignorance. This is not to say that some form of experience gained in preliminary training is not essential, but that it is extremely foolish to think that such training can give all the experience necessary. In practice it can never give more than a little of it, just as during the war it was truly said in the R.F.C. that a man did not learn to fly until he had crossed the line. There are thousands of things to be learnt, which no textbook writer or instructor ever thinks important enough to mention, but which very often decide the ultimate success or failure of the smallholding.

I have mentioned the necessity for personal advice. I know of no books which give more than a smattering of the essential knowledge required for any particular branch of smallholding work, and of the later ones, no two which agree except those which are almost verbatim copies of the same earlier works. Most of the modern booklets are old stuff rehashed or full of wild-cat theories passed off as " scientific discoveries." What applies to modern publications on this subject also applies to many of the current so-called " technical " journals. Most of these are made up of cuttings from previous years' issues or articles obtained free from novices who seek cheap advertisement. There are, of course, exceptions to this, but they are very few. Unfortunately, the law of libel prevents my telling the whole truth and giving my readers as much warning in this connection as I would wish.

There is a particular danger in the so-called " scientific " works. If they were really scientific there could be no objection to them. The trouble is that they are mainly written by people who want to pass on the results of " a little knowledge " to other people. Leave the dangerous thing alone. If you find any book on any aspect of smallholding activity, sprinkled with obscure technical expressions, scientific phrases and having a general air of being up to date, progressive and so forth, the safest thing to do is burn it.

Undoubtedly much labour can be saved and great economy effected by the use of the most up to date methods. But the beginner must first master the old-fashioned way and

Digitized by Google

begin to apply new methods gradually. The danger with most of the new dodges is that they have not been properly tested out and that they are generally expensive in initial outlay, involving a heavy loss when they break down. You must have a sure basis—the natural method—to which you can always fall back and on which you can always rely for a minimum of security and stability in your undertaking. To lay out an expensive modern up-to-date plant for poultry breeding, pig breeding, tomato growing, bee keeping, etc., without first having mastered the natural method is to ask for trouble, and, unless you have almost unlimited capital, to get it.

Hence the best initial training is on a working holding or a farm. Most County Councils run a Farm Institute where specialized training may be had very cheaply and a staff of instructors is available for advice and consultation when you have started. Here again, however, there is some danger from the faddist, but commonsense should guard you against it after the warning. Do not on any account pay a high premium for a course of instruction on an " expert's " holding. The danger is the same as that of expert's literature and the chances of your finding a really genuine place where you will get value for your money are *very* remote. A much better plan is to get a job as a labourer on a holding or farm and be paid a labourer's wage for your work if you can, picking up all the knowledge you are able whilst working about the place and to some extent practising the job. It will mean doing donkey work and navvying for a while, but that in itself is a valuable experience.

Most ex-service men are handymen, so this essential part of your experience you will not need to acquire. You cannot afford, normally, to buy ready-made fowlhouses, for example ; you can make your own at half the price and twice as soundly.

There are various forms of specialization on small-holdings, such as poultry breeding, duck breeding (a comparatively new line with great possibilities), tomato growing, pig breeding, fruit growing, bee keeping, strawberry growing, flower farming, market gardening, rabbit breeding (for fur), pheasant farming, dog breeding, and if you can take a holding of sufficient size, dairy farming. The wisest plan, particularly when you have a pension, is first to make your holding as completely self-supporting as possible, so that the need

Digitized by Google

for making money to buy the necessaries which you do not produce on a specialized holding is reduced to a minimum. You are then less dependent on the fluctuations of local markets and the vagaries of middlemen, higglers, railways with the risk of strikes and so on. Once you are pretty well self-supporting you can specialize on whatever branch has taken your fancy and *build up slowly*. Thus you should run at least enough fowls to keep yourself in eggs, a few stocks of bees (which are very little trouble), a couple of good milking goats or a heifer, a breeding sow, a small orchard and a vegetable plot. Very often vegetables, as well as other country products, are more difficult to obtain in the country than in the town if you do not grow your own, for most people grow only enough for themselves unless they are market gardeners.

It may be urged that the several small activities which are thus entailed in the attempt to become self-supporting, involve a complication and waste of labour, but it is surprising how one job works in with another—nature's way—and the variety is an effective antidote to the monotony which any modern specialization involves—a monotony more serious on a holding, away from towns and old friends. To become self-supporting in England is to render England a very effective national service. Not only do you tend to lighten the burden of all the difficulties which result from the manœuvring of exports and imports and exchanges, but it is almost impossible to be self-supporting without producing in one direction or another more than you can consume—the surplus going to feed at least a few of your fellows on home-grown food.

One of the greatest enemies to a successful smallholder to-day is the horde of middlemen who live by taking advantage of his difficulties, and they can obviously do so more effectively when he is dependent on them to clear his produce frequently (where he is a specialist) in order to obtain cash for other necessaries. When the smallholder is nearly self-supporting he is more able to stand out when the middlemen rig the local markets. But another and very effective way of ridding oneself of the purely parasitic type of middleman is to market your produce yourself direct to retail customers in an adjoining town. One case came to my notice recently in which an ex-officer who is poultry farming spends one day a week delivering eggs and table fowls in London. By this method

Digitized by Google

he is averaging sixpence per dozen over the local market price on his eggs alone (a matter of 200 dozen per week) and the demand in the district he supplies is greater than he can deal with, *and growing*. He started by supplying to friends and they recommended his eggs to their neighbours. This method means that he must employ labour on the farm when he is away and he must run a car ; both he can well afford to do out of the extra profits and he is also enabled to use the car for pleasure on occasions.

This last item is an important one. In theory you can get down to the job and cut out joy rides, as indeed you must if you are to make good on a holding. But you must have a safety valve of some sort. In practice it is *necessary*.

The selection of the site of the holding should be made with due regard to the particular line you intend to take up, if you propose to specialize, and it should be within say thirty miles of a town both for marketing purposes and for the safety-valve just mentioned. In the South the seaside towns appear to provide the best outlets for produce.

The purchase of a holding must of necessity, I regret to say, be done through a lawyer, the law having beset the process with many dangers which drive you to him for protectiou. Unless there are very strong reasons for doing otherwise, *buy* your holding *freehold*. You need not, I almost said *should* not, buy it outright unless you have ample capital. You can buy it through most County Authorities on very reasonable terms by paying a deposit and the remainder by instalments (with a low rate of interest) spread over a long period of years. The Clerk of the County Council will supply you with the necessary information as will also the Officers' Association (for Officers), and the British Legion (for Other Ranks).

Ex-officers who take up smallholdings may find numerous obstacles which they do not expect, socially and economically. They will find that they are generally treated as social inferiors by those of their own class who are leisured, unless they can afford the time and money to neglect their holdings for the local social round and sports. Naturally this attitude is more marked in the parvenu-infested areas, but it is always, almost inevitably, present and must be expected. On the other hand, any attempt to fraternize with the smallholder proper or the villagers, is resented by the native and natural conservatism of the countryman who does not expect it and

Digitized by Google

therefore suspects it. One aspect of this latter attitude is shown in the stern refusal of the village shopkeeper to allow the ex-officer's wife to economize. To her, he is always sold out of any but the best, or at any rate the highest priced goods. He insists on giving extended credit—an insidious temptation when things are going hard—and the idea of Capt. Hardnobs ever working for a living can never be more than sheer camouflage to him. These things help to make it a physical impossibility for any ex-officer to take up a holding and live like a peasant until he has made good—as so many have promised themselves they would do.

It is not suggested that all these difficulties apply to all ex-service men who take up a smallholding life, but I do believe that some of them apply to every one and that the least troublesome looking of them may spell failure if the would-be smallholder is unprepared.

To sum up, the essentials are a keenness and aptitude for the life as a life and not as a means of merely making money, adequate capital with a firm hold on a regular basic income however small, a measure of technical experience coupled with the wit to seize opportunities and break away when necessary from the established practices of marketing, etc., and a reasonable adaptability to the changed conditions of life which obtain in a holding as compared with Service life.

The effort is well worth while for the result is a man's life—independent, healthy, and useful. You work in ideal conditions, living with " the wind on the heath," and " the god-like air, the depth and the expanse of sky " ; you can keep a dog or two and usually find good sport with a gun or a fishing rod, and if you wish you can keep a mount quite cheaply. Of course, the man whose choice of sport lies in the direction of knocking a little ball about or shuffling a pack of cards may not always find his recreation so accessible, but I am not writing for him. He is better off a smallholding.

Digitized by Google

THE REGULAR ARMY AND THE PROBLEM OF EMPLOYMENT.

By Capt. C. M. Paton.

(*The Essex Regiment*).

THE position of the British Regular Army to-day is a very difficult one. Money is scarce, the changes in armament and equipment are numerous, and mechanization presents a grave problem. "Strengths" have been cut to the bone; our pre-war establishments, then accepted as the minimum compatible with safety, have been reduced by 27,000 men, and the Regular Reserve has fallen by 51,000; while our obligations have increased considerably in East Africa, Palestine, Iraq, and possibly under League of Nations agreements. It therefore behoves the Army to combine the greatest possible degree of economy with the highest efficiency attainable. All waste, both in money and personnel, must be eliminated.

There is little doubt that considerable opportunity exists for economy in personnel at Home: it is proposed to examine this question under the following headings, and to formulate some suggestions for improvement:—

1. Present position of Home Units.
2. Chief sources of "waste."
3. Suggestions for improvement.

1. Present Position of Home Units.

Under the Cardwell scheme the Home Army is, firstly, a large training school. Of necessity, then, the personnel in units largely consists of young officers, N.C.Os. and men being trained to fit them for foreign service. The second duty of the Home Army is to produce an Expeditionary Force ready to take the field at the shortest notice, in any climate or terrain. These conditions require that training should be steady and progressive, and that in the earlier periods of the service of all ranks no time should be wasted. Yet what is the most common complaint that one hears in any place where Squadron, Battery and Company Commanders gather together and discuss professional matters? "I cannot get my men to train them properly." It is obvious that the ideal state of

Digitized by Google

sub-units always being complete under the hand of their commander is impossible, but there is much that can be done to improve on present conditions.

The constant aim of the post-war Army has been to reach, and then to surpass, the splendid standard of efficiency set up by the Regular Army in 1914. This aim has been complicated by the introduction of new factors in warfare—light automatics, gas, tanks and general mechanization. Is it not, therefore, a matter of paramount importance to devote all available time to useful training ?

In pre-war days the Regular Army was a thing apart from civil life. Money was easier to obtain, and the ideal was to have a self-supporting and self-contained force, not dependent on civilians for anything ; warfare was the soldiers' business and no one else's. The experience gained in the late war has definitely altered that idea. Drastic economy is necessary, and to counter-balance that the highest degree of efficiency.

It is clear that a war of any size becomes a national affair ; the Army must keep in close touch with civil life at all times, and must utilize civilian production and resources to the greatest extent possible.

The ancient adage, " All work and no play," etc., has not been forgotten. It is not suggested that the present periods devoted to games and sports should be curtailed ; in themselves they form an invaluable part of the training of all ranks. The point in view is that steps should be taken to prevent—or at least to mitigate—the present serious inroads made in legitimate training hours by semi-military or civil " employments " and fatigues.

If the factors which tend to keep men off sub-unit training parades are enumerated, some light is thrown on the matter. These causes are :—

(*a*) Sickness ;
(*b*) On command and courses ;
(*c*) Regimental employment, duties and fatigues ;
(*d*) Garrison employment, duties and fatigues ;
(*e*) Employment under higher formations ;
(*f*) Leave ;
(*g*) Absent, in detention, etc.

Of these, (*a*) and (*g*) can be kept down in well-cared-for units ; (*b*) and (*e*) should not cause serious gaps ; while

Digitized by Google

(*f*) will be organized in relation to the training programme. This leaves (*c*) and (*d*); (*c*) is largely a matter of internal organization within the unit, and inconvenience can be reduced by good arrangement; (*d*) is the great source of difficulty.

2. Chief Sources of Waste.

The chief difficulties which a unit has to contend with seem to arise in its own station; they would seem to vary according to two factors—the personality of the Garrison Commander and the traditions of the particular station. Where Brigade and Higher Commanders are imbued with the determination to have their formations "fit for war," it is usually possible for units to make and apply a reasonable programme of progressive training. Elsewhere such a programme is impossible of execution.

There are certain works which assist in training, such as the upkeep of ranges by fatigue parties working under their own officers. At present there seems little time or opportunity for training in entrenching, and a period of carefully, supervised work on range alteration and repair should assist in this respect.

It is the continued employment of troops, in considerable numbers, on work of the following natures which handicaps units and is detrimental to training:—

(*a*) The cleaning of large areas of road and path, outside their own barracks, daily.
(*b*) The carrying out of large schemes for recreation grounds, etc.
(*c*) Casual unloading and working parties.
(*d*) Provision of labour for R.E. and for Departmental Corps.

With regard to regimental employments and fatigues, the same objections are not due. Units must be kept self-contained and ready for war, therefore there must be supplies of men experienced in water duties, cooking, pioneer duties, and as clerks, grooms, etc. But certain employments for recreation rooms, N.A.A.F.I., etc., could well be dispensed with, and are covered by the suggestions made later.

3. Suggestions for Improvement.

The suggestions for improvement may be summarized shortly under three headings:—

Digitized by Google

(*a*) Restriction of work on which troops may be employed.

(*b*) Extension of Vocational Training Centres and of their work.

(*c*) Introduction of civil personnel for certain work.

(*a*) It is suggested that the nature of work for which fatigue parties may be taken from units be strictly limited. Only tasks which are urgent or which are of direct assistance in training should be carried out in this way. If care is taken, range repairs, training area and recreation ground work of a limited nature can be fitted in so that programmes are not destroyed. All semi-permanent garrison employments should cease to be filled from units ; within this category come such posts as gardeners, groundsmen, school and hospital orderlies, waiters, etc., at garrison clubs.

(*b*) The introduction of Vocational Training, its success, and the need for its further extension so that the time-expired soldier can face the return to civil life with confidence, provides a possible source of labour. Gradually each garrison of any size is having its branch training establishment, and a regular flow of men is arising ; if the conditions of all garrisons were investigated, then numbers of employments could be scheduled and staffed from men on courses. Why have special instruction for groundsmen and gardeners and also have garrison employments of this nature—probably filled by recruits, who should be at duty ?

Another field for such operation would seem to be under the R.E., in connection with the upkeep and repair of all W.D. buildings. At present two kinds of personnel are employed on this work—(1) serving soldiers from R.E. Field Companies, etc., who are available at certain times of the year with the idea of keeping them expert in their " trades "; (2) civil personnel or contractors.

It seems only right that the use of R.E. serving soldiers should be restricted, so that their training should not be interfered with, but this laudable example is not always followed in the case of infantry ! The use of civil labour is supposed to be cheaper, but some experience of its efforts during the last seven or eight years has filled the writer's mind with grave doubts on this point. It is suggested that, again, an opportunity is offered for the use of men on Vocational courses ; with good organization, both economy and

Digitized by Google

efficiency should ensue. Vocational training should be the rule, not the exception, for men leaving the service ; as soon as that is established, then if a small permanent civil staff is maintained the bulk of the upkeep and repair work could be done by the men on such courses as carpentering, bricklaying, painting, plumbing, etc.

(*c*) In foreign conscript armies, such as those of France and Belgium, it has been found by experience that the " employment " of conscripts during their short terms of service is uneconomical, unsatisfactory, and conducive to inefficiency in units. Surely this also applies in our own Regular Army—at least to recruits in the first years of their service ? These Foreign Powers are now devising schemes to abolish this employment, and are proposing to utilize specially engaged civil personnel. It is suggested that similar action could well be taken in this country. At present the War Department has a heterogeneous collection of civil employees—clerks, police, range wardens, land wardens, power, light and conservancy personnel.

The proposal is to organize one W.D. Employment Corps of civil personnel, by trades and callings. Establishments could be worked out for garrisons and stations, the troops being relieved of all non-military work. Such bodies of civil personnel have been in use at the School of Artillery, Larkhill, and the Machine Gun School, Netheravon, for some time, and it is understood that they have been most successful.

It would be necessary to lay down conditions for such personnel ; young reservists, men of the Territorial Army and Supplementary Reserve could not be employed—or only to a limited extent—otherwise mobilization would cause a hitch in most essential work. But a splendid field for time-expired soldiers, sailors, airmen, police, postmen, etc., would be opened ; preference for employment would be given to such classes.

A degree of centralization would be of assistance ; the principles of " economy of force " and " concentration " must not be forgotten. The personnel at small stations could be temporarily increased from larger ones for special work ; a Command allotment under the Officeric Administration would probably be best.

Immediate objection to these proposals may be raised on the grounds of expense. It is the writer's contention that by careful arrangement a good beginning could be made

Digitized by Google

without serious outlay. If a consensus of opinion were taken it would probably be found that unit commanders would favour some small reduction in establishment if by this they were certain of being freed from outside employments and non-military fatigues. A trifling reduction in establishments would produce a considerable sum of money—your soldier is an expensive item. Then economy would ensue from the use of Vocational trainees, as advocated in para. 3 (*b*) above, and from the concentration of the existing W.D. civil personnel and the alteration in system over R.E. work on buildings. Gradually the new system could then be built up without excessive fresh expenditure. Savings should also follow on the nation's social services, since openings would be provided for men of good character who might otherwise be unemployed. Army service would thus be popularized, since the fear of lack of employment on completion of service would largely be removed.

It is not possible to go further into detail in a short article. The above points have been raised because it seems needful to-day to assist the regimental officer in obtaining more of his men's time for actual military training. It is contended that action on the lines indicated above would undoubtedly increase general efficiency at a small cost.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE

PRE-WAR ARMY PENSIONERS.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

Resolutions affecting 50,000 pre-war Army pensioners were passed at the annual conference of the British Legion at Whitsuntide.

Briefly, these resolutions decided:

To press for a Commission to review, among other cases needing redress, that of the Army pensioned ranker officers with a view to their being granted retired pay, as is the case with Navy and Marine pensioned ranker officers.

The Executive Council of the British Legion to draw up a comprehensive programme of reforms for which the sanction of Parliament may be necessary, and that this programme shall be placed before the leaders of the various political parties with a view to arranging an agreed programme for future legislation.

(One of the reforms suggested is: "Redress of pension grievances of long service pensioners of the fighting forces as laid down in the programme of the Army League.")

An imperative need for a change of Parliamentary procedure which would provide in all debates in the House of Commons relating to legislation bearing upon the welfare of ex-Service men, war widows, and dependents of the fallen . . . for the Party Whips to be withdrawn; that by the conscience-freedom of Members of Parliament it is alone possible to lift ex-Service problems out of the arena of party politics.

How necessary it is that a Commission, or a Select Committee of the Houses of Parliament, should be appointed to examine the chaos which has resulted from the actions of scattered and pension-tight departments, can be gathered from the following information, part of which has recently been obtained by questions in the House by Sir Park Goff, K.C., M.P.:—

Naval and Marine pensioners who served under Admiralty, counted war service for pension and received pension of rank held on demobilization	26,500
Naval and Marine pensioners who obtained temporary commissions under Admiralty, and received retired pay on demobilization	100
Naval and Marine pensioners who served under the War Office and did *not* count war service for pension, nor receive pension of the rank to which they were promoted during the war	400

Digitized by Google

Naval and Marine pensioners who served in the Army with military commissions as temporary officers, *and received* retired pay at naval rates 17

Army pensioners who served under War Office and who did not count war service for pension, nor receive pension of rank to which promoted during the war 50,000

Army pensioners, serving under War Office, who obtained temporary commissions, but were refused retired pay ... 2,500

(These officers are now receiving the pension appropriate to the rank they held when they rejoined for Service.)

In consequence, this differentiation of treatment in the two Services has resulted in the following differentiation in retired pay and pensions:—

117 Naval and Marine pensioners who served as temporary officers in the Navy and Army receive retired pay of £200—£300 a year.

2,500 Army pensioners who served as temporary officers in the Army *and* Navy receive non-commissioned pensions averaging £75 a year.

26,000 Naval and Marine pensioners who served under Admiralty receive pensions as follows:—

Sergeant-Major, or equivalent Naval rank	£120—£180	(average)
Colour-Sergeant, or equivalent Naval rank	£108	,,
Sergeant, or equivalent Naval rank	£95	,,
Corporal, or equivalent Naval rank	£75	,,
Private, or equivalent Naval rank	£68	,,

50,000 Army pensioners, including the 2,500 who obtained temporary commissions in the Army and Navy, and 400 Naval and Marine pensioners who served in the Army, receive pensions as follows:—

Sergeant-Major	£80	(average)
Colour-Sergeant	£75	,,
Sergeant	£65	,,
Corporal	£59	,,
Private	£47	,,

I maintain that any person who is not cursed with the official mind will agree that facts contained in the foregoing statement constitute a Service scandal. It is, in fact, a national scandal. Soldiers while serving are inarticulate, and when discharged are lost among the millions who know them not, who have no knowledge of their pension problems, and would give little sympathy if they did.

Yours faithfully,
F. D. BONE.

Digitized by Google

WORK IN ONTARIO.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

I recommend you to advise time-expired men to come out to this district of Ontario. The *New York Times* has bought out the Spruce Falls Co., and is spending twenty-five million dollars on an electric power dam and on enlarging the present 100-ton sulphite mill. The contractors are Morrow and Beatty, Ltd. Other things being equal, they prefer Britishers. Preliminary work started last year; it will be a three to four years' job.

Present wages, 35 cents. an hour, ten-hour day, for general labourers, teamsters, etc. There are good chances here for farriers and Horse Artillery men. Skilled workers can average pay at fifty cents. an hour, ten-hour day. Board at camp about $1.00 a day. There are too many Quebec French here, and we want Britishers to help us keep up our end.

This place affords as good a chance as any man can ever hope for; no one need feel afraid to venture. There are a few vacant houses for married men. It might mean a man boarding at camp and seeing his family during week-ends. We are on the Canadian National Railway line, seventy miles west of Cochrane, on the direct route from Montreal and Quebec City.

If any ex-Service man likes to write to me, I shall be very glad to answer inquiries.

Yours faithfully,
TOM C. WATKIS.

Kapuskasing,
Northern Ontario,
Canada.

Digitized by Google

THE BOOKSHELF

THE WORLD POLICY OF GERMANY, 1890–1912. By OTTO HAMMANN. George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

One has no hesitation in saying that European history is the richer by the publication of "The World Policy of Germany, 1890–1912," by Otto Hammann, and now translated for the first time into English. Herr Hammann was from 1893 to 1917 Chief of the Press Division of the German Foreign Office, and in virtue of his official post he had access to information denied to the professional historian. Consequently, as an account of the critical five-and-twenty years which preceded the Great War, and of the causes which led to its outbreak, the work is invaluable.

"The World Policy" begins with the enforced dismissal of Prince von Bismarck, and is by implication a thorough condemnation of the policy which his successors willingly or unwillingly adopted. Could Bismarck have had twenty-five more years in office, it is hard to believe that he would have allowed the events of August, 1914, with their disastrous repercussion upon Germany, to have developed. In his eyes Germany had by 1871 reached the limit of her useful territorial expansion. Nothing was wanted to guarantee the permanence of her destiny as the paramount power in Europe except Peace—peace alike for internal development and external commercial expansion. But the voracious pike in the European fishpond prevented the Germany of Bismarck from becoming a peaceful carp, and ceaselessly the dreams of the Chancellor were disturbed by the nightmare of coalitions. The danger zone to him was always France; the solution alliance with Russia and friendship with England.

When Bismarck was dropped by a Kaiser anxious to play the game of politics in his own way, a complete and fatal change came over the foreign policy of Germany. Regarding the Russian Treaty of Reinsurance as incompatible with his alliance with Austro-Hungary and with his hopes in the direction of Asia Minor, he allowed it to lapse, trusting to the Tsar's manifest anti-republican feelings to keep him away from France. But the Tsar wisely placed policy before politics, and in self-protection grasped the proffered hand of France. Already Bismarck's nightmare was taking physical shape.

It was, however, by the adoption of a World Policy that the Kaiser broke away most completely from the ideas of the old Chancellor. Bismarck had cared nothing for colonies. The main thing to him was Germany's European predominance, and intuitively he felt that a race for oversea possessions could only end by embroiling her with the greatest naval Power in the world, and the one Power with which, as a set-off to France, he desired to be on terms of the utmost friendship. Let there be commercial rivalry, he would have urged, by all means; let German manufacturers benefit by Britain's Free Trade policy and obtain as many commercial footholds as possible, but let the competition be restricted to merchandise. On such exhortations William II

Digitized by Google

turned his back. He lifted his gaze beyond the horizon of Europe, and, consistently enough, he realized that to play World Policy with any hopes of success two things were essential—colonies and ships. China, Samoa, the Transvaal, and Mesopotamia in turn felt his hand, laid with but indifferent success and always encountered by that of England. And gradually, as in Napoleon, an anti-British complex obtained mastery over his better faculties. There were, he fancied, two methods by which this proud nation might be outmanœuvred. The first was by a coalition of continental States; the other was by the building of such a fleet as would ultimately rob her of her naval supremacy. In this dual line of approaching his end the Kaiser evinced total ignorance of national psychology and forfeited all claims to statesmanship. Bismarck would never have imagined that France would consent to sink her aims of ascendancy and revenge by joining a German alliance. It was the naval side of his scheme, however, which proved the most fatal. Surfeited with colonies, Britain showed little uneasiness over German colonial expansion; even the prospect of being threatened by a continental system did not disturb her insular equanimity. But when, as Herr Hammann insists at considerable length, Germany started to construct battle-cruisers and to threaten England in a way in which she could not afford to be threatened, she woke from her torpor to the realities of the position. The German scare ceased to be an affair of Whitehall and became the topic of that omnipotent fellow, the man-in-the-street. "That the exaggeration of Germany's claims to sea-power," writes the author, "actually brought about the Anglo-German estrangement, and as a consequence France's long-desired reckoning . . . is proved by the exact parallel that existed between Germany's naval preparations and England's increasing political and military intimacy with the Dual Alliance."

While we are quite prepared to agree with Herr Hammann that at heart the Kaiser had no desire for war—that all he required was that Germany should be conceded a place in the sun and should play the part hitherto that of England in World Politics; while we are no less ready to admit that "the moves in Germany's policy that ran counter to William II's wooing of France, such as the visit to Tangier and the *Panther* spring at Agadir, did not originate with the Kaiser, but emanated from those in control in the Berlin Foreign Office," the fact remains that those who construct coalitions and those who build battle-cruisers to guard a handful only of oversea possessions and to protect only a very limited coast-line play with fire. If, the last moment, the Kaiser did not want a European war, he had been instrumental in dividing Europe into two hostile camps and in making a *casus belli* between them only a question of time. "Wedged in between two strong military Powers bent on war, the youthful German Empire should rather have learned from the brutal instinct of self-preservation, displayed for centuries by the old Kingdom of the British Isles, her duty towards herself, which was to follow Bismarck's wise example of preventing the rivalry with England from becoming a question of destiny for Germany." Perhaps by this time a fast-ageing man in Doorn is realizing the truth of this irrefragable criticism of Herr Hammann.

Digitized by Google

THE CHANGE: ESSAYS ON THE LAND. By G. C. HESELTINE. Foreword by G. K. CHESTERTON. Sheed & Ward. 2s. 6d.

Every morning hundreds of women with hastening steps turn towards the inevitable store whence they acquire the eggs, the bacon, the butter and the jam that have become the daily need of their households. One day bacon will be "up," eggs perhaps are cheaper, canned fruit a bargain, butter prices soaring higher. It is all very ordinary and prosaic: the weekly book that must be carefully, even painfully, revised; the suave grocer scanning his returns and figuring out margins of profits. Behind all this, past the serried ranks of rotund middlemen, we catch a glimpse in dim perspective of the food producer himself. What of him? Mr. Heseltine's book brings him vividly into the picture, and it were well for Service readers who think their future lies in a "small holding" to take it all to heart. We read here of the smallholder, of his hard work, his small profits, his inability to make money though he toil day in and day out to supply the market with our vital needs. Strange, indeed, that the producer of our sheer necessities should earn a bare livelihood, whilst the film star signs six figure contracts and the famous boxer pays super-tax. However, the best things in this world have no cash value, and the smallholder who rejoices, like our author, in a "space" complex and can attune himself to the wide spaces, the great brown earth and the untrammelled breezes takes from his life a zest unknown to the black-coated worker. The solid content of heart given to the man who accomplishes a day's work in the fields, fitting himself as he does into the great scheme of Creation, is a benediction in itself.

It is not given to all to love the soil whole-heartedly, but it is impossible to read parts of this book without awakening, at least for the moment, the primitive instincts latent within us. Mr. Heseltine writes with a sympathy that makes an irresistible appeal, whether he is describing the taciturn village carpenter or singing for us the beautiful swan-song of the scythe. But a passionate regret runs through these essays, and the haunting beauty of things that are slipping away from us is here. The wisdom of the wood-cutter, the might of the smith, and the superb rhythmic power of the mower! Are these things really to go from among us for ever, or will Mother Earth reclaim her errant children before the last is swallowed up in the maze of Industrialism? That the craving for simple country life, the desire to live near Nature, is latent in most of us is true, in spite of the enervating influence of urban life and, as Mr. Heseltine says, "the call of the country is not easily stifled. It has a note of confidence and promise, and the simple life is still possible. Its passing will not be in our generation." Nor, we venture to hope, in the generations to come. While our race lasts, surely there will always be men who will recoil from the herded communal life of the cities and who will seek "The silver mists, the purple tree-tops, a glimpse of Heaven framed in a hawthorn hedge."

Digitized by Google

MASTERS OF WAR. By NEVILLE D'ESTERRE. George Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

There are two ways of writing history. One is to make the facts fit the theory; the other is to make the theory fit the facts. The first reads like the speech of counsel addressing the jury; the second like the summing-up of a judge. When we would place Mr. D'Esterre's "Masters of War" in the first category, we guard ourselves against offering criticism against his having chosen the part of counsel rather than that of judge—in history as in law, the former outnumber the latter.

"Masters of War" is the first and most controversial of the three essays which comprise this book. There is nothing new—the author confesses as much—in its theory that greatness in warfare does not necessarily connote greatness in life. It is not simply a question as to whether the sword is mightier than the pen, but whether the sword can become as mighty when wielded as a pen. The test case taken by the author is that of Napoleon, admitted by all the greatest general of modern times and by many the greatest figure in history. With the second admission only Mr. D'Esterre joins issue. Of Napoleon he would have us believe that "the story, setting aside the military, is not very impressive"—a truly startling statement indeed. Is it nothing to have saved France from the incompetency of the Directory, to have preserved for her all that was worth preserving in the Revolution, to have given Italy a foretaste of unity, to have begun the irrigation of Egypt, to have sanctioned a lasting code of laws, and to have achieved a religious peace. It is easy enough to assert that the Code was the work of Portalis, and that the Concordat was an inevitability. It is not every statesman who is willing to accept the work of another or to anticipate the inevitable. Granted that Napoleon lacked moral sense, so did Walpole; granted that he was an egotist, so was Wolsey; granted that he was a sensualist, so was Richelieu. Shall we for these reasons deny them or him a claim to statesmanship of the first order? The thoroughly perfect statesman lives only in Utopia. Even the surpassing Chatham medallion has its displeasing reverse. Judged, too, by Carlyle's definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," Napoleon was surely the greatest political genius in history. Who else could work day after day for eighteen hours at a stretch and yet preserve a mind keen, incisive and alert, to the minutest details? Every branch of every administration which came under his eye felt the force of his hand removing abuses and chastising inefficiency. Wherever the eagles went, went, too, that magic and novel maxim, "*La carrière ouverte aux talents.*" A man who could coin such a phrase and could see that it was acted upon was something more than a successful Attila.

With Napoleon thus humbled, we read without surprise of Marlborough, "Deduct the soldier from the personality . . . and what is left"; and of Robert E. Lee, "Leave his war record out of account, and you have an honourable, just, magnanimous man, one of noble character, and gifted with no small fund of wisdom; but you have not a great man." Deduct the artist from Gainsborough, leave out the poet from Dante, and what indeed is left? Mr. D'Esterre is flogging

Digitized by Google

a dead horse. None but a blind partisan imagines that the object of his admiration is without spot or blemish. Every human idol has its alloy of clay.

When the author writes that " neither the creation of armies, nor their organization in detail, nor yet their leadership in battle, offers any insuperable difficulties to people who have not specialized in military art," he is stating a fact patent to all but the prejudiced. The careers of Cromwell, Clive and Garibaldi are lasting proofs that military genius can be inborn. But when he trounces the Wellingtons, the Marlboroughs and the Lees for not being statesmen, he should equally trounce the Pitts, the Peels and the Gladstones for not being generals. Why should the military genius be a greater man than the political, the musical, or the poetical genius? If anyone is to blame for the political failures of successful commanders, it is the people who, dazzled by their military feats, incontinently commit to them their political fates. Logically, it is as absurd to make a victorious general a Prime Minister as it would have been to have made Handel Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of course, the whole argument lies in the word " great." What is a great man? Mr. D'Esterre himself is not clear. " True greatness," he claims, " is compounded of three elements—industry, virtue, and illumination "; and yet two pages later he couples greatness with the name of Richelieu. The French cardinal had many excellent qualities, but virtue was not one of them. If Mr. D'Esterre seeks to create a theory based upon generalizations drawn from history, he must be surer of his history.

The two other essays, upon less controversial themes, make most interesting reading. The last especially will appeal to students of English place-names.

CORONEL AND THE FALKLANDS. By JOHN IRVING. A. M. Philpot, Ltd. 6s.

Described on the wrapper as " a fully documented study, compiled from both British and German sources, of the cruiser war against British trade which continued from August, 1914, to March, 1915, and the principal events of which were the Battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands," this, the latest addition to the library of the Falklands campaign, is marred by two blemishes. In the first place it lacks an index, an absolute essential in such a work if it is to be of any real value to the student; and, secondly, it suffers from over-much compression. Brevity is usually to be commended, but it can be overdone, and Commander Irving seems to us to have overdone it. He would have done better to have spread himself a little more.

However, apart from these two shortcomings—one of which, at least, can fairly easily be put right—the book has much to recommend it. Although the actual accounts of the two battles themselves are somewhat meagre and, like practically every English version that has yet appeared, quite uncritical, the accurate and concise description of the complicated

Digitized by Google

movements and manœuvres of the various British and German cruisers and cruiser squadrons in the outer seas during the first few months of the war is admirable.

Moreover, the author is to be congratulated for exposing—what has long been known in the Service—the callous cynicism with which Cradock and his squadron were sacrified on the altar of bureaucratic stupidity. After this it should be useless for those who were responsible for one of the most disgraceful strategical blunders ever perpetrated in sea warfare to continue to try to blame the gallant dead for their own gross errors. A perusal of the telegrams which passed between Cradock and Whitehall leaves no doubt as to whom most of the blame for Coronel is attributable.

Commander Irving also stresses the folly of undertaking military "side shows," involving convoys of troops which must be adequately protected *en route*, at a time when the enemy's cruisers have not yet been mopped up. He states, and quite rightly, that few, if any, of the subsidiary land campaigns, such as the New Zealand Government's Samoan expedition, the Indian Government's East African venture, etc., which were hurriedly and foolishly undertaken almost immediately war was declared, would have suffered by postponement until such time as the outer seas were completely cleared. Had the temptation to grab the German colonies at once—and quite regardless of the immediate necessity of such a course—been withstood, then the *entire* cruiser strength of the Allied navies on foreign stations could have been devoted to hunting down the enemy commerce raiders from the start, instead of half that strength being dissipated on troop-convoy duty. Instead of taking eight months to clear the trade routes of hostile cruisers, it would probably have taken less than half that time; but such a course, though its soundness has been proclaimed a thousand times in the pages of history, is directly opposed to sentiment—and sentiment, as every student of warfare knows, is the sworn enemy of common sense.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By E. F. BENSON. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

In introducing this book to the public the publishers state that "the aim of THE GOLDEN HIND SERIES, of which this is the first volume, is to present, in a form suitable for the general reader, lives of the great explorers written by well-known men of letters which are at once reliable history and attractive biography." Similar studies of other famous navigators of the Elizabethan era will be included among the earlier volumes of the series, and full-length biographies of Grenville, Frobisher, Hawkins, Raleigh, Hudson and John Smith are already in course of preparation.

Admirers of Mr. E. F. Benson may be a little surprised—and even apprehensive—to find him in the rôle of naval historian, but they need have no fear. Mr. Benson, the popular historian, is every bit as competent and refreshing as Mr. Benson, the popular novelist. Of

Digitized by Google

course, to a writer of his attainments, Drake as the subject of an intimate and human biography is a " gift " ; being the craftsman that he is, Mr. Benson could scarcely fail, under the influence of such an inspiration, to produce at least a readable yarn—that was only to be expected. But it was scarcely to be foreseen that, in addition to enhancing his existing reputation as a master of English prose, he would also prove himself a pre-eminently efficient and erudite historian.

Gifted with a style at once restful and vivid, he has somehow acquired the knack, so rare in even the best historical biographers, of presenting a romantic and interesting story with both eyes on the truth. Indeed, the gay insouciance with which he so frequently crosses swords on matters of fact—such as the year of Drake's birth—with Sir Julian Corbett and other acknowledged Drakian pundits, often with considerable success, is not the least intriguing feature of this work (though we wonder that he troubled to tilt at " English Seamen," for Froude has long been utterly discredited as a reliable historian).

That there are points in Mr. Benson's narrative upon which many students will disagree with him goes without saying ; no historian can hope to please everyone. We ourselves, for instance, cannot agree that the great Lord Burghley, high as his standard of morality undoubtedly was for those times, might not, in what he considered a grave national emergency, have intrigued with even such a blackguard as the elder Doughty ; nor, having had some personal experience of night watch-keeping in destroyers during the late war, can we subscribe to Mr. Benson's condemnation of Lord Howard's " look-out officer " [*sic*] on one of those black nights in the Channel when the British fleet was shepherding Philip's invincible Armada to its destruction. Things at sea are not always what they seem, and in this case Drake, and not Howard, was probably to blame.

But these are small matters. The important thing is that Mr. Benson has inaugurated this admirable series with a really arresting study of the greatest of all Elizabethan seamen ; and if the other biographies reach the same level of scholarship and distinction, THE GOLDEN HIND SERIES should prove a notable addition to any library.

But there is one improvement that we suggest. A glance down the list of distinguished writers who will be responsible for the subsequent volumes discloses the fact that, like Mr. Benson himself, very few of them have any first-hand knowledge of seafaring matters. Naturally this cannot be avoided, but as the subjects of these studies are amongst the most famous sailors of all time, it is only meet that their biographies should not be marred, as occasionally is the case with " Drake," by palpable solecisms in nautical phraseology. Mr. Milton Waldman, the editor of the series, should get a competent literary sailor to read the proofs of future volumes.

Finally, we do not recently remember seeing a book of this sort, illustrated with excellent plates and maps, so well produced. How it is that some publishers contrive to publish books that are works of art at a comparatively reasonable rate, whilst others can do no better than to produce ill-printed, ill-bound, shoddy monstrosities at an exorbitant price, is a problem insoluble to the reading public.

Digitized by Google

THE INDECISIVENESS OF MODERN WAR AND OTHER ESSAYS. By J. HOLLAND ROSE. G. Bell & Sons. 10s. 6d.

The causes which led to the prolonged deadlock in the North Sea and on the Western Front during the Great War present a problem which is very far from being solved. Curiously enough, such attempts as have been made have come principally from civilian rather than from naval or military critics. Professor Rose voices the uneasiness which all students of the last war must feel at the meagre results achieved by naval and military operations at a cost of 8,500,000 casualties, a wastage that far exceeds anything that has been previously recorded.

The falsity of the saying, "Providence is on the side of the big battalions, has unquestionably been proved up to the hilt. How, then, is a decisive issue to be reached in future wars?

On the naval side the author comes to the conclusion that there is no way out of the deadlock, and certainly little hope of a solution along the lines lately followed by the three chief Admiralties of the world. It is to be remembered that the use of naval aircraft in the Great War was meagre in the extreme. Amidst the many astonishing revelations about Jutland, nothing is more amazing than the fact that we had only one aeroplane scouting for the Grand Fleet at that great battle. And yet, despite the neglect of air reconnaissance, the chances of surprising an enemy fleet during the late war were amazingly difficult; nowadays modern developments in aircraft have rendered surprise almost impossible. Professor Rose's conclusions would seem to be justified; anyway, there can be little doubt that the days of the great battle fleets are past, and there is small likelihood of a great naval battle being a deciding factor in the winning of a future war.

Yet the seaplane may have potentialities which few of us have dreamed of.

The second essay deals with modern land war, and we agree most heartily with the author's views on the ineffectiveness of mass warfare and the indecisiveness and long-drawn-out agony of the war of attrition. But here the solution is not so difficult, and if only excessive caution and conservatism can be overcome, our British mechanized army of the future may yet be able to deal a decisive blow.

The remaining essays of this attractive book dealing with aspects of earlier history are full of interest, and the book as a whole is eminently readable and instructive.

FORESTS AND SEA POWER. By ROBERT G. ALBION. Harvard University Press (Humphrey Milford). 21s. net.

Those who are interested in historical research of the more eclectic sort have learnt to value the imprint of the American University Presses, and, incidentally, of Messrs. Humphrey Milford, who publish for them

Digitized by Google

in this country. In particular, the Harvard University Press—under the title of " Harvard Economic Studies "—has produced in the past few years several volumes of outstanding merit, not a few of which have since become recognized as textbooks.

Such a work is " Forests and Sea Power," by Professor R. G. Albion, of Princeton University. The twenty-ninth of the series, it fully maintains the high standard set by its predecessors. Comprising nearly 500 pages, provided with an excellent index amd a remarkably fine bibliography, it is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and authoritative study of the Royal Navy's erstwhile timber problem yet written.

Though not generally appreciated, and in some cases even ignored entirely, by naval historians, the timber problem was, in fact, for more than two centuries the chief bugbear of the British Navy. In a sudden emergency money could be levied or borrowed; guns could be cast; men could be pressed—all these things might be, and on occasions were, accomplished in a few days. But oak, the only wood from which our ancestors (quite erroneously) deemed it possible to construct a staunch man-o'-war, required a hundred years to reach maturity.

It would indeed have been a miracle had those responsible for keeping the Navy adequately supplied with timber adopted a long-headed policy of annual planting and afforestation. Such a course—the only sure means by which the problem could have been permanently solved—demanded a breadth of vision and a fund of altruism as unusual in the seventeenth century politician as it is in his successor of to-day. Neither votes nor kudos were to be gained by planting several thousand acres each year with acorns, that generations yet unborn might reap the benefit in dockyards well stocked with oak.

As a result of the wholesale depletion of England's woods and forests, the timber shortage, which had made itself felt even in the Dutch Wars, had become a timber famine half a century later. " Compass " timber, the huge baulks from which the wing-transom knees and stern-posts of ships-of-the-line were hewn, was scarcely to be found in all Britain, and the authorities were forced to look elsewhere for it.

Thus was inaugurated that great import trade in colonial and foreign timber which, though it made the fortunes of many shipowners and a few contractors, cost the unfortunate taxpayer countless millions.

With the administrative, political, and even international reactions which resulted from the Navy's timber problem, Professor Albion deals at great length. Scrupulously impartial, he is nevertheless a severe and candid critic; and his exposure of the corruption and chicanery which permeated the whole system, though it makes interesting reading, provides a shocking commentary on the public morality of those times.

But of even greater interest to the modern naval student are the chapters dealing with that scourge of the old wooden Navy—dry rot. A destructive fungus growth which penetrated the wood with small white cottony fibres, completely destroying great three-deckers in a few months, it was chiefly caused by unseasoned timber and bad ventilation.

As far back as 1609, James I had appointed a Naval Commission of Inquiry into the question of dry rot, and they wisely advised that the

Digitized by Google

timber be " seasoned in water to sucke out the sappe and after dryed by the ayer and sonne and pyled uppe till thear be fitte use of it." This was sound advice which bitter experience of two more centuries of rotting green wood could not improve upon, and yet, as Professor Albion remarks, " it was so poorly followed that fleet after fleet rotted prematurely."

During the Napoleonic Wars, when the increasing shortage of good timber made it necessary to build new ships and effect repairs with unseasoned and unsuitable foreign woods, the ravages of dry rot increased to an appalling extent.

Nelson's blockade of Toulon was seriously impaired owing to the rotten state of his ships, which were so decrepit that they could not stand up to the winter gales in the Gulf of Lyons.

But the most flagrant example of dry rot was the *Queen Charlotte* (110), which was built at Deptford in 1810 and rotted so quickly that she had to be rebuilt completely before she could ever be commissioned for sea !

Professor Albion's study of this ill-appreciated but extremely important aspect of naval history is a fine piece of work, which must have involved infinite labour. Our only regret is that such a task, wholly inspired by the old " wooden walls " of England, should have been left to an American to perform. But perhaps there is some consolation in the knowledge that no one, whatever his nationality, could have accomplished it better ; moreover, surely no author of such a book could have rejoiced in a more appropriate surname than Albion.

SEAMARKS AND LANDMARKS. By SURGEON-CAPTAIN O. W. ANDREWS, C.B.E., R.N. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 18s. net.

Most naval doctors are born raconteurs, as those who are familiar with the wardrooms of H.M. ships can testify, and the author of this delightful book is no exception to the rule.

Entering the Navy nearly forty years ago, Surgeon-Captain Andrews served at one time or another on practically every station in the world. From the storehouse of his memory (aided, we suspect, by several carefully-kept diaries), he has gathered the choicest reminiscences of an unusually interesting life, and, salting these with an amusing selection of sea-faring yarns, has produced a thoroughly entertaining autobiography. Illustrated with several good photographs and exceedingly well produced by the publishers, it should help many a harassed uncle or aunt to solve that eternal birthday-present problem.

Those who have known the seven seas from the quarter-deck of a man-o'-war will enjoy revisiting old haunts in the company of this genial P.M.O. ; whilst those whose work has not taken them to " furrin'

Digitized by Google

parts " must surely appreciate voyaging amongst the more remote Pacific Islands or watching from the deck of the *Prince George* the drama of Gallipoli.

Indeed, the author's account of this ill-fated venture is of absorbing interest, and we can only regret that one who saw so much should have confined himself so studiously to narrative.

The unbiased and outspoken comments of such an observer would be worth all the self-laudatory effusions of political apologists. We have had too little of the former and too much of the latter, and we suggest to Surgeon-Captain Andrews that in some future work he should " write up " Gallipoli more fully and more critically.

We cannot leave this book without thanking the author for including in the appendix the words of that fine old naval ditty, " The Lords of the Admiraltee." Many such songs, once so popular in gunroom and wardroom, are almost lost to the present generation. In a few years, unless they are salved in this way, they will be completely forgotten, and a picturesque link with the Old Navy will have been irreparably broken.

ÆSCULAPIUS ARMAQUE. By MAJOR M. B. H. RITCHIE, D.S.O., R.A.M.C. John Bale, Sons & Danielsson, Ltd. 5s.

Major Ritchie has grouped together a series of articles which originally appeared in the *R.A.M.C. Journal.* They deal with a variety of subjects, such as training of R.A.M.C. officers for war, peace stations in the Tropics, etc., and the views expressed are always interesting and constructive. The chapter which is most likely to attract the attention of the married officer is that on " The Medical Attendance of Military Families." The author advances the point of view, which is no doubt correct, that we don't value anything we get for nothing. There are a good many officers' wives who speak none too highly of the R.A.M.C., largely, we think, on account of the absence of the " bedside manner." Knowing that no fee is in question, the military medical officer naturally does not waste time on unessentials, and is often brusque in his tone. As Major Ritchie says, " when called out unnecessarily at night we may experience difficulty in concealing signs of faint displeasure." It is perhaps a small point, but in so far as it does affect the reputation of the R.A.M.C., a not unimportant one, and we are inclined to agree with the author's opinion that the payment of a medical adviser is one of the psychological factors of effective treatment.

Taken as a whole, the reputation of the R.A.M.C. has increased enormously since the Great War ; but Major Ritchie, voicing as he does the views of the great majority of his brother officers, calls for bigger things in the future, for clear vision, clear thinking, and a virile policy, and what he calls the big job mentality. We can cordially recommend this little book to our readers.

Digitized by Google

HISTORY OF THE 60TH DIVISION. By COLONEL P. H. DALBIAC, C.B. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 21s.

The 60th London Division had as varied an experience as any division in the Army, and served in France, Macedonia and Palestine. The first really serious business that it took part in were the calamitous attacks on the Doiran front in Macedonia in April and May, 1917. We could wish Colonel Dalbiac had allowed himself some criticism of these attacks, which resulted in such immense casualties on our side and such infinitesimal results. Few places in the world can be less suited to a night attack than the rock-strewn mountainous slopes around the Jumeaux Ravine and Le Petit Couronné; few preliminary bombardments can have been more futile. However, like so many other war historians, Colonel Dalbiac confines himself to a straightforward narrative of events which, it may be, is all that those who fought in this gallant division require. As was to be expected from Londoners, the 60th Division were always a cheery crowd; they did splendid work in Palestine, and to them fell the distinction of receiving the surrender of Jerusalem.

WARREN OF OUDH. Being the transcription of a letter and three Rolls of Manuscript written by Colonel Jack Warren of the Oudh State Army, and late of the East India Company's Forces, to his son Nugent. Edited and annotated by RICHARD B. GAMON. Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

In spite of Colonel Jack Warren's circumstantial letter to his son, with which this entertaining story opens, we beg leave to doubt the historical authenticity of the three "Rolls of Manuscript," or, indeed, that they ever existed at all except in the fertile brain of Mr. R. B. Gamon. In support of the opposite view, however, it may well be argued that truth is notoriously stranger than fiction. . . . But the reader must judge for himself.

Set in the closing years of the eighteenth century, when Warren Hastings of the tortuous but determined mind was busily engaged in laying the foundations of British rule in India, it purports to be a record of the adventures of Captain Jack Warren (as he was then), squadron-leader in the Company's European Horse—more colloquially known, from the colour of their broad sashes, as "The Orange Devils."

For nearly 300 pages we follow the gallant captain—at times wondrously astute and at others (particularly in affairs of the heart) incredibly slow in the uptake—through the most thrilling and remarkable adventures. A beautiful English girl; a rascally Frenchman; a duel, followed for reasons of policy by a flight; an impersonation by our hero of a petty rajah; a dusky belle; a comic *jogi*, who combines the duties of prime minister and guardian angel; another rascally

Digitized by Google

Frenchman; a protracted hunt for the English beauty, who has mysteriously disappeared; her discovery in the usual invidious situation in a potentate's harem; another duel, which disposes of rascally Frenchman No. 2, responsible for the damsel's unhappy plight; rescue of the lady; explanations, kisses and the inevitable sequel.

These ingredients, mixed together in a fine stew, garnished with a liberal flavouring of love, hate, battle, murder and political intrigue, and served hot with a chutney sauce of racy dialogue *à la mode* 1780, make, in faith, a demned diverting romance. In fact, as we said before, the dish sounds too good to be true.

FIGHTING MERCHANTMEN. (Tales from Hakluyt.) By COMMANDER R. B. BODILLY, R.N. Heath Cranton, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

No modern books of travel and adventure, however imaginative they may be, can hope to compete with old Hakluyt's picturesque narratives of the early voyages of discovery undertaken by the Elizabethan merchant seamen. But, as Commander Bodilly very rightly points out, few people in these unleisurely days have the time—or perhaps even the inclination—to tackle so awe-inspiring an array of volumes, written for the most part in language strange to twentieth-century readers; though, if they only knew it, they miss a lot, for Hakluyt's beautiful and expressive Elizabethan English is almost unsurpassed amongst the literature of that period.

That the works of the old chronicler may not, therefore, be entirely lost to modern readers, the author of "Fighting Merchantmen" has selected a dozen of the more interesting narratives from the original, and published them in a single volume. Incidentally, this collection first appeared in the well-known nautical magazine, *The Blue Peter*.

Included in the present work are the two voyages of Master Thomas Candish (Cavendish) in 1586 and 1591, on the first of which he followed in Drake's footsteps and circumnavigated the world; the voyage of Pet and Jackman to the Arctic in 1580; the story of Miles Philips, who, landing in Mexico from Hawkins' 1568 expedition, fell into the hands of the Inquisition, and for sixteen years suffered incredible hardships before he contrived to escape, disguised as a Spanish soldier, to his own country; the "travailes" of Job Hortop, gunner, also of Hawkins' expedition, who fell into the hands of the Spaniards and suffered twelve years as a galley-slave before attaining freedom; and, of course, amongst the rest, the stories of the Armada and Grenville's immortal fight in the *Revenge* three years later.

Commander Bodilly has done his work well, wisely refraining from any attempt to "re-write" Hakluyt. He has merely sub-edited him a little, occasionally explaining or emphasizing a particular passage in his own words, but in the main telling each story, by means of judiciously

Digitized by Google

selected extracts from the original, in Hakluyt's own incomparable language.

Well supplied with charts illustrating the various voyages, this book should appeal not only to nautical readers, but to a wider public. A good deal more enthralling than a present-day "thriller," it has, in addition, the added merit of historical truth.

TACTICAL SCHEMES FROM PLATOONS TO BRIGADES, WITH SOLUTIONS AND NOTES. By A. KEARSEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., *p.s.c.*, late Lieutenant-Colonel, General Staff. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

This should prove a very useful book. The specimen orders are particularly good, as are also the solutions to schemes recently set for the Staff College examination. At the same time, we cannot help wishing, as we have said in similar reviews, that this type of book would not be too hidebound by regulations, but would hint, even if it is only in a small prefatory note, at the complete immolation of the infantry which is lately to ensue in future warfare if conditions remain as they are at present.

Having voiced our customary protest on behalf of the P.B.I., we can cheerfully pay a tribute to the immense amount of valuable data which this book contains.

NOTES FOR SECTION COMMANDERS. By LIEUT. J. JEFFERSON, Welsh Guards. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 9d.

An excellent little book which should prove a godsend to Infantry N.C.Os. It consists of a series of lecture notes for a Section Leader's course, and gets an amazing amount of sound, common-sense "potted" information into a very small space. It has the additional advantage of being sufficiently small to be easily carried in the breast pocket during field training.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Remaking of Modern Armies." By Captain Liddell Hart. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

"A Short Life of Marlborough." By Henry John Edwards. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

"British Foreign Secretaries, 1807–1916." By Algernon Cecil. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. 15s.

"Light and Shade in Bygone India." By Lieut.-Colonel L. H. Thornton, C.M.G., D.S.O. John Murray. 15s.

Digitized by Google

"War Birds." The Diary of an Unknown Aviator. John Hamilton. 15s.

"Chevrons." By Leonard Mason. Brentano's, Ltd.

"The Conquest of the Air." By C. L. M. Brown. Humphrey Milford. 2s. 6d.

"The Battle of Monmouth." By the late William S. Stryker. Humphrey Milford. 21s.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

"The Cavalry Journal."
"The Royal Engineers' Journal."
"Rivista Militaire Italiana."
"The Royal Tank Corps Journal."
"Canadian Defence Quarterly."
"The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly."
"The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette."
"The Essex Regiment Gazette."
"The Tiger and Sphinx."
"The Leopard."
"The Wasp."
"The Sprig of Shillelagh."
"The Covenantor."
"The Iron Duke."

Digitized by Google

Naval and Military Outfitting

THE HOUSE OF ANDERSON, Edinburgh and Glasgow, has half a century's record of outfitting His Majesty's fighting forces on sea and land (and latterly also in the air).

Officers considering renewal of any part of their equipment are invited to write stating their requirements. A comprehensive List, giving details and prices, will be sent to any address at home or abroad.

MUFTI Civilian Tailoring in all its branches is carried out, like the Naval & Military Outfitting Departments, on the firm's own premises.

—

Write for list of Overcoats, High-grade Ready-to-Wear Suits, Hosiery, etc.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS. While Anderson & Sons do not confine their services to any particular branch they have a highly specialised department dealing with Kit for the Highland and other Scottish Regiments. Their knowledge of the various tartans and their proper use, a subject of considerable intricacy, is probably unique.

Wm. ANDERSON & SONS LTD.

14 & 16 GEORGE STREET
EDINBURGH

157 HOPE STREET
GLASGOW

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers over 1,200 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependents.

Aiming as it does to bring together all commissioned officers, after retirement, for the purpose of mutual help, it appeals naturally both to those whose circumstances are straitened, and to their more prosperous brothers.

The Association is fortunate in having secured the generous assistance of several eminent surgeons and physicians who as honorary officers grant consultations and carry out operations either free of charge or at greatly reduced fees according to the means of their patients. Other honorary officers include the auditor, solicitor and architect, all of whom are prepared to advise members in their several capacities. That these advantages are appreciated by the members goes without saying.

Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependents.

The annual subscription is £1, and full particulars will be sent on application to the offices at Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, W.1.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

Our Newest Battleship	*Frontispiece*	
		PAGE
Editorial		305
Conferences more Naive than Naval. By Lieut.-Comdr. W. N. Barstow, R.N.		330
The Reign of the Bullet. By "Iphicrates"		335
Flying Boats (*Photos*)	*Facing*	345
The Wine Tout. By E. H. Vanes		345
Afghanistan, India, and the Bolshevist Menace. By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.		351
Types of Armoured Vehicles (*Photos*)	*Facing*	364
Military Criticism and Military Critics: The Remaking of Modern Armies. By Capt. B. H. Liddell-Hart ...		365
War Organization of the Navy "Behind the Line." By "Mariner"		372
The Subalterns' Cup. By "Mahsud"		383
The Trials and Transformation of the Territorial Army. By Lieut.-General Sir John L. Keir, K.C.B., D.L.		386
Uniformity is the Enemy of Progress. By "Basilisk" ...		396
The Morris Commercial Six-Wheeler Car (*illustrated*) ...		401
"Per Ardua Ad . . . !" By G. O. M.		402
An Air Mail Trip. By Flight-Lieut. G. R. O'Sullivan, R.A.F.		406
Petrol Supply in the Field. By Lieut. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, M.B.E., R.A.S.C.		416
Big Game Shooting and the Training of Officers. By Capt. H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C., The Buffs ...		427
Sun. By C. R. Major		432
When the Harness is Unbuckled: 12.—A Fair Haven. By "Crustacean"		437
Employment of Pensioners and Ex-Soldiers at Regimental Depots		445
Correspondence		448
The Bookshelf		452

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd., London, Aldershot and Portsmouth

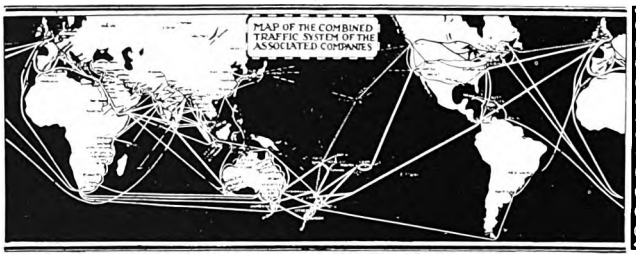
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Digitized by Google

P&O

BRITISH INDIA

MEDITERRANEAN
EGYPT
INDIA
PERSIAN GULF
CEYLON
BURMA
SIAM
STRAITS



AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND
E. & S. AFRICA
CHINA
JAPAN
MANILA
MAURITIUS
Etc.

NEW ZEALAND & ASSOCIATED LINES

MAIL, FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P. & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping and Union Companies.
All sailings subject to change, with or without notice.

1—London and Marseilles to Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf.
2—London to Colombo, Madras and Calcutta.
3—London and Marseilles to Ceylon, China, Japan and Australia.
4—London to Port Sudan, East and South Africa.
5—London to Queensland.
6—London (cargo) and Southampton (passengers) to New Zealand and (by transhipment, passengers only) Australia via Panama Canal.
7—United Kingdom (by any Atlantic line) via Vancouver or San Francisco to New Zealand, Australia, and the South Sea Islands.
8—London (1 class only, 3rd class rates) to Australia via Cape of Good Hope.

ADDRESS :

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.—For Passage, P. & O. House (Manager, F. H. Grosvenor), 14-16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 ; Freight or General Business, P. & O. & B.I. Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
No. 6.—J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd., 138 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, or P. & O. House (first floor—General Passenger Agent, W. L. James), 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.
No. 7.—Union S.S. Co. of New Zealand, Ltd., P. & O. House (first floor—General Passenger Agent, W. L. James), 14 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, and, for Vancouver Service, any office of the Canadian Railways.
No. 8.—P. & O. Service, Australia via Cape, 32 Lime Street, E.C.3, or P. & O. House, as above.

B.I. Agents—Gray, Dawes & Co., 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.
Paris (all routes)—Société Française P. & O., 41 Boulevard des Capucines.

P. & O. ROUND TRIPS AND WORLD TOURS

Illustrated Handbook on application as below.

P. & O. BRITISH INDIA NEW ZEALAND & ASSOCIATED LINES
WEST END PASSENGER OFFICE
P. & O. HOUSE 14 COCKSPUR STREET LONDON S.W.1

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. IV OCTOBER, 1927 No. 3

EDITORIAL

The Abortive Conference.

The failure of the Naval Conference at Geneva was a great disappointment and setback to those idealists who are still deluded in their beliefs that the last great contest was a " war to end war," that universal disarmament would be its natural sequel and that international mistrust would, in future, be dispelled by round-table gatherings.

Frankly, it cannot be said that relations between the two great English-speaking nations have been improved by this Conference ; yet it is to them, more than to any other association of peoples, that the World must continue to look to preserve peace. In fact, it must be admitted that this attempt to limit naval expenditure by argument and arbitrary figures has proved entirely abortive and the best thing the parties concerned can do is to forget it.

The main rock on which British and American interests split proved to be cruisers. As we said in last quarter's Notes, our numerical requirements in this class of warship " must be determined by geographical considerations and not merely by comparisons with foreign navies." It is to the credit of Mr. Bridgeman and his staff of naval advisers, and to the Government, which supported them, that they refused to surrender on this cardinal principle. The United States delegates were in the quandary that they could not, for political reasons, accept less than parity in each and every class of ship—a claim, which we did not dispute—while, equally, they could not, logically, justify building so large a

Digitized by Google

force of cruisers, especially as the ostensible object in view was economy.

There were various other quibbles over the size of guns to be carried by cruisers of less than 10,000 tons, the maximum displacement of submarines and the British proposal that replacement battleships, when due, should be smaller, but the fundamental trouble was the uncompromising attitude of the American delegates towards all proposals which seemed in any way to reflect on national ambitions and prestige.

The two sets of people who have most to lament in this failure to reach agreement, are the taxpayers in this country, to whom acceptance of the British proposals would have brought some real measure of relief; and the Japanese, who will be loath to accept greater disparity, if America increases her navy, but who are already hard put to it to maintain their existing standard.

* * *

The Small Cruiser Question.

Although Mr. Bridgeman and his advisers are to be congratulated on the manner in which they defended British interests at the conference, there is a large body of expert opinion in this country which most emphatically disagrees with the British delegates' attitude over what may be termed "the small cruiser question."

So long as a potential enemy is allowed to possess a considerable number of powerful 10,000-ton cruisers, armed with 8-inch guns, and with a wide radius of action, many shrewd British naval officers consider it merely imbecile for us to maintain a bevy of small, inefficient, and often obsolete "commerce-protection" cruisers, armed only with 6-inch guns. War is not a game played according to set rules, and because a large cruiser is designed ostensibly to work with the main battle-fleet there is nothing to prevent her being used—if such use would prove more advantageous—in "mopping up" the trade routes instead. Indeed, in an emergency during the late war the battle-cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were employed by us in just such a fashion, with what tragic results to the enemy everyone knows. At any rate, there is a widespread belief in the Service to-day that these 6-inch gun commerce-protection cruisers would simply prove death-traps in time of war, without rendering any commensurate service.

* * *

The chief difficulty with regard to the training of the

Digitized by Google

Navy for the next war is that the international situation gives no indication as to the nature of this war—if any, there is to be. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs from the point of view of world peace, but it adds greatly to the difficulties of those whose duties consist in keeping the Navy as ready for war as circumstances permit. If, however, there is no positive information beyond the fact that we maintain a battle-fleet presumably in case we have to fight other battle-fleets, and there are at present only two foreign battle-fleets in existence, there is a certain amount of negative information. From a naval point of view the last war was principally a North Sea war—a war of short distances and small areas with the naval forces based on the rich resources of the Mother Country. This situation seems unlikely to reappear during the next twenty years. There was no doubt, or there should have been no doubt from 1905 onwards, as to what form the most likely Naval war would take, and the late Lord Fisher looked ahead when in the teeth of much opposition he made his famous concentration in Home Waters. Yet the Navy of 1914 was not in many respects prepared for its task. Scapa Flow—the obvious and chosen base—was naked of all defence. The submarine as a weapon was completely misunderstood except by British and German submarine officers. The German ships, admittedly designed for North Sea work, had superiorities over British ships designed for world-wide service. Many of the British shortcomings were no doubt due to the astounding fact that, though the security of the British Empire admittedly depended upon the efficient use of naval force in war, the Navy had no staff of persons trained to study and plan how that force should be used in various eventualities.

Navy Training.

The Navy now has a staff. To what extent does this staff think ahead and vizualize the next war? Is the war-training of the 1927 Navy based on definite principles applicable to a future war, or is it a rehash of lessons learnt in the last war with the omission from the curriculum of the most important lesson of all—*i.e.*, the fact that the next war is not likely to resemble the last in several important particulars? These are important questions not easy to answer as the Admiralty has not yet reached an attitude towards publicity attained by the War Office and surpassed by the Air Ministry, a department of State the efficiency of whose lines of

Digitized by Google

communication with Fleet Street arouse the envy of other parts of Whitehall. Last spring, newspaper correspondents attended the Combined Exercises off Gibraltar, but their accounts of the operations though picturesque were of negligible technical interest.

* * *

Naval Gunnery and the Public.

In connection with this love of secrecy on the part of the Admiralty, it is interesting to note the fact that since the war the public has been kept in almost complete ignorance of the gunnery efficiency of the Fleet. This is in marked contrast to the days when the results of battle-practice and gunlayer's tests were published in all the principal newspapers and when popular imagination was fired by reading accounts of record scores.

Those particular practices, in their original form, are out-of-date and, direction firing having replaced individual gunlaying almost entirely, inter-gun competitions are no longer of great importance, nor would they be a criterion of a ship's battle efficiency. Nevertheless, it should not pass the wit of the present-day gunnery experts to evolve a system of grading ships on their firings throughout the year in a form which would stimulate competition and give the general public renewed interest in this vital aspect of naval training. It is done in the American Navy where the ship with the best gunnery record for the year is awarded a special pendant to fly and proclaim her prowess. This particular form of distinction might not commend itself to our personnel, but the ship whose name was published at the head of the firing returns in pre-war days was justly proud of her place, and it was for the good of the Service and the nation that these matters did appear in print.

* * *

The Fleet Air Arm.

From such information as is public knowledge we believe that in one respect the Admiralty is well ahead of the times, for we have no hesitation in asserting that in Fleet air work the British Navy has no equal. This being so, it makes it difficult to understand why the Admiralty persist in going ahead with their policy of building aircraft carriers to the total tonnage allowed under the Washington Treaty, and take no cognizance of the amazing development of the flying-boat. Admiralty policy is, perhaps, governed

Digitized by Google

by a very natural desire to have the maximum number of Fleet Air Arm aircraft under their own control; further, having fought so consistently for a Fleet Air Arm and had their claims met, they now feel in duty bound to continue their programme of aircraft-carrier construction. But—and it is a very big " but " indeed—is this policy the best for the nation, is the cost justified, and, if the question could be discussed in a friendly atmosphere entirely free from inter-departmental susceptibilities, would the aircraft-carrier and Fleet Air Arm aircraft continue to take pride of place to the almost entire exclusion of the flying-boat? We doubt it. Admiralty flying-boats were not included in the original scheme for a Fleet Air Arm, as arranged between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, but this is no time for a too strict adherence to the letter of the law. For, consider, the cost of producing these carriers (including the *Courageous* and *Glorious* now under construction) and exclusive of the many refits undertaken and which will have to be undertaken in the future, cannot fall far short of £10,000,000 and most probably exceeds that figure. For a quarter of that sum the Navy could have been provided with a fleet of flying-boats, together with the necessary bases, sufficient for their requirements at home and abroad, and in fact, their requirements would have been met to a far larger extent than the limited potentialities of carrier-borne aircraft allow. At the present moment there is every reason for scrapping at least two of the older type carriers irrespective of what the future Admiralty policy may be. But we sincerely hope the opportunity will not be missed, and that the two Ministries in a spirit of friendly compromise will arrange for the replacement of these obsolete carriers by flights of flying-boats. The question of personnel to man them will present difficulties, but surely not insuperable ones. The young Naval officer should take to a flying-boat as a duck takes to water.

* * *

Promotion.

The congested state of the officers' lists in the Navy cries aloud for attention. For example, the Commanders' and Lieutenant-Commanders' Lists are at present swollen with the names of efficient officers who are faced with the disheartening certainty that a considerable proportion of them can never hope to be promoted. Competition within limits is admirable, but at the present time the state of these lists is well beyond

Digitized by Google

the limit. It is no secret that Their Lordships view this state of affairs with much concern, but as the remedy lies in financial provision for the pensioning off of surplus officers the Treasury is declared to be the unconquerable dragon barring the path of reform. This reasoning seems to us to allow insufficient weight to the supreme importance of men as opposed to material. A glance at the latest Navy List shows that every big ship is cluttered up with Lieutenant-Commanders who must find it difficult to discover a day's work, or having found it, to leave any responsibility to the hordes of Lieutenants who tread hard on their heels. Would it not be sound policy to outflank the Treasury Dragon by diverting to the business of clearing the lists some of the money at present devoted to new construction which does not seem to be urgently required for a year or two. At present the prospects offered by a naval career are so uncertain that many parents are hesitating to send their boys to sea, whilst if the Admiralty canvassed naval fathers on this subject we think the result would surprise them.

* * *

Cenotaphics.

This is a new military term recently heard among the troops. At first we were somewhat perplexed as to its meaning. Obviously the word is derived from "Cenotaph"—a sepulchral monument erected to one who is buried elsewhere. But it was soon discovered that it had little to do with chiselled stone, or bricks and mortar. In place it was closely related to the preliminary essential of suchlike memorials—the dead themselves, for it would be an absurdity to raise a cenotaph to the living. As tactics are the art of fighting, so was it soon discovered that "cenotaphics" are the art of getting soldiers killed. "To cenotaph" is to fight a battle in which you must die, or, at best, are extremely fortunate to come out alive (*e.g.*, the Third Battle of Ypres). A "cenotaphic" exercise is one entailing the idea of maximum slaughter, and "cenotaphic" training consists in teaching men how to die—honourably, of course—but nevertheless as rapidly as possible. Such is the wit of Thomas Atkins, and behind it lurks a vast amount of common sense.

Our wanderings over the Regular Army training areas convinced us of the importance of this word, for in the distortions of tactical truth which we witnessed could be plainly discerned its expressive meaning. During the Great

Digitized by Google

War the machine gun was the terror of the battle-field; now, apparently, some magical sign has been discovered whereby it can be rendered impotent. No infantry attack, we believe, can possibly succeed without one of three things: stupendous gun fire, numbers of tanks, or great quantities of gas. We have neither one nor two, and are forbidden three. We have seen infantry, time and again, capturing positions upon the same training areas on which they took them in 1913, and, most pitiful, in very much the same way. Scouting and patrolling, however, seem to have gone out of fashion; yet, as fourteen years ago, do we see attempts made to plaster areas with men in place of bullets. Nevertheless there is a change, and a very distinct one. The men move like dead men—they are now "cenotaphized," if we may use the word. They are moving shells of a dead tactics —a tactics buried in the fields of France. The men realize the fatuity of it all—they are bored. So also the bulk of the regimental officers who seek relief from the dreary process of being "cenotaphed" daily by talking about "the line in front of which," the "crash line," and suchlike scholasticisms.

All this phantom war of the past, this war in a cloud land which can never see the sun, is indeed a most terrifying spectacle. What have we learnt from the war? It may be said, we are not going to fight another great war—though this contradicts our training manuals—only Turks, Afghans and such like. Yet why should our men be needlessly killed by these folk. Surely the aim of our leaders ought to be to produce a bullet-proof army. Nine years ago—that is, in 1918 (when the German Army was broken)—we were raising a tank army of some thirty battalions, and had thousands of tanks on order. To-day we could barely equip one, an amazing outlook, and one full of profound significance, seeing that the word "cenotaphic" has come into use, for the wit of the firing line seldom errs. What are the leaders of the Army thinking,* for we can judge in greater part what they are doing by what they have left undone? What is the Army for, and what is it going to be like? Is its object to create

* Since the above was written we have read the remarkable address made by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff last month at Tidworth to the senior officers of the Mechanized Force. His views on the future of warfare and the necessity for a complete change of outlook are epoch-making. They give a clear and unmistakable lead to the whole Army, which will be most devoutly welcomed.

Digitized by Google

another strata of cenotaphs, or to win the next war with the greatest expedition, and the least loss of life and treasure? Both the Army and the Nation have a right to know: the Army, so that it may be imbued with hope in its future; and the nation, so that it may have faith in its Army. Yearly, on November 11th, forty millions of people in this country maintain a sacred silence in memory of the glorious dead, and daily thousands of men doff their hats in Whitehall. We salute the dead, and rightly, but this is not enough unless the war tactically has been fought in vain, for we must remember that, until every possible step is taken to minimize loss of human life in the next war, our salutations are like to be a hollow mockery.

* * *

If all this is true about the training of Regular battalions, then the recent training of the Territorial infantry, lasting but a bare fortnight, frequently carried out on most indifferent training grounds, with generally little or no co-operation with other arms of the Service, may be said to present an even gloomier picture. On all sides was to be seen the stereotyped methods of infantry attack against positions which would have been stiff with machine guns, attacks which would not have had a dog's chance from the word "Go."

Territorial Training.

Can it be denied that from every point of view the Territorials would stand to gain by a decrease in the number of riflemen and a moderate increase in the number of armoured vehicles and machine guns?

The splendid keenness of the Territorials, their magnificent services during the Great War, make it incumbent on the nation to equip them so that they will have a real fighting chance when the time of crisis comes, and it is incumbent on the War Office to ensure that their training is something better than just a series of "cenotaphic" exercises.

* * *

Meanwhile the Mechanized Force at Tidworth has been doing valuable work and, let us hope, been bringing conviction to the military authorities as well as to the Public and the Press. We shall refrain from following the example of certain military correspondents and giving a series of "Lessons to be learnt" from the various exercises that have been carried out. That is the job of the General Staff, who must

The Mechanized Force.

Digitized by Google

be allowed some time for a thorough consideration of the mass of evidence which is *not* available to military correspondents.

It is, in fact, much too early for comment, more especially as problems such as the organization and supply of such a force as this has not even been touched upon. But at long last the soldier is actually beginning to see that something new is taking place, something that is going to revolutionize the whole art of fighting, and that is all to the good.

One lesson, however, needs no demonstration whatsoever—viz., that half an inch of steel is the only possible antidote to the machine gun. For the rest, we will only reiterate that it is impossible to " get on with the tanks," as " Bruno " in his letter which appears in our correspondence pages suggests, and to make any real progress with mechanization generally, so long as money is being poured out on the unwieldy infantry organization of the present day and upon obsolete methods of infantry training. The argument that strategical commitments forbid a too rapid change in our existing military organization cannot, in our opinion, warrant the continuance of what is definitely and obviously wrong. Besides, the nation may well take some chances and be content to forego some infantry while mechanization is being " speeded up," secure in the knowledge that if a crisis comes there are thousands of men with war experience ready to come forward at the first call.

India is, of course, always a difficulty, and in this connection we would like to call attention to the admirable article, entitled " The Cardwell System : a Criticism," by Captain G. L. Appleton, R.A., which appeared in the August number of the *R.U.S.I. Journal*, and which outlines a plan by which this difficult business of drafting personnel abroad could be quite adequately dealt with.

* * *

Discipline.

Greater than tactics, weapons, organization and training stands the pedestal of all—discipline. We use the word in its broadest sense as including mental as well as physical qualities. We often hear it repeated that discipline to-day is as good as it was before the war. If this is not an insult to our men it would be difficult to discover what is. Why should 1914, thirteen years in our wake, be considered the Mecca of every military pilgrimage ? In these thirteen years the whole social outlook

Digitized by Google

has changed, and, whether for good or for bad, if we attempt to maintain our 1914 standard of discipline, then the Army will become a monastic institution. To-day the native intelligence of our men may not be greater than in 1914, but the society in which they live develops it more rapidly, and, further still, they are better educated than they were before the war. In comparison, the intellectual development of the officer class has not been so pronounced, though the military authorities have, so far as we can see, entirely failed to recognize this fact. Not only is no encouragement given the officer in intellectual pursuits, but every hindrance at self-education is placed in his way. What could be more damping than the stringent regulations which exist as regards serving officers writing on military subjects ?—though admittedly the War Office exercises a much more liberal-minded censorship than does the Admiralty or Air Ministry. Yet these regulations are all part and parcel of that *ne plus ultra*—the discipline of 1914.

Turn to the man. He does not go to church to worship, but to obey a regulation. The padres support compulsory church parades, yet in civil life such compulsion in England died during the Reformation. The padres support this medieval intolerance because full congregations mean the continuance of padres, good, bad and indifferent. How much more righteous would it be if the soldier were allowed to go to church when he pleases, and with his wife and children, or with his sweetheart. No, he cannot do this, for it would be contrary to the discipline of 1914.

In 1914 our discipline was what may be denoted as paternal, a splendid discipline for children, and our soldiers were very much children, but to-day they are very much men. Then everything was done for the soldier by his military father—his Company Commander. Reduced to its simplest term, it was " follow my leader." Yet we know from the war how long a leader lasts—at one time a subaltern's life was reckoned in days. This paternal system cannot be modified as long as 1914 is our fetish. What we want to-day is to teach our men to lead themselves when they can no longer follow their leaders. It has been rightly said that no soldier should be considered a trained soldier until he can replace his immediate superior. To attain to such a standard of efficiency requires considerable modification in our existing discipline. Besides obedience we want self-reliance, and we

Digitized by Google

shall never get it unless officers delegate to N.C.Os. and men many of their present paternal responsibilities. N.C.Os. should frequently set their own tactical exercises for both platoons and entire companies. Many more attachments should take place between arms. To remain in one station for several years, and carry out the same exercises on the same ground under the same officers, is soul-killing in the extreme. There are scores of ways in which change, and change towards a broader military education and an enlarged responsibility, can be introduced. Yet if we are to go back to 1914 they will never be born. It would not be a bad order if to mention 1914 were to be made a crime. Socially, 1914 is almost as far distant as 1814, and tactically it certainly will not help us to win the next war.

A change in discipline is the foundation of all reform, for to live in yesterday is to be dead to-morrow. In brief, and to borrow from the wisdom of Mr. Atkins: The discipline of to-day is the backbone of our amazing system of "cenotaphics."

* * *

M.T. Organization.

Attention has frequently been drawn in this Journal to the anomalous organization which exists in regard to the maintenance and provision of mechanical transport. A special committee has been occupied with this question among others, during the past few months, and the Army Council has now made its decisions. These have been embodied in a recently published memorandum which sets forth an important redistribution of Army duties, to come into force almost at once. As far as the control of mechanical transport is concerned, the Royal Army Ordnance Corps will, in future, provide and maintain *all* first line transport—*i.e.*, both "A" and "B" echelons—while responsibility for second or train and third line transport will remain a function of the Royal Army Service Corps.

These new arrangements demand very close consideration, and we hope that even now it may not be too late to alter certain of the decisions arrived at.

Although the vehicles which now constitute the "A" echelons of first line transport—*i.e.*, machine gun and Lewis gun carriers, etc.—will tend more and more to become armoured fighting vehicles, yet it is obvious that for many years to come a large percentage of ordinary load-carrying

Digitized by Google

vehicles will continue to be employed for "A" echelon purposes, if not in the Regular, at any rate in the Territorial Army. Equally of course, a large percentage of ordinary load-carrying vehicles will always be necessary for the carriage of ammunition and other "B" echelon purposes. Thus in the field we shall find vehicles, such as the Morris six-wheeler, employed both in first and second line transport, yet these vehicles, according to the branch to which they belong, will under the new organization be provided and maintained by two totally separate departments—namely, those of the Master-General of the Ordnance and the Quartermaster-General respectively.

This cannot fail to cause enormous duplication both in regard to replacements and the provision, store-keeping, and distribution of spare parts, etc.

Further, it will necessitate the working from the base throughout the line of communications of two entirely separate repair organizations, both competing in the open market in the majority of cases for almost identical supplies, with all the attendant lack of economy in personnel and material.

In view of all this, it is hard to see how the new organization can in any way effect an improvement upon that which exists at the present moment, the chief objection to which is also the irrational division of responsibility between the same two Corps.

Up-to-date all track and semi-track machines and those peculiar to purely fighting arms have been dealt with by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, while all wheeled load-carrying vehicles, whether first, second or third line, have been a Royal Army Service Corps responsibility.

The old system has been, in fact, a compromise, and its weakness lay in an invidious distinction between two means of propulsion. The new reorganization will suffer under the same disability in another guise—in this case a differentiation of functions.

And so we get no further on, for where transport is concerned both in its operation and maintenance there should be no clear demarcation between the various echelons which form the chain of supply.

As we have repeatedly emphasized, it is the degree of organization, the degree of co-ordinated control, and the simplicity of its working which any one system permits

Digitized by Google

which alone can be regarded as a criterion of efficiency. Will the new system of Mechanical Transport organization fulfil these requirements? We can hardly think so. Indeed, taking everything into consideration, we are forced to the conclusion that of two evils, the old system is on the whole the more preferable. Both it and the new are, however, hopelessly inadequate in view of the vital importance of the issues at stake.

We are of no divided opinion when we assert that if the future success of land forces is bound up with this question of mechanization—and we feel confident that it is—then the whole responsibility for design, provision and maintenance of all Mechanical Transport, fighting or otherwise, should be the function of *one organization.*

The corps which since the inception of Mechanical Transport has had for all practical purposes by far the widest experience in the sphere of mechanical movement on land, and which has during the last few years presented, both to the military and commercial worlds, the only intrinsically valuable contributions from a purely transport point of view, the pneumatic tyre 30-cwt. and the six-wheeler, is the Royal Army Service Corps.

In 1914, owing to failure on the part of the Ordnance to cope with the enormous maintenance demands of Mechanical Transport in the field, the R.A.S.C. was obliged to assume responsibility for this important function, and in consequence expanded more than any other Corps in the Army. Since the war the Royal Army Service Corps has continued to provide and maintain at least 80 per cent. of Mechanical Transport, and this, moreover, of the wheeled variety, which is likely to be by far the most predominant.

Surely these facts speak for themselves. Why lay new foundations, especially in a time of financial stringency, when adequate ones already exist?

As a further argument against divided responsibility, we would like to stress the exasperation of civilian firms of motor manufacturers who have to spend their time running from the Department of the Quartermaster-General to the Department of the Master-General of the Ordnance.

As far as purely fighting machines are concerned, by far the most important consideration is the mechanism by which the power of movement is assured. In naval construction, is it the armament specialist who designs, provides

Digitized by Google

and maintains the power units, without which the most powerfully armed battleship is but a floating fort at the mercy alike of nature and the swift attacks of mobile assailants ?

The only hope of finding a fundamentally sound solution to the problem lies along the path of unfettered obedience to the dictates of common sense, and that, in our opinion, means that all Mechanical Transport organization should be entrusted to the Royal Army Service Corps.

* * *

The Morris Six-wheeled Tractor.

Territorial Artillery officers whose batteries used the Morris six-wheeled tractors during their recent training speak very enthusiastically about them. They say the men took to them at once, perhaps to some extent on account of their novelty, but there is no doubt they appreciated the saving of time in getting off the gun park, their ease of manœuvre, the fact that man-handling of guns was reduced to a minimum, and, last though not least, the doing away with all grooming and harness-cleaning. Training was simplified, as officers and instructors were able to devote much more of their limited time to gunnery pure and simple, which, when all is said and done, is their real job. There are other advantages, too. Most of the Territorial Field Batteries are under strength, and the saving of sixteen drivers per battery brought about by mechanization does a lot to make up for lack of numbers.

Incidentally, ready-trained tractor drivers will soon be available all over the country, and in any case their job can be quickly learned, while men who are good horsemen and good horse-masters are not so easily picked up. It is sometimes overlooked that even in Regular Cavalry regiments probably 75 per cent. of the men have never been on a horse before, and require lengthy training before they can be considered proficient.

A working knowledge of the internal combustion engine is an asset nowadays, and mechanization should therefore encourage recruiting, for it will enable a man to learn all about motor mechanics at Government expense.

As regards " casualties," the tractor shows up well in comparison with the horse. In a certain brigade which we know of one of the batteries was mechanized. During their fortnight's training, one of the four tractors was out of action for one hour only, while during the first week of the camp

Digitized by Google

10 per cent. of the brigade horses were on the sick list, and 7 per cent. during the second week.

The tractors were in use for several hours every day, and at the end of the training were driven off to Okehampton, a distance of 300 miles, in one day, and immediately started work with another battery.

From the point of view of expense, hiring of tractors worked out at a higher figure than the hiring of horses, but now that Associations have War Office permission to purchase six-wheeled tractors, there is no doubt that in the future a very considerable saving will be effected.

In short, from the Territorial Army point of view, six-wheeled tractors and a mounted battery staff is ideal.

There is one disadvantage about tractors. The gun carriage is, of course, not fitted with rubbered wheels, and considerable difficulty is found in keeping the speed sufficiently low to ensure the safety of the gun. A remedy—for example, interchangeable wheels—will probably be found for this, and in any case the advantages of six-wheeled tractors enormously outweigh their disadvantages.

* * *

Training in India.

There can be no doubt that India is an ideal country in which to train the British Army for the various small wars in which it finds itself constantly engaged. Within the confines of the sub-continent can be found examples of every possible sort of *terrain* over which units of the British Army may be called upon to fight, whether it be mountain, forest, bush, desert or open country, or even street fighting in towns and villages; all are available. But in order that troops may derive full benefit from the wonderful opportunities thus afforded they must be efficiently led, and to ensure efficient leading it is essential that the leaders should be given opportunities of getting to know something of the country over which they propose to lead their men. Incredible as it may at first appear, although the Government of India provides its fighting men with arms and ammunition, albeit on about half the Home scale, it does not apparently recognize the necessity of supplying them with maps wherewith to study the *terrain*. Such maps as an officer possesses are invariably provided out of his own pocket. It is true that Commands are given a consolidated training grant which they dole out to lower

Digitized by Google

formations and units, but such are the demands made by modern requirements on this already attenuated grant that there is often nothing left by the time that the question of maps comes under consideration. Here at home the War Office makes an annual grant for the purchase of maps for training purposes amounting to something like £25,000. In India, a country twelve and a half times the size of the United Kingdom and a potential battle-field in all its parts, the annual expenditure on maps for training is *nil*. Surely even the Government of India must realize that it is useless giving a man a rifle and ammunition and a bayonet unless it also gives him some tangible means of discovering how to arrive at the place where he can use his arms to the best advantage.

* * *

Officer Shortage in India.

The latest scheme for relieving the officer shortage in the Indian Army is to commission a certain number of N.C.Os. and Warrant Officers as Quarter-masters in Indian training battalions. On the face of it this seems all to the good, for it will relieve a number of keen young officers for more useful training with their men. If the scheme is successful, there is little doubt that it will be extended to active battalions and regiments. It will be a popular move among the non-commissioned ranks of the British Service in India as opening up fresh avenues of promotion to commissioned rank. Certain criticisms have been levelled at the decision of the powers that be, that these vacancies shall be reserved for N.C.Os. and W.Os. from British units instead of being given to Warrant Officers of the I.A.S.C. and I.A.O.C., who, it is claimed, have a greater knowledge of India, and by reason of longer service in that country consider that they have a better claim. On the other hand, it is held that the training given in the Supply and Ordnance services in the handling of bulk supplies does not qualify a man for the specialized duties of a battalion quartermaster. Whether this is so or not we do not feel qualified to say, but on the face of it it looks as if the I.A.S.C. and I.A.O.C. Warrant Officers had a somewhat justfiable " grouse."

* * *

The revision of the pay of Indian Army officers which

Digitized by Google

was due in July last has been held up for financial reasons. We hope this means that further and more attractive concessions are in contemplation. Had the intention been to cut the officer's pay there would have been no " financial reasons " for delay. Rumour hath it that the intention is to increase leave pay, and to give to the retired officer immunity from any " cuts " in his pension and grant him an allowance for his children. It is understood that an increase of £200 a year in the pensions of colonels and major-generals has already been sanctioned by the Viceroy in Council, and that the matter is now under consideration by the Secretary of State for India.

Indian Army Officer's Pay.

A concession which would be much appreciated is " overseas pay," which is given to civil officers of the Government of India. To give an officer more pay in India only means an increase in his expenses. " Overseas pay " means compulsory saving and a nest egg for leave, school fees, etc.

* * *

A certain section of the Press has once more been directing adverse criticism against Air Force administration, basing its arguments principally upon the unhappy continuance of Air Force accidents. Such criticism is generally confined to two main questions *i.e.*, the establishment of an engineering branch, and the publication of statistics of flying accidents. Both of these questions we shall do our best to deal with. Before doing so we would first of all draw attention to the main points arising from the Prime Minister's statement delivered in the House of Commons on March 10th last. This followed a thorough and independent enquiry conducted by the Prime Minister himself, and we are confident that if only his speech was carefully read, it would be sufficient in itself to allay the criticisms, often ill-founded, which continue to follow nearly every accident.

R.A.F. Accidents.

The following were the chief conclusions reached by the Prime Minister :—

1. There is no particular station, unit or type of machine, which stands out over a term of years as either superior or inferior to another.

2. There is nothing you can put your hand on in the detailed figures which will permit you to say that this type is more certain to lead to accidents than that.

Digitized by Google

3. The proportion of accidents that are due to remediable causes is a very small percentage of the whole. There are very few failures indeed that can be traced to the failure of the human element on the ground, and very, very few to faulty design and maintenance.

4. What we all know is that the main cause of accidents, in by far the great majority of cases, is traceable to the personal equation.

5. It is a curious and interesting fact that the majority of accidents happen within the first year or two of the pilot flying; that is, before that judgment which comes with time, and time alone, has been acquired. (The young pilot will do well to take this to heart.)

6. There are no signs of inefficient training in the Air Force. The training, judging by the results, could not be better.

We will now deal with the two vexed questions of an engineering branch and the publication of statistics. Both border on the controversial. We are inclined to agree that there may be very sound reasons for establishing an engineering branch in the Air Force, though we do not agree that such a branch would have the effect of *appreciably* diminishing the number of accidents. Still, it is probable that an improvement, both in regard to development and maintenance, might be made, and if this in turn led to only a very small reduction in the number of accidents, it would amply justify the formation of an engineering branch. The fact is often lost sight of that the Air Force already has to some extent its engineering branch. We refer to the number of officers who have at one period or another specialized in this branch of the service, and who have successfully qualified in engineering. In a great number of cases officers serving have passed a university course in Aeronautical Engineering or its equivalent. The total number of officers shown in the current Air Force List as being qualified engineers is in the neighbourhood of 160. The Air Ministry cannot therefore be accused of not having realized the importance of this branch of the service. We are not at all sure, however, that sufficient steps are taken to ensure that the services of such officers are made the best use of. As an instance one may point to the fact that only three out of the 160 are shown in the Air Force List as serving with a Squadron or Flying Unit. Of the remainder, a great number of these are shown as serving with units in which

Digitized by Google

their specialist knowledge of engineering would appear to be of little use either to individuals themselves or to the Service as a whole. The present system of employing such officers would thus seem to be wasteful and not in conformity with the general policy of training officers to fill posts in the branch in which they have specialized. There seems to be no valid reason why such officers should not be exclusively employed on engineering duties. One such officer should always be available in each squadron or flying unit. If this is not done we cannot see how the technical equipment in these units can be efficiently maintained.

The Air Force also has its expert aeronautical engineers. What is required is a more thorough and systematic scheme with regard to the employment of all these experts. In short, the demand for an engineering branch of the Air Force is, in our opinion, perfectly justifiable.

To turn now to the publication of statistics on flying accidents. The Prime Minister dealt at some length with this question in his speech, already referred to. His first point was that statistics are most misleading. With that everyone will agree who has studied the subject even in its most elementary form. Anything can be made out of statistics, and, once these were published, whatever form they might take, they would at once be utilized for all sorts of purposes—for example, the bolstering up of individual views and suggestions. "There is," as the Prime Minister said, "no middle course to adopt between the publication of full statistics or none. If you published partial statistics and information, that would be misleading and would inevitably lead to perpetual pressure for further publication." And with this we are in entire agreement, as also with the statement made by Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who, in the course of his speech preceding that of the Prime Minister's, said that an entirely misleading idea of the whole problem would be given unless you confined yourself to miles flown per accident. This, of course, is not practicable where service flying is concerned, and can only be made of value for aircraft operating over regular and well-defined air routes.

We heartily endorse the Prime Minister's final appeal to the Press and the public not to encourage a type of criticism which can only do harm and which can only make young pilots in the Service introspective and nervy.

Digitized by Google

The attempted Non-stop Flights to India.

We sympathize with Flight-Lieutenant Carr and his companions over the misfortune which has pursued them in their three attempts to achieve a non-stop flight to India. By reason of his courage and determination, Flight-Lieutenant Carr fully deserved to gain his object, and we can only hope that his gallant efforts will not have proved entirely barren of results and that some valuable technical lessons will at least have been learnt.

Whether or no such flights as these—for they are but "stunts"—should be undertaken by the Service is quite another matter. The failure of all three attempts and the fact that the only three long-distance flights planned in this country should have been undertaken on foreign aircraft reveals what is surely an unsatisfactory state of affairs, and brings to the fore the question of our whole position in the field of civil aviation. In the Editorial Notes in the previous number we urged that civil aviation should remain outside the sphere of military interests, and showed that our present policy frequently led to the imposition of cramping restrictions on design and air enterprise generally. Recent events have made us all the more convinced that the sooner we allow civil aviation to develop on commercial lines, instead of being cramped by military tradition, and the sooner the Air Ministry allows private firms to go ahead in the matter of design, the better it will be for everyone.

We would like to see civil aviation undertaking—not spectacular flights, but those that have a definite commercial value and that will, directly or indirectly, help in establishing our own Imperial Air Routes. In this connection we are sure that the future commercial value of air transport rests on the relay principle. We possess exceptional geographical opportunities for putting this principle into practice, and if this were done more frequently it would do more to enhance our air prestige and further the cause of civil aviation generally than all the long-distance and other purely record or "stunt" flights put together.

Moreover, we are convinced—and it is perhaps the strongest argument of all—that Service aviation in general will in the long run stand to lose heavily so long as there is a continuance of the present policy of restricted civil aviation.

Digitized by Google

Flying Boats.

The aeronautical correspondent of *The Times*, in an admirable article published in that paper on August 17th, states that "there is a considerable body of opinion in this country which holds that the future of Imperial communications lies largely with the flying-boat. . . . The intensive development which is now taking place in the British flying-boat has materially changed the prospects of this form of aircraft as an air transport vehicle, and its aerodrome is limitless."

It is also interesting to note that the Chairman of the Royal Aeronautical Society has taken up the campaign which we have for so long advocated and which we recently emphasized in two articles which appeared in this Journal under the title of "The Sea is England's Natural Aerodrome." In a letter published in *The Times* of August 18th, the Chairman of this Society said: "The fast-growing number of adherents of sea-going aircraft will be considerably heartened if *The Times* will continue to urge the development of Empire communications by this means. Sir Samuel Hoare, who recently crossed the North Sea in a flying-boat, has stated that this type of craft would probably become predominant in so far as Imperial communications by heavier-than-air craft were concerned. It is to be hoped that these words of his are but forerunners of an intensive development of flying-boats and overseas air routes."

It is no idle boast to say that we have been among the foremost adherents of sea-going aircraft, in regard to both service and civil aviation, and it is extremely gratifying to find that the authoritative views expressed above agree entirely with those we have so consistently advanced. On the service side we are inclined to the view so ably expressed by "Squadron Leader" in his book, "The Basic Principles of Air Warfare," in which he asserts that the Aircraft Carrier as we know it to-day is merely a transitory stage, and that, owing to its vulnerability and other disabilities, it will gradually disappear as a unit of the high seas fleet. Further, we are most emphatically in accord with the author's views on the importance of the flying-boat for air work with the fleet, and consider that it must inevitably play a most important part in the future control of our sea communications. Having done our part in bringing this important question into prominence, we are publishing in this number photographs of the latest types of flying-boats, together with a short

Digitized by Google

description of each, in amplification of all that we have written concerning their functions and potentialities. The types, which it will be noted are those which have taken part in the R.A.F. cruise to the Scandinavian capitals, are as under :—

1. The Supermarine " Southampton."
2. The Blackburn " Iris II."
3. The Saunders " Valkyrie."
4. The Short " Singapore."

All four boats are extremely seaworthy and have a range of about 700 miles, though it is understood that this could be made appreciably greater without any great modifications to existing design. Each boat is equipped so as to work independently of its shore base, can refuel from the water, and its crew can sleep and feed on board if necessary. There is ample room in the hull to move about and for the storage of bunks, food, etc., and for a small kitchen consisting of a pressure oil-stove and cooking tray.

* * *

R.A.F. Work on the N.W. Frontier.

Disparaging statements about the work of the R.A.F. on the N.W. Frontier are not uncommon. As a general rule such statements show little sense of proportion, though the recent R.A.F. operations against certain Mohmand tribes on June 5th-6th seem to call for some criticism. They were an example of effectual but certainly wasteful methods of enforcing the will of the Government on recalcitrant tribesmen. The object of the Mohmands was to raid certain villages friendly to the British Raj, and in actual fact their intention was frustrated by our outposts. Punitive measures could easily have been carried out by half-track armoured cars and a few machine guns. Actually two squadrons were engaged, who dropped 150 10-lb. bombs, as a result of which they inflicted 30 casualties, an expensive method of carrying out a simple operation. The great snag about air operations on the Frontier is that pilots are forbidden to come below 5,000 feet for fear of being shot down by the uncanny shooting skill of the tribesmen. The obvious solution seems to be that the vulnerable portions of the aeroplane should be protected by a thin coat of armour, and it is very desirable that this question of armour should receive consideration at the hands of the Air Force authorities. The unquestioned potentialities of aircraft on the Frontier should not be hampered by cramp-

Digitized by Google

ing conditions and regulations, more especially as we understand there will soon be an increase in the strength of the R.A.F. in India. It has at length been recognized that the present strength is inadequate to the task the Air Force would be called on to perform in war.

* * *

China.

The past three months have witnessed many vagaries in the Chinese situation, which indicate that not only is the prospect of a settlement as remote as ever it was, but that the principal actors in the drama, with an eye to their own well being, are to be suspected of not unreservedly desiring one.

In the early part of June there was every reason for supposing that Chang Kai Shek would succeed in driving the Northern Armies out of China proper and in extending Nationalist control northwards to Pekin, but, following upon rumours that he had formed an alliance with Chang Tso Lin to counter Japan's military designs in the North came the unexpected news that the Nationalist armies were evacuating Shangtung, suspecting apparently that their Red comrades at Wuhan intended to take advantage of their detached position there and attack them in the rear. From that moment Chang Tso Lin's forces have resumed the offensive, and, advancing under the leadership of Sun Chuan Fung by way of the Grand Canal and the Tientsin—Pukow railway, they have succeeded in completely reversing the situation and are once again upon the outskirts of Shanghai and Nanking. Further surprise was occasioned during the Southern retreat by the resignations and rumoured retirement of Eugene Chen and Chang Kai Shek, both of whom are said to have amassed private fortunes in the execution of their duties as Nationalist officials. How much credence can be placed in the report it is impossible to say, but, in a country otherwise impoverished by illicit taxation, Chang, as Commander of the Shanghai Area, undoubtedly had, for some months prior to his resignation, control of one of the few remaining sources of available income—the salt and opium revenue and Washington surtaxes—wherewith to maintain his army, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he had enemies on every hand anxious to relieve him of that lucrative office. There is no reliable information with regard to Chang's future plans, but it is not inconceivable that he will shortly reappear in the

Digitized by Google

fighting area. Eugene Chen, however, has left Vladivostock for Moscow, travelling by the Trans-Siberian Railway, in company with Madame Sun Yat Sen.

Soviet influence in the country has not recovered from the setback it received in June last at the hands of the leaders of both Northern and Southern Confederacies, and although Military Governors have gladly accepted munitions, money and expert military assistance from Moscow, it is quite clear that, less than ever, at the moment, will they brook its interference with their extortionate and prescriptive methods of preserving authority. How indelible are the national characteristics responsible for those methods and to what an extent they have rendered Soviet Russia's revolutionary designs abortive was most effectively brought home to Borodin on his recent journey to Moscow, when Feng Yu H'siang peremptorily arrested him in Shensi and, after warning him against attempting anew the dissemination of Communist propaganda amongst the Chinese soldiery, relieved him of 60,000 gold roubles and, retaining hostages as a surety for its fulfilment, extracted a promise from him that he would negotiate with the Soviet Government for a further supply of munitions when he reached Moscow.

Anxiety in Pekin has been reduced by the Nationalist collapse, and the Foreign Guard there numbers probably less than 2,000 men, of whom the British quota is approximately 300 and the French and American ones nearly twice that number. There are British, French, American and Japanese battalions at Tientsin with 30 field guns and American tanks and aeroplanes in support—about 8,000 men in all. Although the Brigade of Punjabis is under orders to return to India from Shanghai, and the 13th Infantry Brigade is also to be withdrawn from that port, five infantry battalions, together with an Armoured Car Company and a Royal Air Force detachment of 40 machines, are to remain there as a Defence Force. Inclusive of naval reinforcements, 10,000 to 12,000 British troops should be available for duty within the Foreign Settlement in emergency. The other Foreign Powers at Shanghai rely chiefly upon naval landing parties, mustering in aggregate a strength of about 5,000 men, of whom the majority are either Americans or Japanese. Two Infantry Brigades, an R.A. Brigade, and a company of Royal Engineers continue to furnish Hong Kong's Garrison. The Aircraft

Digitized by Google

Carrier *Hermes* has been ordered home from that port, but H.M.S. *Vindictive* is to be retained there.

Hence the Foreign Powers, for the protection of their Treaty rights, are obliged to maintain, in China, for an indefinite period, some 30,000 troops of all arms and also to reinforce their naval squadrons in Far Eastern waters, and recent events justify the belief, I think, that in acting thus and pursuing their present policy they are, in effect, merely holding the ring whilst successive Tuchuns of one faction or the other, under pretence of fighting for restoration of law and order, ravage the country for their own benefit and render the establishment of a stable government increasingly difficult of attainment. Co-operation, ordinarily unassociated with Chinese Administration, was, until June last, by no means foreign to the Nationalist movement, but the recent activities of Eugene Chen, Feng Yu H'siang, Yen Hsi Shan, and Chang Kai Shek are of such an unmistakably factious nature as to undermine what unity that movement possessed and to alienate many of its supporters.

The need of the moment appears to be for the Foreign Powers in China to co-ordinate in bringing pressure to bear upon both Northern and Southern Confederacies to discontinue the struggle. The successful evasion by shipowners of the payment of the 50 per cent. additional shipping dues arbitrarily imposed by the Nationalists, and the effective manner in which General Duncan dealt with their recent seizure of an aeroplane's wings, are minor episodes affording fresh proof of Chinese amenability to firm handling, of which the Powers might take advantage in dealing with the major problem which confronts them.

Digitized by Google

CONFERENCES MORE NAIVE THAN NAVAL

By Lieut.-Com. W. N. Barstow, R.N.

IT was an afternoon in early June. Outside, Paris sweltered in the grip of a heat wave, but within the vast and sombre cathedral the air struck chill. At least, so it seemed to the French Colonel of Artillery and myself as we stood beneath the lofty canopy of Notre Dame and contemplated an unpretentious brass plate set in one of the massive colonnades that flanks the southern aisle. From some window high up near the roof a diaphanous shaft of sunlight, soft and caressing, illumined the simple words emblazoned on the shining metal :—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND TO THE MEMORY OF ONE MILLION DEAD OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-18 AND OF WHOM THE GREATER PART REST IN FRANCE.

As I read and re-read the plain, unadorned inscription my chief feeling was one of thankfulness to the authors for their sheer good taste. But then, I reflected, in those matters that lie close to the real heart of things, the French have always possessed a directness of vision and a delicacy of touch that is sublime.

. . . TO THE MEMORY OF ONE MILLION DEAD . . .

Those words, housed in such a shrine, constituted surely a more fitting monument than all the bricks and mortar. . . .

" But say, guide, this li'l tablet don't make no mention of the Amuricans !" An incredible nasal voice interrupted my musings. I turned and examined the owner. Yes ; there is no need to describe him : he was the Great American Public in the flesh, guide-book, horn-rimmed monstrosities and all ; and not far behind, bearing down on us even as I looked, were several more of him. The Colonel and I stood not on the order of our going, but before we could escape out of earshot the Voice overtook us once more. " What, you don't say, no memorial in Notre Dam to the dough-boys ? Waal now, ain't that too bad !"

As we emerged into the sunlight my companion exploded. " Mon Dieu !" he spluttered, " what a nation ! They have no sense of proportion, no sense of values " ; and with a grimace of disgust, he hailed a passing taxi.

* * * * *

Digitized by Google

Less than a fortnight after this little episode the now notorious Naval Limitation Conference, convened by Mr. Coolidge, President of the U.S.A., met in Geneva.

From the very beginning it had been feared by most astute followers of international affairs that this Conference was foredoomed to failure, and amongst Continental diplomatists in particular the premonition was so strong that both the French and Italian Governments flatly refused to participate in the discussions. And as the event has shown, their fears were amply justified, for the Conference, after providing a cynical world with six weeks' quiet amusement, finally broke up in an atmosphere of mutual recrimination. It was, in fact, the most complete, and quite the most dangerous, diplomatic fiasco of recent years.

But what was the primary cause of this debacle ?

The answer is, I am afraid, only too simple. It is, in plain language, that there exists an unbridgeable chasm between the mentality of America and the remainder of the civilized world. The attitude of the American tourist in Notre Dame accurately reflects the spirit which of late years has begun to possess the American nation as a whole. Ever since the war, in which she lost so little in blood and gained so much in treasure, America's self-satisfaction, never a negligible national characteristic, has grown by leaps and bounds, to such an extent that her national self-conceit has almost killed her international sense of proportion.

It was this American *malaise* that wrecked the Naval Conference, as the French and Italians foresaw that it would. For, unlike ourselves, these two nations had, at long last, learnt their lesson. They had realized that the dictatorial insolence and petulant futility of President Wilson at the Peace Conference in 1919 was merely a foretaste of American post-war diplomacy, which has since gone from strength to strength. They recalled the many incidents since the war in which American statesmen and diplomats had figured, not forgetting the Washington Conference, and they shrewdly estimated that this latest American-inspired Conference would only result in another and an even more unbearable exhibition of Yankee bounce. So they decided to stay away from the party, and they were very wise.

Indeed, the Conference had not been in existence a week before it became obvious that the Americans had come to dictate and not to " confer." Fastening on the principle of

Digitized by Google

equality—or " parity," as they so elegantly call it—which, as regards capital ships and aircraft carriers *alone*, we had been foolish enough to concede at Washington five years before, they proceeded to demand its extension to every class of ship, including cruisers.

Now this demand, irrational and impractical though it was from the British point of view, might have had some justification had it been made in good faith. But it was not.

" All our proposals abroad are addressed to our electorate at home," wrote Mr. Frank Simonds, the well-known American publicist, in that admirable and outspoken book, " How Europe made Peace without America," and in accordance with this policy the new " parity " demand was " put over " by the American delegates simply and solely as a domestic vote-catching stunt.

No serious attempt was made by Mr. Gibson or any of his colleagues at Geneva to justify America's claim to equality with Great Britain in cruisers, and though certain American newspapers have been rash enough to rush in where even the intrepid Mr. Gibson feared to tread, their efforts, as I will show later, were merely puerile.

The American demand for " parity " in cruiser strength was, in fact, inspired only by vanity. America has never possessed a large cruiser force, for the simple reason that she has never really needed such an expensive luxury; nor does she need it now. But in her exalted post-war frame of mind little things like that have ceased to count. Realities no longer matter. The only thing that does matter is that, America having decided to become a naval Power, all other Powers—however different their circumstances or urgent their needs—must at once conform to American standards and requirements.

That, in plan language, proved to be the new American creed, as it gradually emerged at Geneva, shorn of all disguise. And to make matters worse, it was accompanied by thinly-veiled threats and menaces. For, as Mr. Gibson, the chief American delegate, blandly declared, though America would infinitely prefer to get her " parity " for nothing—and this, of course, could easily be achieved if Great Britain would cut her already insufficient cruiser-force down to the present American standard—yet if Great Britain proved obstinate, she would go to any lengths to achieve it. In other words, the almighty dollar would simply be brought into play, and,

Digitized by Google

whether Great Britain liked it or not, America would outbuild her.

In such a cheerful atmosphere of chicanery and blackmail did the so-called Disarmament Conference come to its inglorious end.

* * * * *

While Mr. Gibson and his colleagues were playing their respective parts at Geneva, that remarkable phenomenon, the American newspaper, was also doing its bit on the home front. Unfortunately, space forbids me quoting more than a single example of its genius, but it is typical of the whole, and should suffice.

Writing in the widely-read *Baltimore Sun* of July 4th, Captain Dudley W. Knox, U.S.N. (Retired), a well-known American naval writer, lets loose as follows :—

The keynote of much recent British propaganda has been to stress the long trade routes and great volume of shipping of Britain, together with her economic dependence upon them. This situation has been brought into contrast with that of America in terms of which the following from the London *Times* of recent issue is typical :

" It is unquestionably important for America to secure her imports of rubber and tin ; but the naval strength necessary to give her this security is extremely small. Also it is important to her to keep her coastal and Caribbean trade from interference ; but the American coastal routes are so inaccessible that they almost defend themselves."

The facts are that our " stake " in sea power is substantially as great as Britain's. In addition to carrying one-third of our huge foreign trade in American ships, we have a coastwise trade of enormous proportions. In truth, our coastal shipping, though constituting our internal commerce, is actually ocean-going and over routes practically as long as those used by British foreign trade, and in cargo tons carried is nearly 50 per cent. greater than the entire foreign trade of Great Britain.

Instead of being so " inaccessible " as virtually to defend itself, it is potentially menaced by the strong nearby British bases at Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica.

Finally, it should be pointed out that British trade almost defends itself by virtue of the forty or more large liners capable of ready conversion into powerful cruisers. The merchant marines of other navies contain only two or three each of such vessels.

Considering these potential cruisers in reserve, the British claim for an inherent need of a greatly swollen tonnage limit on regular vessels of this type—600,000 tons of them—is almost fantastic.

The American proposal of 250,000, or at most 300,000, tons was arrived at after months of careful study by competent naval strategists, is calculated to serve the interests of both countries rationally, and did not omit the reasonable needs of Japan on a 5:3 basis.

Digitized by Google

Presumably written in all seriousness by a responsible American naval expert, and most certainly believed in all seriousness by a more or less responsible American public, it is almost impossible on this side of the Atlantic to treat such statements seriously. Yet they are as dangerous as dynamite.

The statement that the American coastal trade is 50 per cent. greater than the entire British foreign trade is, of course, probably quite untrue, but it is impossible for anyone to contradict it definitely because much of the coastal trade of the U.S.A. is carried in small craft, barges, etc., and no reliable figures relating to it exist. However, it is interesting in this connection to note that at the beginning of 1927 the total gross tonnage of British ships (100 tons and upwards) was approximately 22 millions, whilst that of the United States was only 12 millions—and dwindling rapidly. These figures hardly tend to support the gallant captain's assertion.

But whether the American coastal trade is 50 per cent. or 5,000 per cent. greater or less than our foreign trade matters not one whit, for—as Captain Knox himself naively acknowledges—it is in reality simply an " internal commerce," which in peace-time, for reasons of convenience and economy in transport costs, operates along the coast. If in war-time it was found difficult to keep these coastal trade routes open, the traffic would simply be diverted overland and the ships laid up. A certain amount of congestion would probably result at first, but organization would soon overcome it, *and the American people would not starve as the people of this country would if their sea-borne traffic were held up.*

As for the " strong nearby British bases at Halifax, Bermuda and Jamaica "—all three veritable Gibraltars !—or " the British trade that almost defends itself by virtue of the forty or more large liners capable of ready conversion into powerful cruisers "—mere words are inadequate. So long as notions like these hold popular sway in America, conferences on naval matters between the United States and ourselves must always end in disaster. But to the Briton there is always one cheering thought—and that is that warships alone, great though their numbers and power may be, do not make a Navy.

Digitized by Google

THE REIGN OF THE BULLET

By " IPHICRATES."

WITHOUT fear of contradiction it may be said that since the introduction of firearms the influence of the bullet has been the outstanding problem of the battlefield. Nevertheless, this problem has to a very large extent remained occult, with the result that until the introduction of the tank all solutions failed, and even to-day though half an inch of steel is a definite answer to the bullet it is not generally accepted as such. I consider, therefore, that as half an inch of steel is going to alter all our tactics, it is not only interesting but instructive to discover how it came about that half an ounce of lead completely transformed the tactics of a hundred and twenty years ago. If I can show, and there is really nothing new in this, what half an ounce did in days gone by, then those who at present refuse to accept what half an inch will most certainly do, may possibly be persuaded to lessen the dogmatism of their opinions.

In the year 1800 the effective range of the musket may be taken as being about one hundred yards ; the rifle as a military weapon was in its infancy, and the bayonet was supreme, for the assault was not only of common occurrence, but the true end of every fight. Co-operation between the arms was simple : the artillery were with the infantry, either in front of the line, or on its flanks, or in the intervals between the units composing it ; the cavalry were close at hand, and frequently decided the battle, especially in rainy weather, for then it was normally impossible to discharge a flint-lock musket.

The first change came with the percussion cap which was invented by Thomas Shaw of Philadelphia in 1814. It was not adopted, however, by our army until 1839, when the cock and pan were replaced by a hammer and a nipple. The influence of this invention was radical, for close co-operation between the three combatant arms now began to fray away, since the main object of cavalry—the charge—was on account of it circumscribed and restricted. This invention was followed by extensive improvements in the rifle, mainly due to the perfecting of gunpowder, and the introduction of the cylindro-conoidal bullet. The Minié rifle, a French invention,

Digitized by Google

was issued to our army in 1851, and it was sighted from 100 to 1,000 yards. Here another radical change was introduced. The gunner could no longer stand in front of, or alongside the infantryman, but had to get behind him, and well behind him. Thus the whole complexion of tactics was changed. In 1815, infantry, guns and cavalry all fought more or less together; they were, broadly speaking, one conglomerate whole, and so completely under the eye of the General-in-Chief that co-operation depended on his word—normally it was immediate. By the middle of the nineteenth century, though old tactical methods were generally attempted, the mass had very largely dissolved and reformed itself into three separated lines. The bullet had in fact taken an unconscious charge of the battlefield, and, whatever the soldier dictated, its word was law. The infantry struggle was now *the* battle, the artillery and cavalry standing behind, the one attempting to protect the infantry, and the other ever ready to take advantage of any infantry success. The General-in-Chief now ceased to be the pivot of co-operation, he could no longer regulate the actual battle, all he could do was to intervene with his reserves.

As the range of the bullet increased, the more prolonged became the infantry fire fight, and the farther had the artillery to get in rear of the riflemen, and the farther they retired the more had they to increase the range of their guns. The problem of artillery co-operation now became so difficult that towards the end of the century, when rifles were sighted to ranges of 2,000 yards, the gunner began to think of indirect laying, for otherwise he felt that he would be driven out of the battle zone altogether. The cavalry definitely went into reserve, and ceased to co-operate tactically until the fight was over, for they could only charge shattered fragments.

In spite of the War of Secession, the war of 1866, and the Franco-Prussian War, at the end of the century the influence of the bullet was still little understood. In South Africa it completely surprised us, and the result was that not only did the infantry firing line dissolve into an unmanageable skirmishing line, with from ten to fifty paces between men, but co-operation between the arms was all but reduced to zero. The result was block-house warfare and mounted infantry drives, artillery all but fading out of the picture.

Scarcely had this war ended than the changes wrought by the bullet since 1840 began to manifest in Manchuria.

Digitized by Google

The assault became increasingly difficult; in fact, it now constituted the exception and not the rule. The charge disappeared altogether, and the problem which loomed immense over the horizon of every battlefield was that of artillery co-operation, for a new bullet thrower, the Maxim gun, rendered frontal attacks costly in the extreme.

A complete change in tactics now set in. As more often than not frontal attacks could not be avoided, and as the infantry attack frequently occupied days, trenches were thrown up on every battlefield, enveloping movements being attempted on their flanks. In fact, a war of movement became tantamount to a war of envelopment, and this can be readily discerned should the reader care to study the various tactical manuals written immediately after the Russo-Japanese War. Envelopment not only depended on finding a flank, sometimes a difficult task, as at the Battle of Nanshan, but on pinning down the enemy; for, if the frontal attack failed to do this, as it normally did (*e.g.*, the Yalu, Liaoyang and Mukden) he slipped away before the enveloping forces could outflank him, retired, and took up another entrenched position. To protect himself, the gunner began to seek positions behind undulations and hills, and to fire over them. He could not well sink his gun into a trench, nevertheless his tactics and positions became more and more those of trench warfare.

We see now a totally different form of war from that which existed in the days of Napoleon, consequently the study of his campaigns is no longer of much tactical value. Nevertheless, even ten years after the conclusion of the Manchurian War, the tactics of France and Germany are based on his campaigns. In his day, as I have already stated, the conglomerate mass of all arms was operated rather than co-operated by the General-in-Chief. In 1904-05 one side is nearly always entrenched and the trenches are wired. The other side is extended a thousand yards from its enemy's position. The guns are a mile or more in rear of each line, and constitute an independent line of their own. The cavalry are either immobile and in reserve, or on one or both flanks scouting in front of an enveloping force, or a force which will check envelopment by extending the front attacked The General-in-Chief is frequently many miles in rear of the battlefield; he has now lost all personal contact with the fighting troops, and attempts to maintain touch with local

Digitized by Google

affairs by telephone. Only one thing keeps movement fluid, and so denies to the bullet complete sovereignty over affairs. This is an open flank, or flanks. Let one side assemble sufficient rifles and machine guns, or let the battlefield be too narrow for the full deployment of the combatants, or girt by impassable obstacles, then the attack must become as static as the defence. This was one of the great lessons of the Manchurian War, and it was all but lost on the General Staffs of Europe. Ever since the middle of the nineteenth century the bullet had whispered louder and louder, until in the first years of the twentieth it shrieked : " Halt ! Advance at your peril !" Yet between 1905 and 1914 every army in Europe was preparing for a mobile war, not a war of trenches, but a war of manœuvre, a war of Napoleonic strategy which was impossible without Napoleonic tactics—indeed, an astonishing example of studying, and worse still digesting, military history upside down. Then came the Great War, and a sufficiency of men was found to exclude flanks ; the result was a complete surprise, though it should have been a foregone conclusion that the war would rapidly crystalize out into an immense siege operation.

Should the reader visit the great cemetery of West Norwood, there he may see a block of grey granite upon which two words in large black letters are cut, these are " Hiram Maxim "—the god of the Great War, the modern manifestation of Mars. In 1914, he was an old man aged 74, and in 1911 he was considered of so small account that only twenty-seven lines are devoted to him in the Encyclopædia Britannica (four more than to Dan Leno), yet his invention, dating back to 1884, had a greater tactical influence on the war than any other, for walls of men were replaced by walls of fire. It was no longer a question of covering the battlefields with men but with bullets, and so completely were they covered that the infantry assault becomes almost as great an exception as the cavalry charge, consequently the main task, that of breaking the enemy front, was handed over to the artillery.

From the battle of the Aisne, in September, 1914, the importance of artillery increased daily until, by the spring of 1915, every attack depended for success not on the rifle, but on the gun, success being limited to the range of shell fire, when the rifle and the machine gun once again came into their own. To trace in detail the growth of artillery between 1915 and 1918 is not my object, which is to accentuate

Digitized by Google

that this growth was mainly due to the bullet. Besides multiplying artillery power many times, and completely changing artillery tactics, it was due to the resisting power of the bullet that gas was used as a weapon, and that the tank was invented. The former was an indirect, and the latter a direct answer to bullet-power protected by trenches and wire entanglements. The former directly struck at the soldier and entirely ignored his weapons; the latter at his weapons, especially rifles and machine guns, since the bullet could do the tank little or no harm. Against lethal gases protection was soon discovered, and the result was that the chemist turned to vesicant compounds against which the respirator was powerless. The second accelerated the importance as well as the limitations of the gun, and in consequence towards the end of the war gunners were beginning to change their tactics. As tanks could replace the artillery barrage and blaze a trail through the enemy's wire and trenches, the gun in place of covering the infantry advance covered the tank assault, hence the importance of smoke shell was increased, since to cover the advancing tanks by a barrage of H.E. shells was out of the question, unless the advance was methodical in the extreme. Whilst in 1915, 1916 and 1917 entrenched fronts could, at best, be bent by artillery fire, in 1918 they could be penetrated at any moment by a tank attack. The reign of the bullet was at at an end; in fact, General Swinton had dethroned Hiram Maxim.

As is always the case, the positive power of one invention created the negative power in another. The bullet had at length suggested the idea of bullet-proof armour; it was the simplest possible answer, and in it lurks a complete change in the theory of war, which henceforth will include whole areas, and not merely two opposing lines. In the future, battles on land will closely resemble battles at sea, and all this has been evolved from the effect of the bullet.

Be this as it may, in 1919, all great armies reverted to their 1914 organizations and tactics. If after the Russo-Japanese War the tactical tendencies of that war were unobserved by the General Staffs of Europe, how much more astonishing is it to-day to realize that in 1919 the concrete tactical facts of the Great War were entirely lost on these staffs. In place of reorganizing on these facts, they one and all cut down their artillery, cut down their tanks, abandoned

Digitized by Google

gas, reduced their aircraft and resuscitated their doctrines of a war of mobility based on infantry fire power.

In theory such a doctrine is excellent, for movement is the soul of war, but how infantry were to advance against a vastly increased bullet-power, when compared to that of 1914, and supported by fewer guns than existed in 1914, was not explained, nor was an explanation possible. There was no explanation, in place there was dogma, and dogma unsupported by facts, reason or imagination.

The difficulty to-day is once again the bullet, not that a solution does not exist, but that the traditionally minded soldier will accept no solution. He is as impervious to new ideas, or even to self-evident truths, as was the chivalry of France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. From the Battle of Crecy to that of Agincourt, separated by nearly seventy years, the French knights refused to acknowledge the power of the long bow, in spite of the fact that it destroyed them by hundreds, and to-day their modern prototypes refuse to acknowledge the power of the tank, in spite of the fact that every well mounted tank attack was an overwhelming success. To-day, all the weapons which the war forced to the fore have been relegated as ancillary to infantry. The official dogma reads : " Infantry is the arm which in the end wins battles. To enable it to do so the co-operation of the other arms is essential ; separate and independent action by the latter cannot defeat the enemy."* To a certain extent this is true, for the other arms have been so reduced in strength since 1918 as to be incapable of independent action, or of playing a leading part in battle. Equally is it true that on account of their weakness, infantry is as limited in its powers. It is not that infantry will in the near future be opposed by masses of guns, or large numbers of tanks, or immense clouds of gas, but that machine-guns will spring up everywhere, in a word, the bullet will once again reduce them to immobility.

The immediate tactical problem to-day is not the pros and cons of mechanical warfare, but the fact that soldiers will not accept this form of warfare because they will not forego their prejudices and interests for a new idea which in

* This sentence in F.S.R., Vol. II, has been just recently amended to read " The proper co-operation of all arms wins battles and enables the infantry to confirm the victory." It is not much, but it is something.

Digitized by Google

their own estimation will throw them out of work. What then is the solution, unless it is accepted that we must be slaughtered wholesale, and that war is but the butcher's trade ?

The solution is that we must accept man as he is made, a selfish and stupid creature. We must work on the ancillary " stunt," and never hint that the majority—the infantry—can ever be other than in the right. We know that half an inch of steel will keep out a bullet, and that the defeat of the bullet is still the infantryman's problem. We know that to armour the bulk of the army is out of the question, because a mechanical army requires a mechanical base of action—work-shops, repair depots, etc., etc., and before money can be found to pay for these, the infantry will have to be reduced. Evolution must therefore be slow since every step forward will have to be fought for, but we can do something.

I suggest that we accept the army as it is, an organization composed of cavalry, infantry and artillery, and then equate each arm with the bullet. I will now examine a normal operation of war.

The cavalry move forward with comparative ease until they " bump " the bullet, when their movement forward ceases. The infantry follow them, and all goes well until they " bump " the bullet, then they are slaughtered, or they retire, or dig in, or attempt to manœuvre, but to clinch with the enemy, if he is of any worth whatever, is impossible, because the bullet forbids it. To overcome this difficulty the gunner is called upon to deal with the bullet. There is a machine gun firing from a copse, where in the copse is not known to the infantry nor to the gunner, so all the gunner can do is to bombard the copse. This may require a large number of guns and considerable time, further, the machine gun may or may not be destroyed or dislodged. No sooner is it silenced than another machine gun opens fire ; the process is repeated, and as an infantry division to-day contains some five hundred automatic weapons, once the bullet takes charge of the battle-field there is no advance, or an advance so slow as to be unremunerative. Above all be it noted, it is not the infantryman who tackles the machine gun, but the gunner—one of the men who cannot win a battle.

The difficulty of both the infantryman and the gunner is similar, they cannot approach *close* to the machine gun ; in fact, *they cannot hunt it*. The only weapon that can do so is the tank, and to send forward a machine, such as the Vickers' tank, a machine costing nearly £8,000, to hunt every

Digitized by Google

machine gun which opposes an infantry advance is to ask for trouble. First of all, the tank is not an infantry arm, it is an ancillary, so it is automatically deprived of the power of winning a battle. Secondly, it is a big target and should it normally be used to hunt machine guns, the enemy will soon tumble to it that it may be profitable to use machine guns as bait, the hook being field guns concealed in their vicinity. If by some jugglery the tank could be made an infantry arm, the first difficulty would be overcome, and if it could be reduced in size, the second would anyhow be mitigated. This introduces the light tank, or tankette, a new weapon invented since the war.

In my opinion the tactical uses of the light tank are likely to prove revolutionary. Its proper place is obviously with the heavier machines, but I am accepting the army as it is and not as it ought to be, therefore, to begin with I will hand it over to the infantry and cavalry, and suppose that an infantry battalion and a cavalry regiment each possesses a company of sixteen of these machines, which is part and parcel of their respective organizations. They are mechanized cavalry and mechanized infantry, and as such ought to be allowed to win battles.

Turning back to the above normal operation of war, when the cavalry come up against the bullet, they will send their light tanks forward, which after dealing with the situation will emblazon victory on the cavalry standards. To-day, horse artillery attempt to do this but fail, since in place of being in front of the mounted men, perforce they are behind them, or on a flank. What cavalry require is not a distant pivot of manœuvre, but an offensive shield in front of them. They want to see their supporting guns as close to them as at Waterloo, and they want to be so close to their enemy that they can see the white of his eyes. Then, once the guns have fired, there is a possibility of couching lance, and be it noted the lance is one of the weapons which is allowed to win a battle, for it is only an elongated bayonet, and the official dogma says : " The battle can be won in the last resort only by means of these weapons " (*i.e.*, rifle and bayonet).* The horse guns cannot be close beside them, but the light tanks can be, for they need no cavalry screen to protect them as the guns do. If the hostile riflemen refuse to approach near enough for

* Here again there has been another recent amendment, and this sentence now reads : " The victory can be completed by means of these weapons only."—*Ca marche.*

Digitized by Google

their eyes to be seen, all the light tanks have got to do is to advance, and although the enemy's heels will be seen and not his eyes, yet the pig-sticking operation can begin. A battalion pursued by a company of light tanks followed by three hundred horsemen with lances couched is a possible operation of war, not that I see any reason to couch these picturesque weapons. On the other hand, a regiment of present-day cavalry charging infantry under the covering fire of a battery or two of horse guns is a figment of the imagination. The whole of this problem is one of defeating the bullet, if the bullet can be defeated the cavalry can still charge.

With the infantry the problem is much the same. What was the difficulty? The bullet, especially the machine-gun bullet. Once again, if the guns could be with the infantry, and the enemy's machine guns were three hundred yards away, the gunner could undoubtedly provide an answer to this problem. But the gunner cannot be close to the infantry, but must be a considerable distance in rear, and the enemy machine gun is probably over one thousand yards away. The light tank can be with the infantry, and as an armoured scout it can advance ahead of the infantry and stalk the enemy machine guns. Further, if the enemy uses his machine guns as artillery bait, let him beware, the light tank is a difficult target to hit, it is cheap, it only contains two men, and a section of these weapons—say four—should normally be able to take on machine gun and gun simultaneously. To risk losing a field gun and a dozen gunners for a Vickers' tank is worth while, but to risk their loss for a tank costing £500 and manned by two men is not worth while, better remove the gun and replace the machine gun by a light tank. If this is done and light tank meets light tank, what will the gunner do?

He cannot support the infantry, for the infantry do not want his support, their light tanks are supporting them by defeating the enemy's bullets far more expeditiously than his guns can. If the enemy's guns are active, the infantry may ask for counter-battery fire, this is all. He cannot support the light tanks, in all probability he will not even know that they are out, and in any case, he will seldom know how they intend to manœuvre. He cannot hit the enemy light tanks for they will constantly be changing their position, and he cannot well engage in the light tank *v.* light tank duel as he will not be able to distinguish friend from foe. Except for counter-battery work and the firing of smoke

Digitized by Google

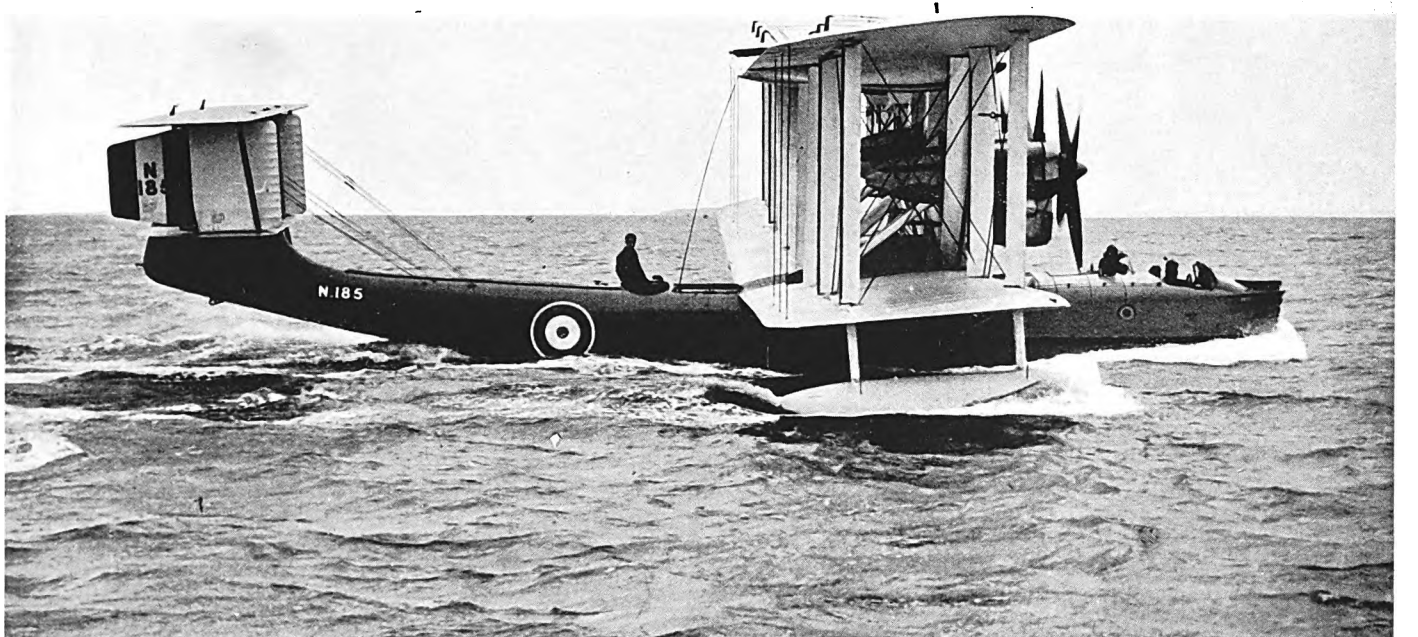
shell he is useless unless he can come close up to the infantry, for should their own light tanks be destroyed the infantry will be easy prey to the enemy light tanks, and would feel far safer if the guns were alongside them. Join them they can if they mechanize and armour themselves. This means that they must evolve into heavy tanks, a possibility which should be kept well in the background, since if the gunner imagines that he is going to be swallowed by the Tank Corps he will start breeding horses in his back garden.

The tactical outlook has now again changed. We have light tanks fighting light tanks, which presupposes that each will be equipped with anti-tank machine guns, and on both sides these machines will be supported by heavy tanks—hush !—by mechanized artillery. Somewhere in the offing cavalry will be sticking panic stricken enemy riflemen routed by the cavalry light tanks, whilst well in rear, on some anti-tank hilltop, will be congregated the arm which " wins battles," namely, the " decisive arm " (because—see official dogma—it possesses the " power of closing with the enemy ") *alias* the infantry, loudly applauding this excellent sport. Such, I believe, is what a battle will look like in the near future.

It may be argued that all this is absurd, but it is not. Such a battle as I have just depicted is far more rational than a return to the battles of the Great War, and if the infantryman was then unable to close with the enemy, how can he do so to-day, seeing that at least three times as many bullets will be fired on the battlefield. The above battle may not be the most rational of possible battles—I agree. But the present-day soldier will not have possible battles, he believes in mythological battles, for he is a supervisionary—cavalry can still charge and infantry can still close, surely such conceptions are in cold fact visions indeed, dreams transcending anything dreamt of by the tank, gas and air merchants.

Such then has been the influence of the bullet on tactics during the last hundred and twenty years. It changed cavalry tactics, then infantry tactics, then artillery tactics, and consistently it has gone on changing them ever since. Yet the whole power of half an ounce of lead depends on one thing only, namely, the penetrability of human flesh. Half an inch of steel can remedy this natural defect, and when this is realized, and more than realized—accepted—the reign of the bullet will come to an end, and the art of war will have completed yet another lap in its tortuous and interminable course.

Digitized by Google



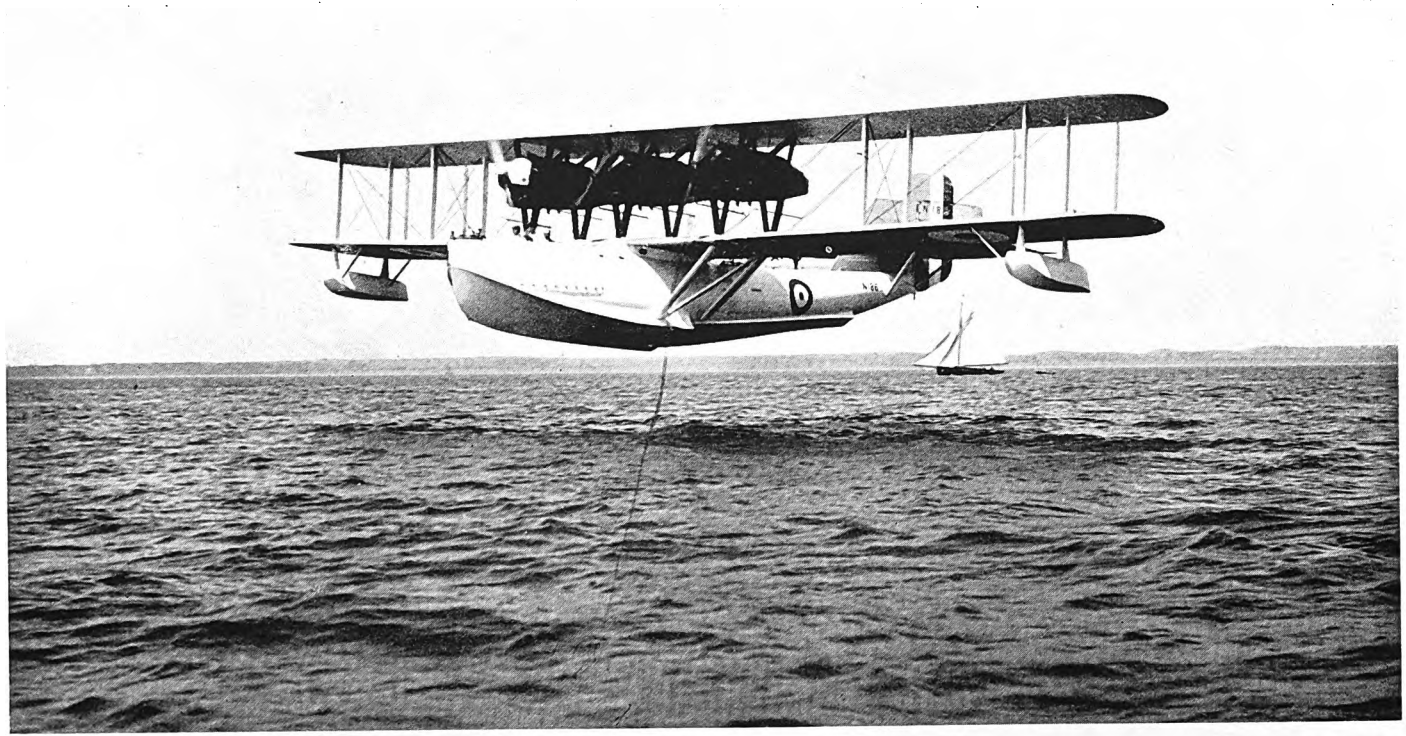
[*Photo: London News Agency, Ltd.*

THE BLACKBURN "IRIS II."

Built by the Blackburn Aviation Company of Brough, Yorkshire, it is the latest type of flying-boat to be launched. The hull is of metal construction. The engines are three Rolls Royce Condors.

This is the largest of the four boats. She weighs, fully loaded, 12 tons. She has forward portholes in the hull for ventilation and seatight doors aft. On the recent cruise to the Baltic she carried nine passengers, though her crew of five is officially composed of two pilots (one specially charged with navigation), a wireless operator and two gunner mechanics. There is a commodious navigation room with a chart table and racks for instruments. The wireless operator's section affords ample room to move about. There is a gunnery cockpit at the extreme front and rear.

Digitized by Google

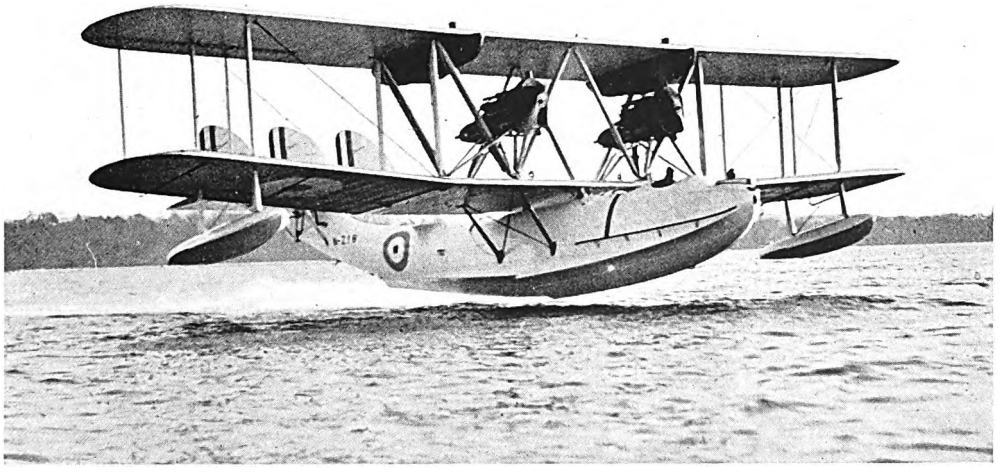


[*Photo: Beken & Son, Cowes, I.W.*

THE SAUNDERS "VALKYRIE."

This boat is also one of the latest types to be launched. She is the product of Messrs. Saunders, Ltd., of East Cowes, Isle of Wight, and is fitted with three Rolls Royce Condor engines. Built to the same specification as the "Iris II," but with a hull of Consuta wood and painted an elegant white.

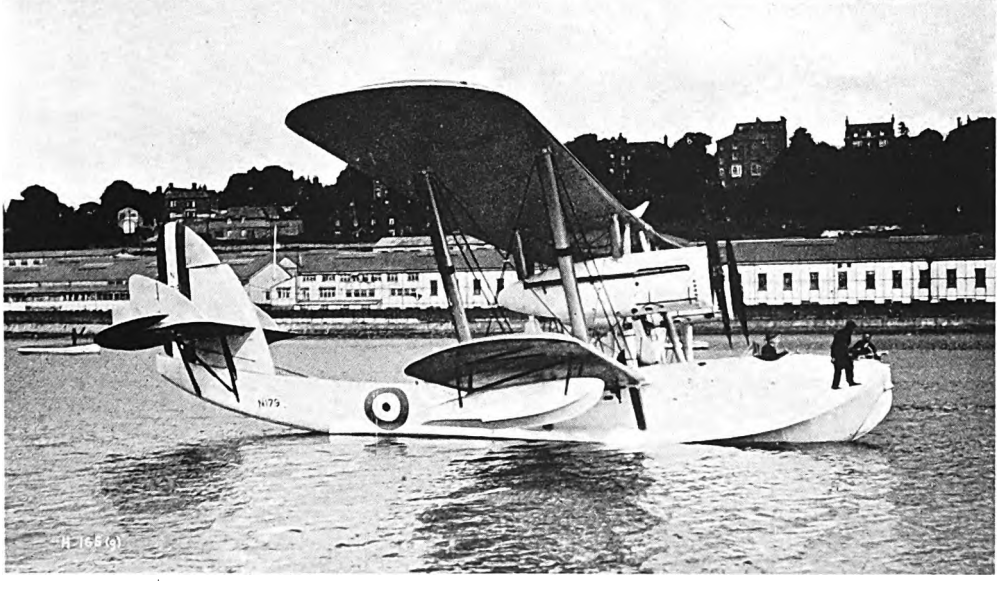
Digitized by Google



[*Photo: The Supermarine Aviation Works, Southampton.*

THE SUPERMARINE "SOUTHAMPTON."

Fitted with all-metal hull and floats. It is the present standard equipment of the Royal Air Force. Fitted with two Napier Lion engines. It is the product of the Supermarine Aviation Works, Ltd., Southampton. A flight of these boats is to undertake the projected cruise of 25,000 miles to the Far East.



[*Photo: Short Bros., Rochester.*

THE SHORT "SINGAPORE."

Designed and built by Messrs. Short Bros., Ltd., of Rochester, the pioneers of British all-metal aircraft, the "Singapore" is the largest and most successful super-flying-boat of all-metal construction yet produced. It has two Rolls Royce Condor engines. The Short "Singapore" is the only entirely all-metal flying-boat of the Royal Air Force at present, and is a definite advance in metal construction.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google

THE WINE TOUT

By E. H. Vanes.

THE other day I got a telephone message from Masters telling me he was up in town for a week or two *en garcon* and asking me to come round and dine with him at his flat.

There are few pleasures I enjoy more in life than talking over old times with a pal. Gerald Masters and I have had many good hunts together since we were at Haileybury and Oxford, so I jumped at the chance of seeing him while he was in Town. Now that he has settled down in the West Country the opportunities of meeting are not so frequent. At 7.30 on Wednesday I appeared at his flat in Queen's Gate and a very jolly little dinner we had.

After the meal we moved into his den for liqueurs and smokes. I was particularly struck by his liqueur brandy and asked him where he had got it.

" To tell you the truth, old bird, I don't really know where this particular lot came from—Higgins got it in for me—we'll ask him." So saying, he rang the bell and a moment later Higgins appeared.

Higgins, of course, is the Chief Petty Officer pensioner, R.N., who is butler, valet, shover and general factotum in Master's household ; in fact, Gerald has often told me he doesn't know what he'd do without him. Gerald explained my interest in the matter.

" Well sir," said Higgins, " last week we 'ad a visit from Swiller & Swallow's wine tout arskin' for orders just as we was gettin' a bit low in stock like ; I looks at 'im an' 'e looks at me—then we recognizes each other. Funny thing, 'e turns out to be a retired naval officer—chap named Fisher—wot was shipmates with me in the ole *Prince Arthur* (Cap'tin Withers in the Channel Fleet). 'E was a middy when I was a P.O.1 an' cox'n of the skipper's galley. Seemed like ole times to meet 'im again. Tole me 'e'd retired after the war an' gone into the wine business. After that, sir, I 'ad to give 'im the order, of course. Comic devil 'e was, but a proper little sport, I remember," mused Higgins.

Higgins's yarns are not to be missed and it was obvious

Digitized by Google

from his waiting attitude that he was in reminiscent vein. I winked at Gerald to bid him go on. " Well, let's hear the story then," said Masters. I settled back in my armchair and lit a cigar preparatory to enjoying the yarn, while Gerald filled his pipe. Thus encouraged, the worthy retainer settled down into his stride.

" 'E was a good-lookin' youngster was young Fisher; 'ad a face like a cherub angel an' looked a proper little mother's darlin'! But 'e weren't nothin' of the sort, darned nippy little boxer 'e was and a fine scrum 'arf. An' 'e were'n't no ullage when it came to grey matter neither. Skipper's doggie 'e was. Our skipper was Captain William Withers—' Witherin' Willie ' we used to call 'im—'e was about the flintiest member I ever struck an' I come across some nuggety customers in me time. 'E wasn't the sort of bloke you'd say good-mornin' to, at least, not till the sun was over the Yard, if you was wise. We 'ad a Fleet Paymaster wot did one day, an' all 'e got for 'is pains was ' Good mornin', good mornin', good mornin,' an' that'll do for the rest of the commission, thank-you, Fleet Paymaster!'

" The poor ole gent left soon afterwards—a'd a nervous breakdown I think. Ole W. suffered from gin, gout, and good livin', an' 'ad a proper Strasburg liver. Wouldn't speak to no one for weeks at a time except a parritt wot 'e kept in 'is cabin. I 'ad to look after that flamin' cockertoo, an' I'd a wrung 'is bloomin' neck cheerfully if I could.

" Well, one morning the ole P.A. comes into Portland 'arbour before breakfast. W.W. 'ad 'ad a disturbed night, so 'e was dishin' out compliments all round. Things 'adn't gone none too well. One of the galley's crew, cleanin' the after cabin, opened the parritt's cage and the blinkin' bird 'opped out, nipped up the 'atchway on deck; they was scrubbin' decks at the time and the bird got the wind-up and flew off. Of course, 'e 'adn't got very far when 'e drops into the pond. The skipper stops the ship and lowers a sea-boat to pick 'im up; I wish 'e'd let the darned thing drown. Then the flagship started pumpin' signals into us, wantin' to know what the 'ell we was doin' of an' whether the man was saved. That didn't improve the ole man's temper.

" Young Fisher was up on the forebridge dancin' attendance on the ole man—or rather doin' all 'e could to keep out of 'is way. 'E went into the chart-'ouse an' made 'isself a cup of cocoa an' was just nippin' out to 'ide somewhere and

Digitized by Google

drink it in peace, when 'e barges into the skipper by haccident as 'e was goin' out of the door—trod on 'is pet gouty toe an' upsets 'is cocoa all over the skipper's pants. Witherin' Willie goes a bright shade of beet an' give tongue for two minutes solid without repeatin' 'isself once. I never 'eard a gentleman speak the King's English so fluent before ; I learnt several new words meself, but I reckon the recordin' angel 'ad to work overtime writin' short'and to book that lot up. Then W.W. sends for the bloke an' give 'im orders that Master F. wasn't to go ashore for a fortnight, but e'd keep watch and watch on the ' igh and lofty instead. Fisher done 'is 14 days 'ard like a good 'un, but 'e vowed 'e'd get 'is own back on the owner some'ow.

" Well, it 'appened there was a fancy dress dance a few days after 'e got 'is leave back. It was a charity affair. The skipper decided 'e'd go—not that 'e went much on charities, but 'e went all the bundle on the fair sex, especially flappers. Used to puzzle me 'ow a feller with a face like 'is could get away with it, but 'e did. Young Freddie Fisher got wind that the ole man was goin' to the 'op. 'E an' some of the other middies decided they'd go too.

" Freddie noo something of the skipper's ways and 'is 'abit of danglin' round the ladies. So 'e 'as a bit of a brain-storm one night on the subjick an' concocts 'is little plan. 'E gets 'old of a fancy dress turnout an' on the day of the dance 'e goes ashore along o' some of 'is pals and visits the local coiffoor, where 'e gets made up. Then 'e decks 'isself out as an ole English flower-girl—an' a very pretty bit o' goods, too. 'E made a stunnin' girl, did Freddie. Several of 'is chums got rig outs too, an' goes along of 'im to the dance to see the sport. W.W. 'ad sent up to London for a special costoom an' 'e took no end of pains with 'is appearance. 'E kitted 'isself up as a bo of King Charles the second's reign.

" Me and the valet 'elp dress 'im ; 'e was all about, I can tell you, an' didn't 'arf fancy 'isself in the part ; got quite frisky an' good tempered. 'E 'ad 'is grub aboard early an' then we takes 'im ashore to Castletown Pier. I gets the car out of the garridge an' drives 'im round to Weymouth. When we gets there 'e 'ops out like a two-year-old—'e was that cheery 'e even sez good-evenin' to the bobby at the door. From what I 'eard of the yarn afterwards it appears 'e spotted the pretty little flower-seller as soon as 'e got into the room—

Digitized by Google

couldn't take 'is eyes orf 'er, in fac', an' follers 'er all round the place, arskin' everybody 'oo she was an' tryin' to get a hintroduction. 'E sees one of our middies talkin' to 'er, so 'e walks straight up to 'im,—very gallant like—and 'arsk 'im to present 'im to the lady. Of course, she 'ad some fancy name arranged. 'E makes 'er a low sweepin' bow an' then arsks 'er for several dances. She done a coy stunt be'ind 'er fan an' then give 'im four.

"They gets on very well for a bit, but after they'd 'ad the third the skipper warms up and forces the pace. 'E wanted to make the most of the fourth, yer see. Well, it seems they was sittin' out in one of them there 'uggin' 'utches nicely 'idden by palms, screens an' wotnots. Ole W. gets a bit amorous like 'an tries to get 'er to sit on 'is knee and to kiss 'er. Appears as 'ow she flared up an' fetches 'im an 'earty box on the lug; said she wouldn't 'ave none of 'is tap-room flirtations with 'er, an' wot did 'e mean by danglin' 'is frowsy 'airs in 'er face? 'E was a low cad for tryin' to take advantage of a defenceless gal like that.

"W.W. was wild; said she wanted a darned good spankin' in 'is opinion. 'E'd 'ave 'er know 'e was a distinguished orficer in the Royal Navy and a Hay D.C. to the King. She better somethin' well mind 'er P's and Q's. Then 'e flaunts out of the room fumin' with rage an' tells me to drive 'im straight back to Portland. 'E was that angry I thought 'e'd been stung by a bee or somethin'.

"When we gets aboard 'e 'as a stiff whiskey, give 'is valet the father and mother of a drubbin', an' goes to bed. The valet tole me afterwards 'e found several fair ladies' 'airs an' some powder marks on the skipper's coat.

"Next day the yarn was all round the ship an' it soon spread to the 'ole fleet. Orf came a lawyer chap from Weymouth to see the skipper an' tell 'im that unless 'e 'as a written apology within twenty-four hours 'is client would take legal haction for hassault agin 'im. 'Is client 'ad 'ad to go away sufferin' from shock after 'is dastardly and disgustin' conduct. 'E'd remind 'im it wouldn't do 'im no good if a lawsuit agin 'im come to the notice of the Lords of the Admiralty. I reckon that was a master stroke on the part of young Fisher.

"Anyway, the skipper pipes down and gives the lawyer bloke a written apology. I 'eard afterwards that Freddie 'ad it framed an' stuck up in 'is room at 'ome. The troops

Digitized by Google

used to 'ave a bit of fun when they see ole W.W. about; they'd put their 'ands up an' 'old their faces as if they 'ad the earache; even the blamed parritt used to chip 'im and say ' 'Oo was you with last night?' We taught 'im to do it. The skipper used to stamp up and down the quarter-deck cursin' and swearin', shootin' 'is cuff linen an' clearin' 'is throat somethin' 'orrid. I did 'ear 'im ask the P.M.O. one day if 'e 'ad a lot of faceache cases in the bay, but the P.M.O. said 'e didn't think there wasn't nothin' hextra-ordinary. 'E swore 'e'd find out 'oo the gal was by 'ook or by crook, but 'e couldn't get no forrader any'ow. 'E sends for the young feller wot introduce 'im an' arsk 'im 'oo the blazes she was, but all 'e could get out of 'im was that she was a little bit of fluff 'e'd picked up with on the pier an' 'e'd no idea 'oo she was or where she lived. Fisher's batch of middies was due for their sub's courses an' a week later they gets a shift from the ole P.A. an' goes to Pompey. Same night as they left, old Barker, ' Bloodstained Bill ' 'is ship's company used to call 'im, come over from the *Irritable* to 'ave a chow with our ole man. I was 'avin' a yarn in the pantry with the valet an' we 'ears B.B. arsk W.W. if 'e'd ever traced the gal. ' Gal, wot the 'ell do you mean?' roars W.W. ' Why, lumme, 'aint you 'eard the buzz wot's goin' round the fleet about you, Will?' sez Barker. Then 'e tells 'im the yarn an' 'oo the gal really was.

" We lowered the trap'atch an' affy-graffy to 'ave a squint. The skipper's face was a sight; 'is eyes was bulgin', 'is 'air bristlin', the veins swellin' in 'is throat an' forred, an' 'e was puce with rage. Barker done the larf of a lifetime. I thought Witherin' Willie would 'ave scuppered 'im.

" 'E didn't speak to no one for days after an' wouldn't see nobody orf service. The other captins used to signal over special dance invites to 'im to pull 'is leg, but 'e never went to another the 'ole of the rest of the commish. 'E was a broken man.

" I reckon Freddie Fisher saw 'im orf all right," ruminated Higgins meditatively. " We done a grin over it when 'e come to the door the other day an' of course I 'ad to give 'im the order knowin' as we was short. Glad yer like 'is stuff, sir; shall I fill up yer glasses again, gentlemen?"

" Well, yes, I think you might," replied Masters with a broad smile on his countenance. " I expect Mr. Cartwright would welcome something to help him wash that one down."

Digitized by Google

Higgins filled up our glasses and withdrew with a slightly pained expression as if his veracity as a raconteur had been impugned.

When he had left the room Gerald turned to me laughing, " Wonderful fellow that chap Higgins ; he's got a yarn about anything under the sun, but I'm not sure he isn't the horniest old liar that ever stepped out of the bag."

" My dear fellow," said I, " what an insult to those who go down to the sea in ships and have their business in great wines ! Anyway, he has a very pretty taste in liqueur brandy, and I think your new-found wine merchant is something of a treasure. You might let me have his address, old boy ; I feel like ordering some of this myself. I see it's labelled " W.W. Brand,' and the trade mark is a young flower and fruit seller !"

Digitized by Google

AFGHANISTAN, INDIA, AND THE BOLSHEVIST MENACE

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

1. The Early History.

THE insidious and bitter anti-British propaganda of the Bolshevists in China, but parallels their efforts in Afghanistan and in India. While India has been busy with her own political difficulties the problem of Afghanistan has been developing in a remarkable way at her door. The coming of the West to Kabul at any time would be an anxiety, but with the Soviet as mentor the problem is remarkable, and obviously of immense importance to India, as is reflected in Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood's presentment of his military estimates this year.

The disintegrating forces of the war turned Afghanistan from the position of a subsidized and protected ally to that of invader and enemy, and left her an independent kingdom, eagerly aping a Balkan civilization, alternately cosseted and flouted by the Soviet republics on her borders. The whole position of this mountain country, as big as France, both *vis-à-vis* India and Soviet Russia, and what is good and what is evil in the situation, is worthy of close study. To get the right perspective, however, especially in view of the undying memory and tradition that is such a characteristic of Eastern conditions, an outline of previous history is necessary, for as a man cannot get away from his shadow, so is a nation married to its past.

For many hundreds of years the country of Kabul was accepted as a part of India. The Aryan migratory hordes came down through the mountain passes and colonized Afghanistan. The valleys of Kabul are as beautiful as Kashmir, and the first comers probably settled there while the later comers pushed on to the rivers of the Punjab. The valleys of the Kabul and Kurram Rivers have many Bhuddist and early Hindu remains that are yet to be explored, and even the Pathan tribes about the Khaiber and Waziristan are believed to be of Aryan and Rajput descent, despite their

Digitized by Google

mythical place in the Paktan Wali, or family tree of the Pathan race, which claims to be descended from one Kish or Kais, eighteenth in descent from Hebrew Saul.

The Kingdom of Kabul was part of the Hindu Kingdom, or at least of a Hindu federation, of Northern India, when Alexander of Macedon conquered the Punjab, and for several centuries formed part of the Græco Bactrian Provinces of India.

From soon after the year A.D. 1000, when Northern India fell a prey to Tartar and Turkish invaders from Afghanistan and Central Asia, who ruled till the advent of the British, Kabul was often part of the Kingdom of Delhi. In the halcyon days of the Mogul Emperors, Kabul was still part of their territory which stretched from Bengal to Samarkand. After the invasion of Nadir Shah, the Persian Turk, and his capture of Delhi in 1738, the conqueror detached Afghanistan, Mooltan and Sindh from the Mogul Empire. On the death of Nadir Shah the Afghan Kingdom as we now know it came into being. Ahmed Shah the Abdalli, a young leader of horse in the Shah's service, united the Afghan states with Mooltan and Kashmir into the Kingdom of Kabul, and subjected India to a series of invasions. From that time to the first quarter of the nineteenth century the history of Northern Ireland is the story of Afghan invasion, of which the outstanding episode was the defeat of the Mahrattas and Mogul forces in 1761 at the hands of Ahmed Shah and his Afghans, hard by "The Black Mango Tree," on the historic battlefield of Panipat.

To the Marquis Wellesley and his immediate successors, the fear of an Afghan invasion of Upper India was ever a matter of concern. So recently as 1800 Zeman Shah, the King of Kabul, to whom Tippu, Sultan of Mysore, had sent appeals for help against the British, invaded Upper India, but was recalled by a rebellion at home, and, for many years after, the fear of the Afghan invaders lay heavy in the minds of the Punjab, and even the children were kept in order by the threat. The rise of the Sikh nation from a loose confederation to a close-knit kingdom under Runjhit Singh, drove the Afghans from Kashmir and from Mooltan and finally from Peshawar, but it is to be remembered that the race of the ruling chiefs of India and innumerable landowners are of Afghan descent, as are also thousands of the peasantry.

The points outstanding from this retrospect are three.

Digitized by Google

First, that from time immemorial till 1738 the provinces of Kabul had been part of India, subject to the come-and-go of local rebellion. Secondly, that Afghanistan from that year onwards included many provinces which have now been part of India for over a hundred years, and British since the annexation of the Punjab in 1849. Secondly, that the Afghans invaded and overran India whenever they liked. Indeed, in 1849, a large Afghan contingent joined the Sikh at the Battle of Goojerat and were chased back to the Khaiber for their pains by the undaunted troops of Lord Gough's Army under General Sir John Gilbert. Thirdly, that from the north to the south and from the east to the west, many chiefs and thousands of peasants claim Afghan descent and know to this day to which particular Afghan clan they belong.

2. The British Era and the First and Second Afghan Wars.

With the coming of the British to Delhi, the dramatic defeat of the Mahrattas, the rescue of the blind Mogul Emperor, Shah Alum, the pitiful King of the World, and his restoration to some personal comfort and dignity, the Government of India was brought into close touch with Afghanistan. The descendants of Ahmed Shah, the Abdalli who had dubbed his people Dourrani, or the Race of the Pearl, were poor successors to a great personality. First came Shah Timur, his eldest son, who died in 1793, to whom succeeded by a *coup d'état* Shah Zeman, his second son. It was this Shah Zeman whose threatened invasion of India at the instance of Tippu and through the intrigues of Napoleon, kept the Government of India alert and anxious for many years and more than once called for the assembly of an army of observation on what was the north-west frontier of those days, viz. : the vicinity of Meerut and Kurnal. Finally, Shah Zeman was deposed and blinded by his brother, Shah Mahmud, to be replaced in 1803 by Shah Zeman's own brother, a very different relationship in the polygamic East from half-brother. But the new king, Shah Shujah, filled the bill but poorly, being twice driven from his throne to take refuge in India, finally residing at Loodianah, where an honourable asylum was offered him. Eventually his successor, Shah Mahmud, gave way after an orgy of murder and atrocities, to Dost Muhammad, the young son of the powerful Vizier Fatteh

Digitized by Google

Khan, and the Amirship passed from the Royal Suddozai family to the Barakzais, in which family it remains to this day. It was many years before the Dost, as he was called by the British, established himself as ruler and took the title of Shah, not indeed till he had driven back to India the final attempt in 1834 of Shah Shujah to regain his throne, with the aid of an army of Indian mercenaries.

During the years succeeding Lord Lake's victories at Delhi in 1803, while Afghanistan suffered the throes of revolution and civil wars, the British in India had consolidated and reorganized the war-racked territories that had once been Mogul provinces. Their enterprise was now turned to developing the great waterway of the Indus, and bringing the trade of Europe to the gate of Afghanistan and the towns of the Punjab, and in 1826 Captain Burns had conducted a successful mission both to the Amir of Sindh and to Kabul itself.

But *pari passu* with the peaceful projects, an old anxiety had revived in newer guise. In 1799 Napoleon and Tippu Sultan were calling on the Afghans to attack the British. In 1801 Napoleon was urging the Czar of Russia to advance with him against India. Since those days the Russian frontier had been steadily nearing the Oxus. A Russian envoy was in Kabul. The plans for a great and legitimate British trade influence in Central Asia met the desire to interpose a strong and friendly Afghanistan between India and the forward creep of the Bear. In spite of Captain Burns' representation that the Amir Dost Muhammad was, and could be, all that the British desired, the Government of India conceived that he was at heart fundamentally inimical to Great Britain. In the clever brains of the Secretariats of the Government of India the idea was conceived of restoring the grateful refugee within our gate, Shah Shujah Mulk, to the throne of his fathers, and so ensuring the friendly bulwark we needed.

In reviewing the British policy of those days, which failed miserably, a little clear thinking is required. For British India to enter Afghanistan, even as enemies, was only but a continuation of history and practice. To enter it to restore to the throne its own hereditary ruler in the general interest of India, with a force raised for him, similar to that he had himself raised a few years earlier, could not be called morally evil. That it was a consummately ill-judged policy is another

Digitized by Google

matter, though even in this respect it must be said that the policy itself was not unwise had the premises on which it was founded been accurate, only the execution was so vile that it was doomed to failure.

The Shah was loathed by his people, nor had he the character and grit to hold the throne on which we replaced him, though the Indian Government believed otherwise. The British Army was not organized or equipped to fill the role demanded of it, and its services of supply did not exist, nor was there any organizing cult of soldier capable of making it so, or a Government which would let them try. The Army was rotting through years of peace, and its commander had become stricken in years. When it was found that Shah Shujah could not hold the throne of his fathers, the Army was not fit to meet the opposition which arose, while the Government had never envisaged the extent to which failure and delay would strain their monetary resources. Humiliation and disaster followed, and eventually we gladly replaced Dost Mohammad on the uneasy throne of Kabul, leaving behind us a bitter aftermath of hostility which our mistaken interference had engendered.

The Dost returned from exile in India to beautiful Kabul and its uneasy throne. "You might think I am reigning in heaven. I know I am ruling in hell," as Lyall makes the Amir say, amid the snow peaks, the orchards, the vineyards and the iris, and the Paighamber Gul, the Prophet's flower.

Once again, however, the approaching might of Russia justified the policy, if not the execution, behind the venture of 1839. The Dost, after loyally abiding by his treaties and refusing to avail himself of the Mutiny, to regain the lost province of Peshawar, was summoned to his fathers, and his successor once more intrigued with the now persistent Russian.

In 1878 we entered Afghanistan as an invader to insist that the country must live in friendly alliance with British India. Once again we had not calculated the monetary cost of our policy, but after again traversing the country from Kabul to Kandahar, we did successfully establish a friendly strong Afghanistan, even if not quite as we had originally planned. Abdur Rahman, the exiled nephew of the Dost, was placed by us on the throne as the only claimant who had courage enough to fill the post, and for thirty odd years he

Digitized by Google

filled it sturdily. During his reign the role of protected buffer state was steadily developed, so that he might hold his own against Russia till the British could come to his assistance. Arsenals and workshops were started in Kabul with British assistance, and the military resources of the Government of India were developed with the object of entering Afghanistan as a friend and ally. In 1885 our policy was put to test by what is known as the Penjdeh frontier incident, when a Russian party attacked an Afghan body, while the tripartite boundary commission was at work. War very nearly resulted, and the whole British Indian Army was on the move towards Kandahar.

After 1885, immense sums were spent on frontier roads and railways and also on what were then believed to be necessary measures for fortifying Northern India. The threats of Russia, however, increased faster than the preparations. After the Boer War, Lord Kitchener was sent to India to organize the Army of India to be fit to carry out its modern role, especially in view of our experiences in South Africa, reinforced later by the object-lessons of the Russo-Japanese War.

We were to enter Afghanistan as an ally, and our plans and installations were organized to this end. It might eventually happen, by some untoward turn of the wheel, that we should again be compelled to enter Afghanistan as an enemy, but the same arrangements could be made to do. The main point, however, was to get our troops sufficiently far into Afghanistan to prevent the latter being overwhelmed by Russia before our arrival on the scene. The fact that the old role of Afghanistan might return and that she should endeavour to invade India was not to be seriously considered.

These are points that are of very great significance at the present time.

3. Afghanistan under Abdur Rahman and Habib Ullah, 1881-1919.

The first few years of Abdur Rahman's reign passed dourly in the consolidation of his power, and his treaties with the British were satisfactorily maintained. A few years later the delimitation of the frontier between Afghanistan and the tribal hills which were within the British sphere of influence, was carried out by a joint commission on which Sir Mortimer Durand was the British Commissioner.

Digitized by Google

The Durand line was laid down and boundary marks erected. While such matters were in progress Afghan trade with India steadily increased, but Afghanistan itself remained a *terra incognita* to Europeans. Mindful that in 1841 and in 1879 the British agents were murdered in Kabul, the Amir was unwilling to receive, and the British to send, a European representative to Kabul. An Indian Moslem gentleman, usually from the Army, represented the British Government at the Amir's Court. That up till well in the twentieth century there should be no free intercourse between the countries sounds absurd enough. Afghans came freely to India, but Europeans did not enter Afghanistan. It is a pitiful and unbelievable result of our dealings with the country, but so it was. Rightly or wrongly, the entry of Europeans was believed to be unsafe, and fanaticism and enmity were so rife that Afghan authority, however, benevolent, could not protect them. Except for this anomaly, and such minor troubles as may fairly arise between neighbours, the reign of Abdur Rahman in the relationship with India was satisfactorily enough. In 1901 the Amir died and Habib Ullah, his son, reigned in his stead.

The reign of Habib Ullah was marked by an even more friendly outlook towards Great Britain, and during all the strain of the Great War, the Amir resisted those calls that came to him from many quarters to join the Sacred War which the Sultan of Turkey, as Caliph of Islam, and successor to the Prophet, had proclaimed against the Allies. And yet in Kabul for years a bitter nest of fanatical priests had in season and out of season preached enmity to England. The strong, ruthless hand of Abdur Rahman, the last man to be priest-ridden, had kept them in order, but no world war had then arisen. It was no small thing for Habib Ullah to keep these turbulent priests quiet, when the call of Islam had rung out from the minarets of Turkey, and it will always be gratefully remembered that he spurned or temporized with all suggestion to the contrary. Some there will be who know of that strange scene in Calcutta when Lord Kitchener and Sir Henry McMahon arranged to accede to a request of the Amir to make him a freemason during his visit to India, passing and raising by dispensation. Maybe, his memory of that badge of innocence and bond of friendship which he had assumed, helped to hold his neutral course among all the other influences that pressed on him.

Digitized by Google

4. The Third Afghan War, 1919.

When Habib Ullah, the Beloved of God, died in 1919 Aman Ullah, the Peace of God, his third son, reigned in his stead, and within three months of his accession hurled his tribes and his regular troops on British India.

It was not quite a neighbourly proceeding, for India was not yet recovered from the Punjab Rebellion in the early summer of 1919 and other disturbances, resulting from the undercurrents of sedition which had so long been flourishing beneath the surface. Further, the whole of the army in India, especially the European portion thereof, was in the throes of demobilization, while the best of the Indian troops were in Palestine and Mesopotamia. From the point of view of the Mullas of Kabul, the moment was opportune, and those who know the undercurrents in that mountain paradise know how only strong men can hold the rudder. Peace restored, King Aman Ullah now holds by his treaties and is eager to rule and organize a model modern state, and it is too soon to analyse the causes which for the first time for over a century brought an Afghan invasion into India.

Suffice it to say, that with pain and difficulty the Indian Army through the hot summer of 1919 kept the Afghan forces out of the plains of India, meeting them and beating them beyond the openings of the Khaiber, in the Kurram Valley, and on the frontier beyond Quetta. Much money was expended, many lives lost, both in battle and by disease, with the old Khyber curse of cholera responding. But from the British point of view the real harm done was the tearing into shreds the work of a quarter of a century of pacification of the frontier tribes residing in the tangled mountains which lie between the limit of administered India, and the actual Anglo-Afghan frontier. The tribes generally, especially those of Waziristan, joined in the glorious horoosh to loot the plains of India. The tribal militias were withdrawn or melted away, the settlements and principles of years disappeared in a night.

When the Third Afghan War came to an end, the British Government found itself involved in long, costly and profitless operations to restore the *status quo* in Waziristan—operations which only ended in our being compelled to open a large military station in the heart of Waziristan and to build many miles of uneconomic strategic roads in tribal country.

Digitized by Google

However, that is now a settled policy producing satisfactory though costly results.

Following the cessation of hostilities, prolonged negotiations took place regarding a treaty of peace and friendship. The difficulty in coming to terms lay in saving the face of the Amir, especially as regards his promises to save the tribes, who rose against us at his behest, from punishment for their troubles. He desired also to tear up the Durand Frontier Agreement. His position as a prince and a ruler in Islam was another factor. With the Caliphate of the Sultan dying, there was room for several auto-cephalic successions, and the King of Kabul might well aim at being the spiritual head of the Moslems of India. Finally Sir Henry Dobbs, with that combination of patience and flair for which he is famous, overcame most of the difficulties, and conducted a friendly agreement, which at any rate, cemented the *de facto* peaceful conditions.

With this peace, however, the old semi-protected status of Afghanistan, the historical corollorary of the Mogul Empire, disappeared. The Amir of Kabul became an entirely independent ruler who conducted all his own foreign relationships, assumed the title of king, and no longer received from India the handsome subsidy for the expenses of his defence system which had previously been enjoyed. The turning of the arsenals and cannons of Kabul against the hand that provided them had in colloquial parlance " torn it." With the conclusion of peace, which in its provisions was little more than a " Gentleman's agreement," a British Envoy or Minister was for the first time for fifty odd years established in Kabul. In 1841 McNaghten and in 1897 Cavignari had been posted there and had been foully murdered for their pains. Since then, save for such sturdy pioneers as Sir Salter Pyne and Sir Acquin Martin, who served in the Amir's service, Dr. Lilias Hamilton and a few more, who led a difficult life in turbulent Kabul, the British residents have been nil. Now the Minister, Sir Francis Humphrys, with his wife and small staff, alone represent Great Britain, though the other races of Europe are represented in increasing numbers.

6. Afghanistan of To-day.

So much for Afghanistan of the past. The Afghanistan of to-day is at any rate outwardly a very different story, and the city of Kabul, set in snows, is rapidly becoming as

Digitized by Google

Europeanized as, for instance, is Damascus and the Moslem cities of the Levant and Syria. King Aman Ullah, the Peace of God, building outside Kabul, as the British are building New Delhi, his new capital of Dar ul Aman, the Door of Peace, dreams of a modernized state. Kabul, set amid mountain streams, is flooded with white electricity by German engineers. The *H*amir, as Salter Pyne would have called him, uses planes to keep *his* tribes in order, even as do the British. The bearded patriarchs and the shaven nobles now wear uniform of Balkan type and wrist watches. Ministries model themselves on the ministries of Europe. Russians, Germans, Italians in minor employ in engineering and in electric concerns, jostle the curious crowds in the thronged bazaars. The British alone show not their lesser breeds, but remain dignified and aloof in the legation, and only ride abroad, gaining thereby distinction in the eyes of the country and city, who make naught of the other nations.

The regular army of Afghanistan has for long been something of a jest, despite its guns and its arsenals, and the armed strength of the country lay in the tribes, but the times are changing and Turkish and Arab instructors have introduced something of the discipline of the West. An Air Force, trained by Russians, has reached a passable standard of efficiency, but still again revenue is the difficulty in the path of progress. Roads there are, but few. From Kabul via Ghuzni to Kandahar, thrice marched by a large British army, the late Amir has made a good motor road. From Kabul to the British frontier at Landikhana is a motor road of sorts, but those for the moment are all that can claim the name in all the length and breadth of the land. Yet the country is a large one, and the popular conception and mental picture concerning it are somewhat erroneous. It is the size of France, 750 miles in length on its long axis, from north-east to south-west, and 300 miles across. The great mass of tumbled mountains which we associate with its name, lie about the Kabul—Kandahar road and stretch north of it to Herat, and between that road and the British frontier. It is through the latter that the famous passes run from Kandahar, Ghuzni and Kabul to India, which have seen the centuries of migration and invasion, and the come-and-go of emperors and kings. West of the mountains of Ghor and the Kohistan the plains run down to the Oxus and the frontier of Russia, peopled by Tartar and Tajek folk of non-Afghan origin.

Digitized by Google

This tract of country is wide and comparatively populous, and it is in this connection that the difficult problems of the future connect with Bolshevism. To the south, past Kandahar to Seistan, the land is low lying and open. There are no railways in the country, and long have the merchant classes compared the difficulties and dangers of the road from Kabul to Peshawar with the ease and safety of that south from Peshawar. If the general suspicion of Aghanistan of the intention of Great Britain continue to subside it is likely that we may see the British line from Sind through Quetta to the frontier at Chaman, carried on the necessary seventy miles to Kandahar. Though the British have just opened a broad-gauge railway through the Khaiber to their frontier in front of Landikotal, it is doubtful if practical economics will ever permit of it being carried forward to Kabul, so difficult are the gorges and passes to be traversed. We shall, however, see a really good motor road from Landikotal to Kabul put in hand at the instance of the Afghan Government, it is to be hoped, by British engineers.

So far, so good. The change in the status of Afghanistan *vis-à-vis* the British Government brought about by the Third Afghan War, and the general change of world relationships, may or may not be regrettable, but Afghanistan as a friendly power of increasing civilization can only be a desirable neighbour. Such questions as may arise can be handled diplomatically by the usual machinery between nations. That her army and air force should be improving must, it is true, cause us to make due precaution, but not greater than necessary if she is to be supported as under the old conditions against Russia. It is, however, just this question of Russia, and the whole status of the Bolshevik republics on the Oxus, that has brought the cloud on the horizon, which the Foreign Department and the General Staff in India are watching so carefully and which has been causing such apprehension in India generally.

6. The Soviet Republics on the Oxus and the Future.

The Russian railway to Khisk has crossed the Oxus long ago and is within sixty miles of Herat. Farther north, on the Oxus, the line from Taskent has now its terminus at Termez on the trade routes to Kabul. From the Russian side propaganda of all kinds, commercial enterprise, and various European nationals penetrate at will. The sea of

Digitized by Google

troubles in which Bokhara and the provinces bordering on the Oxus have been involved since the war have been incredible. Soviet and counter-Soviet, rebellion and counter-rebellion, massacre and counter-massacre have succeeded one another in a bewildering series. Finally, by making a desert and calling it peace, the central Soviet control has been established in succession to the old Imperialist Government. But for reasons many and various, the Soviet of Russia has formed several Central Asian Soviets, including four small and distinct racial republics on the western shores of the Oxus, viz.: Turcomanistan, Usbegistan, Tijikistan and Kara Kirghiz. The Oxus, however, is a political frontier, but not an ethnological one. On the Afghan side similar races, Turcoman, Usbeg and Tajik, to those making up the four small republics, exist as Afghan subjects. It is understood that the Russian propaganda aims at inducing a desire in the minds of the subjects of Kabul to amalgamate with their kinsmen in the republics. Should Afghanistan attempt to repress any such movement, the Soviet troops would cross the Oxus to protect the fellow tribesmen of the confederation of Soviets on the western shores of the Oxus. In the meantime penetration and propaganda continue, so that when the time comes there may be many imbued with Soviet sympathy.

Given the situation as outlined above, will Afghanistan countenance the alienation of her northern territories? Will the Afghans proper undergo Bolshevization and the upheaval of the cherished customs of Islam, or will they stand four-square to the storm, as sturdy old Abdur Rahman intended to do against the strength of the Tsar and the Greycoat Guard at the Helmund Ford. It was Lyall who made the same old Amir sing:—

"Shall I stretch my right hand to the Indus
That England may fill it with gold?
Shall my left beckon help from the Oxus
The Russian blows hot and blows cold?

* * *

But the Kingdoms of Islam are crumbling,
And round me a voice ever rings
Of death and the doom of my country.
Shall I be the last of its Kings?"

But whether the Afghan will be able to combat an insidious propaganda, or whether he will join the Soviets, the military problem before British India is considerable

Digitized by Google

and somewhat alarming. It is true that we have for many years been geared to back the Afghan against the Russian, and the forces of the Tsar were no doubt more powerful than those of the Soviet. But the Government of Imperial Russia did work to recognized rules and conventions, and was not a wolf's head among nations. The Soviet as yet answers to no known pressure. To-day, no one can guarantee the attitude of the Afghan or how they will react eventually to the unceasing propaganda to which they are subject. Should the Afghan, whether the King be leading them or whether he be deposed, side with modern Russia, the position would be extremely disagreeable, since the Afghan forces alone are far more formidable than in 1919. Even should Afghanistan oppose any Russian advance fiercely, our liability must be great. Our policy must always be to maintain Afghanistan intact, whether she wishes it or no.

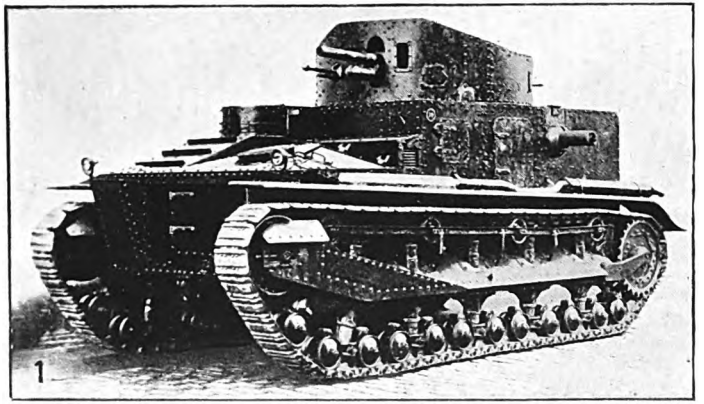
The upshot of all this is, that after the Great War, India is compelled to be as great a place of arms as ever she was. In vain can she hope to reduce her military expenditure to meet her great demands for profitable expenditure on the thousand subjects awaiting development. The military expenditure of India has never been high in proportion to her population and area, and is far less than in Europe or Japan, but it is high compared with her wealth and her internal needs, and it is with a heavy heart that the Commander-in-Chief in India is constantly compelled to place the dangers of the situation before the Indian Government and people.

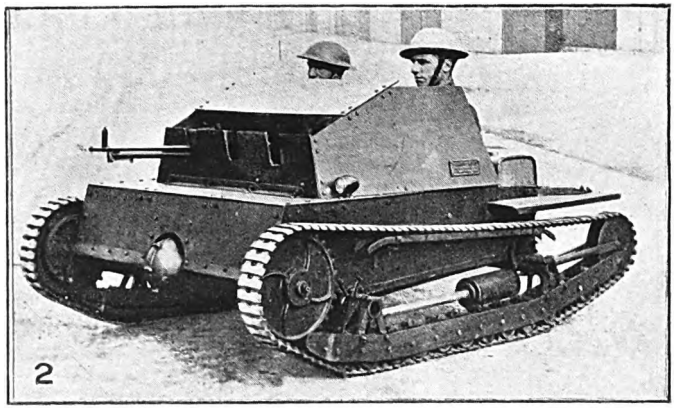
It is perhaps fortunate that the Third Afghan War came when it did, for it enabled great improvements in the railways to the frontier to be carried out, which the Government of India would never have given effect to in cold blood, argue the soldiers never so ably, with the result that the frontier is far better prepared than in 1914. Further, the fact that many thousands of lorries can be poured into India in a few weeks has abolished that terrible camel transport problem, with which even Lord Kitchener's preparations were cursed. In fine weather, tracks in Southern Afghanistan will always carry lorry traffic to Herat till better roads are ready. The facts as stated nevertheless do amply justify the apprehensions which have been aroused by the statements recently delivered with the approval of Government to the Indian public by the Director of Military Intelligence in that country. There is one ray of light, however, on which we may congratulate

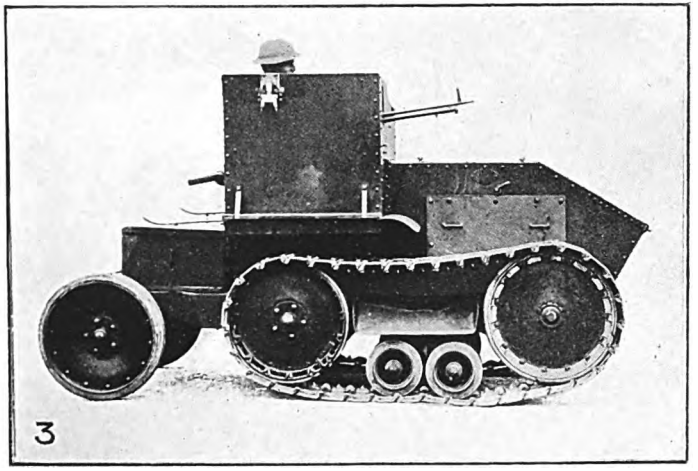
Digitized by Google

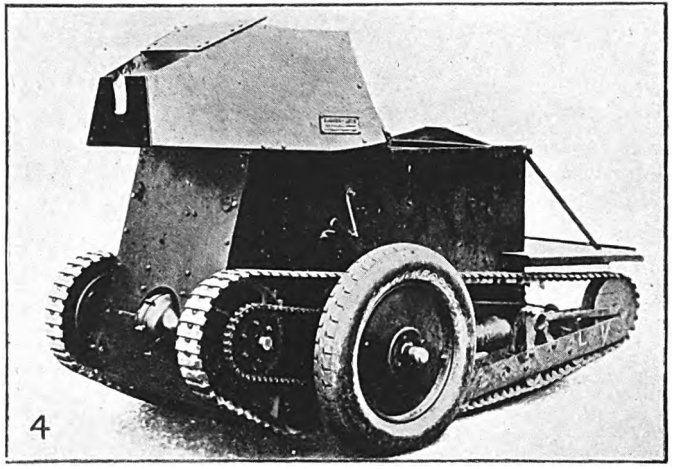
ourselves. The first British Minister and envoy of modern times, Sir Francis Humphrys, has already achieved remarkable success, slowly gaining the confidence of King Aman Ullah and his minister, steadily combating that suspicion and hatred of the British which dates from 1840, and evincing that sympathetic understanding of Afghan people and problems, which he first acquired at the hands of his old chief Sir Harold Deane in the Frontier Province. If it be possible to keep the King and his people resolute in their resistance to Bolshevism, there is no one more likely to induce such a result than the British Minister.

Digitized by Google





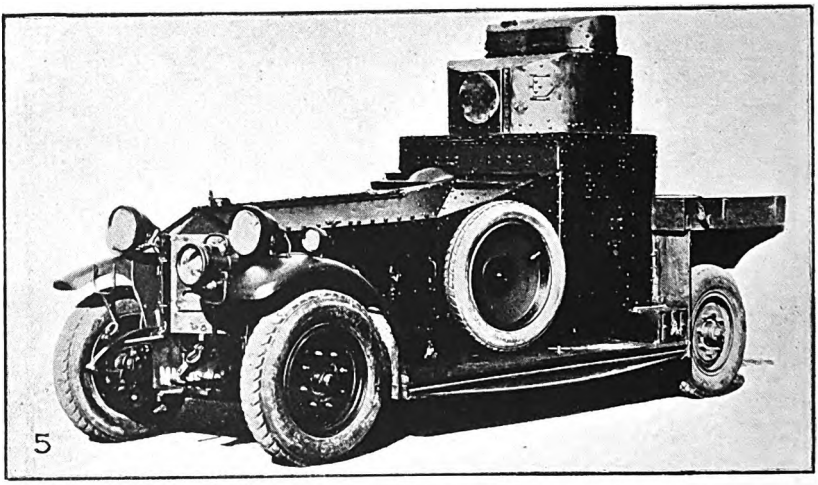


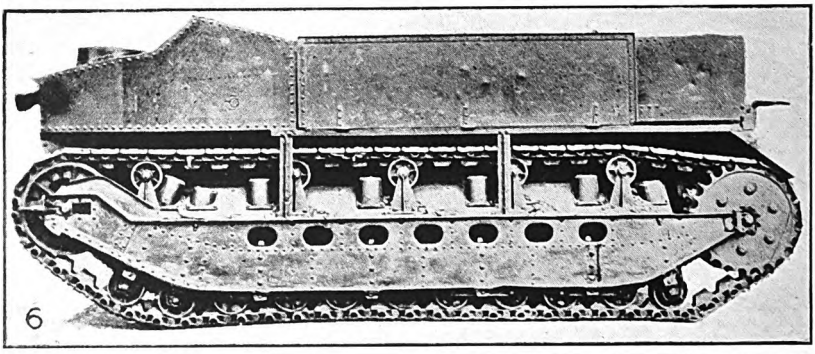


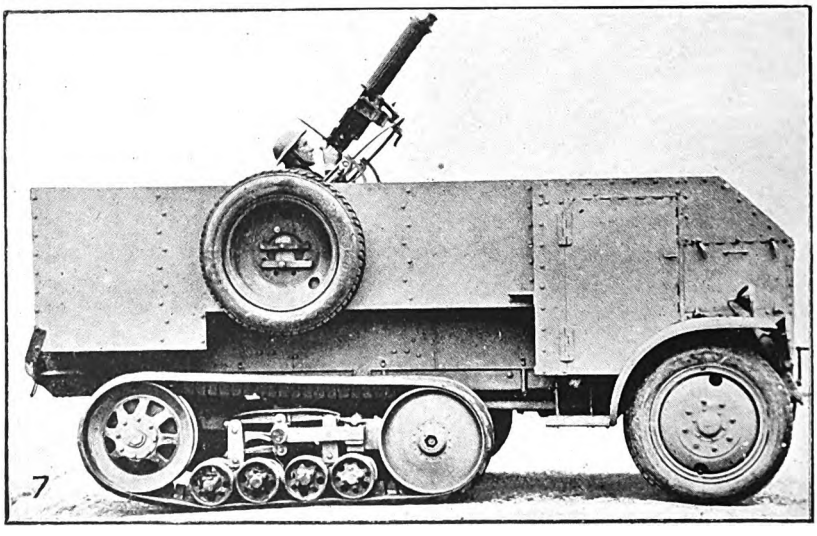
TYPES OF ARMOURED VEHICLES USED BY THE MECHANIZED FORCE.

1.—Light Tank.
2.—The Carden-Loyd Two-Man Tank.
3.—The Morris-Martel Tank.
4.—The Carden-Loyd One-Man Tank.

Digitized by Google







TYPES OF ARMOURED VEHICLES USED BY THE MECHANIZED FORCE.

5.—Rolls-Royce Armoured Car. 6.—Dragon. A Field Artillery Tractor. 7.—Machine-Gun Carrier.

Digitized by Google

MILITARY CRITICISM AND MILITARY CRITICS

THE REMAKING OF MODERN ARMIES. By Capt. B. H. LIDDELL-HART. (John Murray.)

IN reviewing a book it is not always necessary to confine the review to the actual contents of the volume itself. Frequently it is of more service to regard the whole question, of which the writer treats, from a wider angle; or—to vary the metaphor—to use his volume simply as a peg on which to hang a general disquisition on the subject. This was a favourite method of Lord Macaulay, and in his review of Périer's "Machiavelli" he thus begins: "Those who have attended to the practice of our literary tribunal are well aware that by means of certain legal fictions similar to those of Westminster Hall, we are frequently enabled to take cognizance of cases lying beyond the sphere of our original jurisdiction. We need hardly say, therefore, that in the present instance M. Périer is merely a Richard Roe, and that he will not be mentioned in any subsequent stage of the proceedings, and that his name is used for the sole purpose of bringing Machiavelli into court."

In this article we propose to employ the same procedure and to use "The Remaking of Modern Armies" as a text, so to speak, for a sermon on "Military Criticism and Military Critics," or—to maintain the simile of Macaulay—as a case for judicial argument and summing-up. We shall not, however, consign Capt. Liddell-Hart to the "pease-cod of anonymity" of a Richard Roe. On the contrary, we begin by asserting that, in our opinion, the Army owes him much. He has brought to the study of the future of war a trained intellect and actual experience in the field. A vivid imagination; a taste for logic; a literary style that is clearness itself; and a refreshing fearlessness—all these qualities have enabled Capt. Liddell-Hart to direct the attention of the country to the necessity of profiting by the experience of the last war in order to be *archiprêt* for the next.

Having said so much we can pass to the broader aspect

Digitized by Google

of criticism generally. Let us define our terms. As good a definition as any is that of Matthew Arnold, who held that criticism was " a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," and it is that sense that we shall assume in this article, neglecting—until we are forced to do otherwise—the sense in which criticism is taken as implying censure or the " picking of notes " in any statement, view, policy or production. Similarly, we shall conceive all critics to be " disinterested " with the reservation that we cannot allow the epithet to appertain to critics to whom a proof that they were in the right is obviously a greater gratification than the proof that the theory which they upheld was beneficial to the Army and the nation.

Differing from other professions such as Law, Medicine, Engineering, and the Church, cricitism of military matters comes largely from outside—this state of things resulting from the necessity of securing an official *imprimatur* when articles are written by those within the Army itself. The outside critics may be divided into two classes ; one, and a small class, composed of ex-professional soldiers ; the other, made up of persons either with no military experience at all or with some experience of the Great War—an experience generally limited to trench warfare. Of this second class the chief characteristic appears to us to be a certain petulance, an impatience with the Powers that Be, and a fixed conviction that they—the critics—are right and that the military authorities are merely people sunk in a hidebound inertia. The " Army Mind " is a derisive slogan much used by these innovators in a hurry. Heaven forbid that we should be taken as implying that the General Staff is the final repository of all human wisdom, or that it would not be all the better for an occasional " gingering up." At the same time, it is possible to judge of that body only after considerable experience " behind the scenes " and with a knowledge of the problems it has to solve, the responsibilities it has to shoulder, and the limitations imposed upon it by political and financial considerations. Further, in order to form a judgment upon any institution or body the method of comparison with other bodies and institutions, somewhat similar in outlook and scope, is obviously the only really satisfactory way. In the Great War it so happened that a few persons—including the writer of this article—were placed in positions whence

Digitized by Google

they were able to survey with some detachment and much interest the play and inter-play of the Army Staff and Business Men. To say that the writer came to the conclusion that for the conduct of the war, and all that pertained to it, the "Army Mind" was overwhelmingly superior to the "Business" mentality is ludicrously to under-estimate the case. And it may be interesting to record that from the point of view of "economy" as implying the avoidance of unnecessary expenditure and securing "value for money," the military authorities seemed to the writer to possess a determination and a skill quite lacking in the world of Business. Whether these conclusions are accurate and well-founded may perhaps be queried. The point at issue is, however, not so much the accuracy of the views as the fact that the views were formed in conditions where comparison was possible. And this leads us back to the contention we raised at the beginning of this paragraph, that criticisms on the General Staff lose much of their weight *unless they are written with "inside" knowledge and experience.*

It is, perhaps, of particular importance to bear the fact in mind at the present crisis, for the spread of mechanization, and the possibilities opened up thereby, may quite conceivably bring about a revolution in war. It is a common argument amongst some critics that the views and decisions of the General Staff, as regards the changes to be made, are likely to be conservative and reactionary inasmuch as it is a matter of common knowledge that the tank had to win its way into the Army in the face of apathy, indifference and perhaps even actual opposition. At the same time, we must remember that, even admitting that the General Staff may have been lacking in vision, the same unfortunate tendency has often been manifested in the world of business. When Dr. Bell approached an American millionaire with a potential telephone, the latter's instruction to his private secretary was: "If that man calls again with his fool talking-machine, throw him out." It is notorious that many inventors have sunk and starved owing to the inability of the commercial world to foresee and realize the possibilities of a machine, engine or contrivance submitted to it. And the history of publishing and the stage is strewn with sorry records of books and plays turned down not once, but again and again, which, later, the verdict of public expert opinion has placed among the masterpieces of all time.

Digitized by Google

The World of Business has, however, never been slow to exploit and develop inventions which have " found their legs " and proved their worth. We are quite sure this aptitude is shared by the General Staff, for it does not seem probable to us that because men wear red bands round their caps and write G.S. after their names they thus automatically relinquish foresight and common sense. And here it will be as well to note that whereas many inventions postulate merely the addition of something new, others necessitate not merely an addition but the substitution of the new thing for a machinery or system in full working order and hallowed by the traditions of centuries of success. This is actually the position of mechanization *vis-à-vis* infantry. It must be obvious, however, that the decision to scrap something tried and successful for something which has never been put to the supreme test requires tremendous " nerve," and is a decision which can be reached only after the most exact and exhaustive survey of data, conditions and resources, of questions of policy, politics, man-power, finance and hygiene ; of mechanical problems and setbacks, unexpected and foreseen.

It must surely be clear to any fair and unprejudiced reader that such a survey must be quite beyond the powers of the average military critic. He cannot possibly have any clear realization of *all* the conditions which any change of policy must meet. To take the case of terrain alone, a mechanized army must conform to conditions—whether the result of alliance or hostility matters not—in Great Britain, Ireland, Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia. The conditions of terrain are complicated by further questions of climate ranging from tropical heat to sub-Arctic cold, or from a temperature of 110° in the shade to 30° below zero. Further, into the whole enquiry enter questions of conveyance overseas, including factors of size, weight and " stowability." Inevitably the result must be one of compromise based upon the greatest possible reconciliation of very many opposing factors ; but the compromise cannot even be foreshadowed unless the " cards," in the shape of information, be upon the table. The General Staff have the machinery for obtaining, codifying and co-ordinating such information, though in the manner of Government offices they are apt to linger too long over their job. The military critic has not got similar facilities. It stands to reason,

Digitized by Google

therefore, that, in any divergence of opinion between the General Staff and an individual outside critic, the former are the more likely to be in the right and the latter to be in the wrong.

If the above conclusion is considered legitimate in the case of books and magazine articles written by military critics, *a fortiori* it is truer still when we bring into review day to day contributions by military correspondents to the Press, such as narratives and comments on training and manœuvres. For in the former case the critic at any rate has " time," in other words, opportunity for collecting a certain amount of information and the necessary leisure to consider and digest it, but in the latter he is compelled at the end of a long, confusing and complicated day's operations to weave together a readable narrative and to make his comments so rapidly as to be read at British breakfast tables on the following morning. We confess that, with some considerable experience on the General Staff and not a little experience of the work of a military correspondent, nothing fills us with such admiring awe as to read, within a few hours of the event, the comments made and the " lessons to be learnt " from incidents which seemed to us at the time to be " dog fights " unexpectedly brought on and in need of much unravelling. We would indeed be inclined to admit that our inability to rise to this level was due to temperamental density were it not that experience of umpiring and of being " behind the scenes " on manœuvres convinced us long ago that conclusions must be based on facts, and that all the essential facts are not known until reports, logs, orders, narratives and returns have time to come in and to be thoroughly considered.

It is not merely upon the upper circles of the military world that the critic's lash descends. The regimental officer comes in occasionally for smart flagellation. We find, somewhat to our regret, in Capt. Liddell-Hart's admirable volume now and then a contemptuous attitude towards the regimental outlook and the regimental mind. We confess we have always been somewhat impatient of generalizations. We have never met a stage Irishman in real life. A typical John Bull is a veritable black swan. So far as we know, Frenchmen do not really wear imperials, flowing black ties and conical top hats. Colonels who are crusty and red-faced, who breathe alcohol and gulp down fiery curries,

Digitized by Google

and who smash offending golf clubs across their knees, have never swum into our ken. The " regimental mind " is to us a thing unknown and an insistence upon it always augurs to us a complete unfamiliarity with regimental life. If pressed for a generalization we should say that a regiment consists of an assembly of individuals who have merely birth and breeding and professional pride in common, but who vary *inter se* in age, abilities, experience, tastes, morals and hobbies to a considerable extent. It is true, of course, to some extent that a profession sets a seal upon its members and tends to type. But the impress is broader than a regiment. There is a soldier type, and a sailor type, and a parson type and a lawyer type, and a schoolmaster type. And there is a military critic type as well.

Quite frankly we say that it is a pity that " outside " critics should antagonize the people whom they wish most to benefit. We have no doubt whatever that most military correspondents do earnestly desire that the Army may be kept at the highest pitch of efficiency and that the Army of the future may show that it can live up to the splendid traditions of the Army of the past. But equally frankly we maintain that to adopt a pontifical attitude is not the way to go about it ; indeed, such an attitude is resented by the average soldier even from his own superiors and is certainly not acceptable from critics whose connection with the Army may be but slender or which dates from some bygone era.

In fact, it comes to this, the views of a military critic in the daily press, certainly on highly technical subjects such as training and mechanization, however ably expressed, are not likely to exercise the same influence in moulding the destinies of the Army, as if they were written by one who had wide regimental and staff experience, of recent date, and who was thus fully cognizant of *all* the difficulties that have to be encountered in putting any big change into practice.

On the other hand, Fleet Street is undoubtedly swayed by the feeling that a soldier who is not only a good writer but has a certain amount of journalistic " flair " is so much a *rara avis* as to be almost non-existent. The military authorities themselves are very much to blame for this feeling which, although very far from being justified, naturally inclines the press to look for its military correspondents outside the ranks of those who have served in the Regular

Digitized by Google

Army. It is worth while considering for a moment the writings of professional soldiers, serving or retired, who contribute articles to the Service magazines. They are " the goods," they are helpful, and the criticisms, though somewhat tempered down by censorship in the case of serving soldiers, are of the highest value. Such articles are undoubtedly on the increase and in many cases they possess the easy literary style of " Our Own Correspondent." At the same time it would be affectation to pretend that the Higher Command and General Staff devote to such articles the consideration which is their due, or in fact, that the writing of such articles is really encouraged by the military authorities. Apart from the unnecessarily strict censorship regulations there has always been in the Army a traditional discouragement of " the fellow who writes." And so it is only natural that Fleet Street should take the Army at its own valuation and look " outside " for its military correspondents. It is a pity, for the Army is much in need of criticism of the right type. It is unfortunately impossible to turn Capt. Liddell-Hart into an officer with some twenty odd years' service in the Regular Army to his credit. But if only the Army becomes a little less conservative in its attitude towards " writing," it should soon be able to produce an officer with the literary style, clarity of view and refreshing fearlessness of Capt. Liddell-Hart.

Digitized by Google

WAR ORGANIZATION OF THE NAVY "BEHIND THE LINE"

A "TERRITORIAL NAVY."

UNIFICATION OF NAVAL RESERVES.

By "Mariner."

WHAT is "A Navy"?

Generally speaking, it is a military force maintained and equipped for the purpose of waging war at sea, precisely as an army is a military force maintained and equipped for the conduct of hostilities on land. Both can be depicted graphically by the symbolism of "The Line" and rearward connective tracings through various subsidiary forms of activity and supplemental services back to ultimate headquarters in Whitehall, and although the two graphs would not, of course, be identical, it would perhaps astonish some people to find what a marked degree of similarity there was between them.

"The Line" in the case of a navy is represented by the various fleets and squadrons with their immediately ancillary units.

"Behind the Line," by all subsidiary forms of activity and supplemental services.

In the case of the Royal Navy "The Line" to all intents and purposes absorbs the whole of the Active List upon mobilization, so that in consequence everything "behind the line" has to be provided from some form of Reserve.

The Great War revealed that the existing forms of Naval Reserves are not altogether suitable for making this provision. Incidentally, it also revealed that the entire naval system required amendment to comply with modern requirements.

In considering what alterations in the Reserves can be made with advantage, the first step required to be taken would appear to be an effective form of *unification*. By the date of the Armistice all forms of Reserve in the Navy, both in and behind the line, had become a hotchpot, of which the ingredients were Royal Naval Reserve (permanent and temporary), Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (permanent and

Digitized by Google

temporary), retired R.N. officers and Royal Fleet Reserve men, and temporary R.N. entries " for hostilities only."

In the case of officers there was a marked difference in uniform, together with different rates of pay and allowances, whilst the latter also applied to the men, thereby causing much discontent.

There was also a considerable amount of friction at times, due to not unnatural jealousies and suspicions, deriving from difference in status or prestige. Unification makes for both efficiency and economy, and would do much to prevent a repetition of such a state of affairs.

It is suggested that what is required is, so to speak, a " Territorial Navy " in place of all existing forms of Naval Reserve (with the possible exception of Royal Fleet Reserve), to bear pretty much the same relationship to the Active List of the Royal Navy as does the Territorial to the Regular Army. No doubt the proposal will be met by arguments very similar to those employed against the fusion of Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers into the Territorial Army—there is no need to repeat them—and it will be declared in certain quarters to be " quite impossible " that professional seamen such as compose the R.N.R. should be " lumped together " with amateurs of the R.N.V.R.

To which the simplest form of rejoinder is that since all are " lumped together " under the White Ensign in war, there is nothing to be gained by keeping them apart in peace.

There is a point, however, which requires attention, and it is that the Reserves are not employed " behind the line " only, but a large proportion of them go to augment the line itself (fleets and squadrons). That is perfectly true, and if the R.N.R. *only* went to augment the line, and the R.N.V.R. *only* served behind it, the continuance of the two as separate entities would be justifiable.

But in war they frequently overlap, and at times become indistinguishable, so that this particular argument against unification is deprived of its cogency.

This " Territorial Navy " might be designated " Royal Navy (Reserve) "—R.N.(R.). Brackets are small things in themselves, but here they are not without a certain significance, indicating as they do that the entitled body is without question part and parcel of the Royal Navy (the words not in brackets), though it be that part of it which is kept in reserve.

Such a form of title makes for closer relationship between

Digitized by Google

what are in reality the two parts of one whole (for the Navy can never play its part in war without its Reserve), and for a very desirable increase in prestige of the Reserve itself.

The general scheme of organization of the proposed R.N.(R.) is set out below. It will be noticed that it contains some features of the Territorial Army (*e.g.*, the area Association, comparable to the County Association), and also of existing R.N.V.R. organization—officer instructors, etc. It provides also for extension to Overseas Dominions and ports in the Colonies by means of the local " Associations " (mainly utilized for " welfare " work and patriotic propaganda in peace) situated in them.

In the case of the Dominions any local organization would, of course, be subject to the respective Governments, but with the general good-will prevailing throughout the Empire where naval matters are concerned, it hardly seems necessary to anticipate any great difficulties.

The question is sure to be put. Why drag in all this paraphernalia of Associations, etc.? The answer is quite a simple one, though it cannot be expressed in two or three words.

Roughly, it takes this form :—

That the Reserves of any fighting service can be but little in evidence in peace, so that it is advantageous to them —and to the Service to which they belong—to connect them in some way with the civil community, and to permit the latter, through some appropriately representative body, to have " a finger in the pie."

Such a body cannot be charged with the functions proper to the Board of Admiralty, but can render valuable assistance in recruiting and in matters relative to the *sources of recruitment*, as also in such matters as the provision of training and recreational accommodation above the scale which any practicable Naval Estimates could provide, together with the general upkeep of public interest in the Reserve and the Navy itself by methods rather beyond the province of any Government Department.

(1) General Scheme of Organization of the R.N.(R.).

To be roughly upon " Territorial Army " lines, Coastal " Areas " with H.Q. at some principal mercantile port taking the place of counties. (Something of the sort is, of course, a feature of the existing R.N.V.R. system).

Digitized by Google

In each area will be a R.N.(R.) Association with somewhat similar, though not necessarily identical, powers as are possessed by County Territorial Army Associations.

Each Association to have one or more official members nominated by the Admiralty, the remainder being drawn from various bodies interested in the sources from which the R.N.(R.) is mainly recruited—viz.:

(*a*) Shipowners.
(*b*) Mercantile Marine Officers' Guilds or Societies.
(*c*) Seamen's Unions.
(*d*) The Fishing Industry (owners and men).
(*e*) Yacht and Sailing Clubs.
(*f*) Sea Scouts and Societies maintaining Boys' Training Ships, etc.

At the head of each Area Association to be a Crown Deputy, ranking with but after Lords Lieutenant, and with the title " His Majesty's Naval Commissioner for the —— Area." (Uniform similar to that of Lords Lieutenant, with blue substituted for scarlet.)

(2) The Area Association.

The functions of this body would be:—

(*a*) To assist the Admiralty in the formulation of policy where questions of recruitment and the potential sources of recruitment are concerned (*cf.* existing Admiralty Volunteer Committee).

(*b*) To encourage recruiting for the R.N.(R.), and to keep its requirements before the public by such means as may be deemed suitable.

To use every endeavour to make it popular and attractive amongst the non-seafaring part of the population.

(*c*) To take charge of the " welfare " side of the area and port bases and depots, etc., and to raise funds by approved methods for drill halls, Area H.Q. Administrative buildings, canteens and officers' clubs, recreation ground, sports, assaults-at-arms, boxing, etc.

(*d*) To establish affiliated associations in the principal ports of the Empire (probably concerned at first mainly with " welfare "), of which the chairman or president would be granted the honorary rank and status of " H.M. Deputy Naval Commissioner," roughly equivalent to a County Deputy Lieutenant.

Digitized by Google

(*e*) The Area Association to have no military or disciplinary powers, but to perform certain administrative duties in connection with buildings, supply of technical equipment, sports grounds, welfare and " comforts," etc., on the general principle of a small Admiralty grant-in-aid combined with voluntary subscriptions. Its other duties " Advisory " or " Consultative."

(3) The Status of the R.N.(R.).

When in uniform or on duty the status of R.N.(R.) officers, etc., to be considered as that of the Royal Navy (" with, but after ") " and no bones about it." It being taken for granted that the new Royal Navy (Reserve) is part and parcel of the Royal Naval " system," and that in consequence certain pre-war traditions of snobbishness must disappear.

The claim of the old Yeomanry that they were " Regulars" when they were embodied for training or for any other purpose must be applied in the case of the R.N.(R.). *They will become " Regulars " in war*, and consequently when any occasion of peace puts them into uniform they must have an unquestioned status of " Regulars " *pro tem.* The old Volunteers, perhaps rightly from the point of view of their epoch, rather gloried in their purely amateur standing—" Defence, not defiance," and so on—but that attitude is out of date.

The South African war was the beginning of the end of " amateur " forces on land, and the Great War the end of anything of the kind on land or sea. This must not be misunderstood as meaning that the " amateur "—of sailorising, for instance—ceased to be of value, or that the voluntary principle of enrolment became obsolete. Far from it. The true " amateur " of soldiering and sailorising are what are required in both the Territorial Army and the projected Royal Navy (Reserve). But the immense difference in these days is that the respective forces which they join are—or should be—required to conform to *professional*, and not " amateur " standards of efficiency. For which the due reward is unquestionably recognition as " professionals " *pro tem.* when in uniform.

(4) Uniform of the R.N.(R.).

To be the same in all respects as that of the R.N., with the single exception of a small " R " in gilt metal to be worn

Digitized by Google

on the coat sleeve above the gold-lace stripes or in any other position deemed suitable.

This apparently insignificant sartorial detail is really of considerable, if not vital, importance in connection with the raised status of the R.N.(R.) as compared to that of present forms of reserves, and to the maritime mind will, perhaps more than any other novel feature, denote a genuinely new departure from pre-war ideas.

That any such innovation is likely to be resisted furiously by a certain school of thought goes without saying, but such opposition can be regarded as negligible in the interests of efficiency.

Actually, the Navy has been cursed far too long with questions of " stripes " and their attributes generally.

It is to be hoped that ere long it will be provided with a " Service Dress " in which gold lace will be conspicuous by its absence (as in other Military Services), and a full dress preserving the traditions of some more glorious period of its history than the date of origin of the present design (*circa* 1835).

(5) Military Organization of the R.N.(R.).

One of the principal objects of the new order of things being the closer association of the R.N. with its Reserves in peace, it follows that there should be more R.N. officers employed in inspection and training duties, etc., than heretofore. In the old days there was a certain liaison maintained between the R.N. and the R.N.R. by means of the " Port Guard Ships," in which a proportion of Reserve officers and men underwent training (of sorts).

It was not a very happy arrangement, the ships being usually obsolete or obsolescent, and their Commanding Officers as often as not selected from the—to put it plainly—" duds " of the Royal Navy.

Ultimately the Port Guard ships faded away, and were not replaced by any other form of " connecting-link " until the post-war appointment of a few Commanders R.N. for duty at some of the principal shipping ports. The new R.N.(R.) scheme will envisage :—

(*a*) A chief Command or Inspectorate much the same as existing Admiral Commanding Reserves (A.C.R.), provided with appropriate Technical and Administrative staff.

Presumably its offices would be, as now, in London,

Digitized by Google

though there is no real reason why they should not be anywhere else if it were found to be more economical (*e.g.*, they might be at Southampton or Liverpool).

(*b*) An appropriate "Division" of the Naval Staff (Reserve Division) at the Admiralty.

(*c*) A central Record Office.

(*d*) Area Commands.

Each Area to have a Captain R.N. in command, with a Commander or Lieutenant-Commander R.N. as Assistant.

Medical, Accountant and Supply officers—either R.N. or R.N.(R.)—as requisite.

Technical Instructional officers (G.), (T.), etc., with Warrant and C.P.O. Instructors.

As regards the captains and other officers, it would be made very clear that an R.N.(R.) Area Command was no "shelving billet" for the unpromotable or otherwise unemployable, but, on the contrary, was to be regarded as something of a prize for those who hope eventually to fly their flags. All officers would be carefully selected, "suitability" besides high technical qualifications being brought into consideration. (This is an extremely important point, as anyone who has been closely associated with Reserve formations will understand.)

The Captain R.N. Commanding the Area would be *ex officio* a member of the Area Association, in which he would represent A.C.R. and be the "official member."

(6) Area H.Q.

Situated at the mercantile or other port selected for the purpose will be the administrative offices, drill sheds, etc., of the area.

No elaborate and expensive building scheme could be undertaken all at once, but it is hoped that the Associations would gradually develop their respective H.Q. until each became a self-contained "Naval Establishment" as attractive to the eye as it was useful to its purpose.

From it might radiate many threads which would help to bind not only the R.N.(R.) to the R.N., but the Navy to the population generally. The R.N.(R.) officer or man, even if not actually undergoing periodical training, would find lectures and no doubt lighter forms of entertainment open to him—"voluntary classes" of an evening, and so on,

Digitized by Google

together with amenities such as rifle and football clubs, recreation grounds, swimming baths, canteens, etc.

(7) Detachments.

R.N.(R.) detachments or sub-centres would be established to the extent to which funds would permit and or a demand for them existed, and it may be remarked that they need not of necessity be all situated on the coast. They would be graded for different degrees of instructional attainment. Some of them, working in conjunction with the Sea Scouts, perhaps, would be little more than elementary classes for youths and boys.

Here again the Association would assist with funds, personal interest, and influence, propaganda, prize-giving, and what-not, and eventually the same " threads " would emanate from the detachments as from Area H.Q.

Periodical inspection by the C.O. of the Area and his staff would, of course, be the lot of all detachments of whatever grade. Instructors would also visit them under a pre-arranged programme, and, naturally, all competitions, etc., in the area would be open to them.

(8) Specialization.

The question of specialization is part and parcel of the survey of the naval system as a whole, and it is in consequence a very large and difficult one.

In a sense the Navy has already specialized " Corps " within it (*e.g.*, signalmen), apart from the broad divisions of " deck " and engine-room, seamen and marines, artisans and technical ratings, etc. ; and there are not wanting those who consider that the Reserves should be recruited and maintained upon a " specialized " basis to a greater extent then hitherto.

Whether or no it would be practicable or advisable to divide the Navy into *Corps* corresponding to Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry in the Army—battleships, battle-cruisers and cruisers (artillery) being manned by one Corps, flotilla-leaders, destroyers and submarines (cavalry) by another—could not be decided off-hand, but with regard to Reserves the outstanding question is, " What are the men wanted *for ?*"

Signalmen have been mentioned. Obviously, on a general mobilization many hundreds of signalmen will be required. *Ergo*, a " Corps " of signalmen R.N.(R.) seems to be indicated. And similarly with all other ratings R.N.

Digitized by Google

They require to be reinforced for war, and it is the business of the Reserves to provide the reinforcement.

As was proved in the Great War, a considerable proportion of ratings, particularly the noncombatants, really needed very little "Naval Training" in order to be efficient. The R.N.(R.) would be aware of this, and in some cases would go little beyond enrolment and evening classes or a course of lectures. But it would have each and every class of officer and man required, or likely to be required, under its *ægis*; in short, every soul (barring Royal Fleet Reserve and Naval Pensioners, and even *they* might be drawn into the net) required by the Royal Navy at war not actually upon the Active List would come from the R.N.(R.).

Retired Naval Officers.

The system, or total lack of system, under which retired naval officers were selected for appointments in the late war, bordered upon the comic, with the result that every sort of square peg occupied every variety of round, or rhomboid, hole!

In so thoroughgoing a reorganization of the Navy's Reserves as is outlined here, the question of these officers—who make a valuable contribution to them—cannot be overlooked. At first sight it would appear to be simpler either to leave their position as it stands or to classify them with Royal Fleet Reserve, or Pensioners (*cf.* Reserve of Officers in the Army). But that is not quite the way to war efficiency.

A suggested solution is to place them in two categories. (*a*) "Royal Fleet Reserve," consisting of officers retired from the Active List within a limited number of years whose physical fitness is unimpaired and whose technical knowledge is reasonably "up-to-date."

These officers would be assigned to "War appointments" on retirement, which they would be liable to occupy for the number of years (not very many) prescribed. All other retired officers, up to age limit (say 55), to pass on to R.N.(R.) roll and to be sorted out by A.C.R.

Those supplementary services which for the most part only appear in war, such as the Naval Transport Service, would be open to selected officers from this category. Employment might also be found for others who desired to give some service to the R.N.(R.) in time of peace. And so on.

But in any case two categories of Reserve for retired officers seem to be desirable—an "Immediate" and a

Digitized by Google

" Deferred." The former under Active List auspices ; the latter included in the Comprehensive Reserve system.

To sum up. The whole of the foregoing suggestions, etc., form, of course, the merest sketch. A presentment in full detail would occupy a large volume.

To the natural question, " Why all this pother ?" the answer must be something as follows :—

Not only is the close kinship between the Royal Navy and its Reserves attained by means of the Great War in some danger of dissolving as memories of the great struggle tend to grow dim, but the *potential sources of recruitment of the Reserves themselves are altering in character and in some cases diminishing*.

That the present Royal Naval Reserve at the moment is up to strength is of no especial significance. No one pretends that it is in any way regarded with aversion, and also times are cruelly hard in the Mercantile Marine at present, so that both officers and men are glad to earn any additional emolument that is possible.

But it is necessary to look ahead. The fishing population is, for instance, decreasing seriously. All round the coast it is the same story. The youngsters don't care for the life and will not take to it. Seafaring in the Merchant Service itself as regards the men seems to tend towards becoming more of the nature of " casual employment " than of a life-long calling. Views have been publicly expressed that even the Mercantile Marine officer himself is deteriorating, partly from uncertainty in employment, partly from other causes. These views may be incorrect, but they are worth examining.

In any case, the Navy's Reserves, particularly the R.N.R., are not sufficiently in the public eye, and suffer from this obscurity.

The notion of introducing the " Territorial " appanage of a civilian " Association " is partly in order to remedy this, partly to benefit the Reserves themselves, and partly to ameliorate the very stringent financial position.

A decreasing seafaring population means a decreasing " sea-sense " amongst our people, and it is important that this should be stimulated and revived.

A " Territorial Navy "—*i.e.*, a comprehensive " second-line " Navy with a raised status and improved prestige, linked to the civilian population of great ports and central areas by its " Associations," with their network of local activities, their propaganda, their entertainments, etc., would be a far

Digitized by Google

more " live " affair (apart from the all important point of war efficiency) than the present disintegrated structure of which the larger portion—*i.e.*, the R.N.R.—is " never seen and never heard of " in peace, and perhaps not too lavishly rewarded in war.

In the days of the old coastguard force a white ensign flew at about every ten miles round the coast, where was to be found a Royal Naval microcosm which acted as what our Communist friends term a " Cell." With a little forethought, a little imagination, a little appreciation of what a complete naval " system " (as opposed to a Grand Fleet) is, how admirably might these little " cells " have been built around (figuratively) in connection with a popular and efficient " Second Line " ! But they have been swept away, and the White Ensign is only to be seen in the vicinity of the naval ports, save where it flies over the trippers' scenic railway or the coconut shy.

At the great mercantile ports there is no sign that overseas trade and the Royal Navy go hand in hand. A dingy office in a back street, perhaps, marked " Registrar, R.N.R.," is to be found, but that is all. Whoever sees any sort of turnout or parade of R.N.R. officers and men ? They do not figure at the Royal Tournament at Olympia ; it is seldom that they furnish a Guard of Honour anywhere, or play any conspicuous part upon public occasions. Royal Princes do not inspect them and converse with their wives and families. They have no local headquarters of their own, no " corporate life " of their own, no stimulus to *esprit de corps* or technical efficiency. Things are rather better with the R.N.V.R., which has more scope for individual energy and more access to publicity. It can be said, of course, that the R.N.R. is quite accustomed to public neglect and personal obscurity, that it " rolls up when wanted and does very well," and so on. Also that there is not going to be another war, and so nothing really matters.

Likewise that there is no money to spend, and anyhow the Admiralty or the Cabinet can't be bothered just now.

All that sort of thing can, and will, be said by various people. It always has been said when new suggestions or proposals are made.

" Don't shoot the pianist ; he is doing his best," might be paraphased into " Don't criticise the Naval Reserve system ; it is as good as it can be."

But is it ?

Digitized by Google

THE SUBALTERNS' CUP

By "Mahsud."

THE Royal Blankshire Regiment is one of the most sporting units in the Service.

Many years ago a cup had been presented, to be ridden for annually by the Subalterns of the Regiment; but owing to prolonged absence abroad in outlandish places, it had not been competed for for a considerable time. Now, as we found ourselves back once more on home service, it was unanimously decided that the race should be run in a month's time.

Great was the joy among the Subalterns, but, to put it plainly, I felt rather uneasy at the idea. You see, I could not disguise the fact that I was not exactly a Steve Donoghue in the pig-skin. I was really much more of a passenger than anything else.

To add to my sorrows, the race was to be run twice round a made-up course. I possessed only one polo pony, which, as far as I knew, had never jumped anything in its life. My prospects of completing the course, therefore, were not at all rosy, and I shuddered as I realized that I should have to pass the enclosure twice.

We spent our spare time in preparing for the fray. I had, with the loss of much energy and with the enthusiastic help of half my company, persuaded my pony to jump a hurdle. But, unfortunately, I wasn't ready when she jumped, and so I found myself sitting unpleasantly close to a furze bush. From then onwards, however, things improved rapidly, and I became quite hopeful of getting round the course.

Major Kayenne, our second-in-command and my pet aversion, had evolved a weird and wonderful "book" on the race. But when, after sitting up half the night to work it out, the crude and cold fact dawned upon him that he stood to win only a few shillings and to lose several pounds, whatever the result, the air around was blue.

At last the great day had arrived. There were eight starters. Jimmy Field's "Snowdrop" was favourite, fol-

Digitized by Google

lowed closely in the market by Rupert Hope's " What Not." My own mount, " Wait and See," was quoted in the " 20 to 1, others."

The first jump, a bush fence, was opposite the enclosure. We lined up about two hundred yards away, and I could easily distinguish the eager expressions on the ladies' faces. It made me feel cold all over. I had a hazy recollection that Philips, the Adjutant, was telling us to get ready. We walked slowly up, down fell the flag, and . . . the crowd yelled, " They're off !"

I very nearly was, but luckily Jimmy Field rushing past bumped me into the saddle again.

Of the first jump I will say but little, except that at the second attempt I managed to get " Wait and See " to sit on the furze. This had the desired effect, and off she went like a rocker.

By this time, of course, the rest of the field were well over the second obstacle.

Just before rounding the bend into the straight for home there was a fair-sized copse, which completely hid one of the jumps—a stiffish stone wall. The leaders were all clear of it when I reached it, but, try my utmost, I could not coax " Wait and See " over it.

" Why, they must be half-way round a second time by now," said a man standing by.

I felt too angry to make any retort, and bit my lip with vexation. Suddenly I heard the rattle of hoofs behind me, and just at that moment my friend of the encouraging remarks gave " Wait and See " a stinging whack with his stick. She reared up on her hind legs and rushed at the wall.

My heart was in my mouth as she rose to it, and, shutting my eyes, I clutched the saddle with both hands.

I expected to find myself lying a horrible mangled wreck surrounded by weeping ladies ; but, wonder of wonders, I discovered that I was safely over and still on board. Better still, " Wait and See " was entering the straight at ninety miles an hour.

As we emerged into view a yell went up from the crowd. " He'll do it ! Good old Nutty !"—my name, I may say, is de Nutford—" yes, he'll just do it !" roared the crowd. " Ride like the devil, Nutty ! Hooray ! Hooray ! He's done it !"

I caught a glimpse of hats thrown into the air, arms

Digitized by Google

waving wildly, and the ladies coyly fluttering their handkerchiefs.

" They've all gone mad," I thought. " They think I've won the blessed race."

Still, I thought it rather a nice sensation to be mistaken for the winner. Therefore, feeling highly elated, I trotted " Wait and See " into the saddling enclosure.

As I slipped to the ground, I was quickly surrounded by an admiring crowd of men, cheering madly. I was the recipient of many congratulations, and everyone, from the Commanding Officer to my groom, seemed to be thumping me on the back.

The general excitement having abated somewhat, I considered it about time to explain that I had not really won the race. I quite understood their mistake, of course; they hadn't noticed my absence as the horses flashed past the first time round, and that copse had hidden my wild efforts to get " Wait and See " over the wall. Now the laugh was to be on my side.

" I'm sorry to have to disillusion you," I cried out to the open-mouthed crowd. " You see, I didn't really win the race."

I expected to see signs of disappointment on their faces. Instead, this remark was greeted with fresh volleys of cheers, louder even than my first ovation.

" Of course you didn't win, you durned young rascal !" That voice sounded very familiar. Turning round, I perceived old Kayenne, red in the face, forcing his way through the crowd towards me.

" We all know that you didn't win the cussed race," he roared. " I wish to blazes you had; why, I'm cleaned out—stone cold—and all through you, too, you young devil !" he said, shaking his fist at me.

I'm afraid that I must have appeared very dense.

" Really, sir," I said, my temper rising, " I fail to see how I'm responsible for your financial breakdown."

" Why, you young fool," he spluttered, " every man, woman and child present backed you to finish the first round before the winner got home—and by Gad you did it, sir ! But only by a short head !"

Digitized by Google

THE TRIALS AND TRANSFORMATION OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

By Lieut.-General Sir John L. Keir, K.C.B., D.L.

THE recent controversy with regard to certain reductions in the expenditure on the Territorial Army has revealed a more confident tone and a firmer and more united front than has hitherto been displayed by that important and influential body, the Council of County Territorial Associations. To those who have been in close touch with the latter and have observed its transformation since the pre-war days, the reasons for this change of attitude and apparent determination to be master in its own house, are not far to seek.

The role assigned to the Territorial Army in the scheme of national defence is to-day a clear one, and a very serious duty rests on those who, having entered into a contract with the men who enrol in its ranks, are bound in honour to ensure that their part in it is faithfully fulfilled. The Territorial recruit pledges himself that, under certain conditions, he is ready to undertake the duties of a soldier, and to go to any part of the world wheresoever his country may be in need of his services. In return for this accepted obligation, his County Association promises to clothe and equip him, and to minister to his wants when under training in peace time; while on the War Office rests the duty of arming him, directing his training in peace, and completing it in war time, subsequent to mobilization.

Making every allowance for the difficulties it had to face, the failure of the War Office to fulfil its obligations towards the Territorials in the earlier stages of the late war, has left a lasting and detrimental impression on the minds of those who suffered for its shortcomings. But the lesson has been learnt by bitter experience and the County Associations are now determined that the same seriousness must be shown in fitting the Territorial soldier for the role he will be called on to fill, as is manifested in the case of his professional comrade. Further, they have, nowadays, a much

Digitized by Google

fuller realization of the fact that they stand *in loco parentis* with regard to the men serving in the force, and as such must not fail in their responsibilities.

Although the Territorial Army is only one of the component parts of the engine of war which will have to be assembled in time of national peril, it is now a vitally important part; and on its fitness to perform the task assigned to it will depend the smoothness of the working of the completed machine.

Before examining the nature of this task, a retrospective glance at the experience gained in the past may not be without profit.

The Force was born in 1908, a posthumous child, many of the relations of whose dead parents still survived in the persons of the members of the old Volunteer Army. Some of these regarded the newly-born infant with coldness, and placed it in the same category as the unwanted child.

The compulsionist, headed by an eminent and much revered soldier, saw in the healthy growth and development of the poor weakling the extinction of their patriotic vision of national salvation and, with the best intentions in the world, depicted it as an all-round defective, which it was waste of money to keep alive.

Its ultimate condemnation was, however, caused by comparison. Standing side by side with the superb efficiency of the British Expeditionary Force, few military experts could rid themselves of the conviction that the immature, semi-trained, citizen soldiers of the Territorial Army would be of little fighting value when opposed to the well-drilled conscripts of most first-class European Powers. Dazzled by a shining exterior we undervalued the obscured, but more important combative organ of man—the heart.

In this matter it may be some consolation to us to know that we were not alone in our under-estimate of the value of second-line partially trained troops. Had the French Staff recognized the fighting value, not only of her own reserve divisions, but also of those of Germany, she would have met her enemy on better terms than she did in the opening phase of the war.

Is it surprising that under circumstances such as these the outbreak of war found our War Minister with nothing but the Regular Army and the Special Reserve on which he could place any reliance?

Digitized by Google

Lord Kitchener had, to a large extent, to rely on the information placed before him by his advisers at the War Office, and having such evidence as his guide, this great administrator no doubt arrived at a wise decision when he determined to create his own new divisions. So far as is known, however, previous to this decision being arrived at, no attempt was made to consult the Council of Territorial Associations or to give weight to the opinion of the capable and experienced Director-General of the Territorial Army who was, I am given to understand, in favour of sending complete Territorial Divisions overseas at the end of 1914. A middle course was, however, adopted of sending certain picked battalions to France in 1914. These units are well-known, as are the splendid services they rendered. In the light of to-day's experience, all the fourteen Territorial Divisions could have been dispatched from England before the commencement of 1915. Those sent to France would, according to my own personal experience, have received much more useful training for war in a portion of the back area, and could soon afterwards have been moved into a quiet well-organized sector in the front line until they had settled down to active service conditions. An impression, however, prevailed at this period, that if you once put men into trenches you diluted their value for open warfare a form of fighting which it was then anticipated would soon recur, but which actually took over three years to temporarily re-establish.

It was our just pride that, on the declaration of war, everything was in readiness for the Expeditionary Force, and something like shame should overwhelm us when we have reluctantly to admit how very little we had done for the Territorial Army whom we soon called upon to shoulder an equal share of the burden of national deliverance.

I need not dwell upon the great services performed by the Territorial Army during the war. Many hoped that with the arrival of peace a handsome recognition of its good work would form a prominent part in the final Army Order issued on the conclusion of hostilities, and that this would be followed by a stirring appeal to the nation to support its citizen army, the names and numbers of whose Divisions remained for all time to appeal through their glorious war records to all future generations of Britons. This great opportunity was, however, allowed to pass. Instead of enthusiasm, there has grown up a not-surprising lukewarmness

Digitized by Google

with regard to service in its ranks. Some timely and well-chosen words of appreciation and encouragement might have created an entirely different atmosphere and have won from the nation the willing voluntary service of its rising generation. Is it too late to repair some of these acts of omission ?

Now that all ranks of the Territorial Army have given certain definite pledges with regard to what they will undertake in case of a National War, it is an easier matter than it was to arrange in advance what their allotted tasks should be. During the later phases of the war, a tendency revealed itself on both sides to make a distinction between divisions which were of first quality, and so best suited for attack, and those which, through heavy losses, or other reasons, had sunk to a level to which a purely defensive role would be preferable. It seems possible that the opening battles of the next war may be fought by a comparatively small number of troops chiefly composed of those of the best quality, provided with every description of the latest mechanical warlike devices and appliances ; and that the strategist may be expected to direct his efforts to the prearrangement of areas in which he desires these initial collisions to take place, allotting his second line and semi-trained troops to hold certain, by nature defensively strong and easily fortified areas, capable of resisting anything but a premeditated and well-organized attack.

In the light of past experience, had Sir Ian Hamilton been given six to eight such attack divisions (which might possibly have been spared from the Western Front at this period) with modern ancilliary services (aeroplanes, heavy artillery, trench mortars, smoke, gas, etc.) and a strong force of good Indian troops released by the arrival of the Territorial Divisions in India, it is only reasonable to conclude that in all probability he would have succeeded in capturing Constantinople in 1915.

It was General Lee's attacks on Washington, the Federal Capital and nerve-centre of his enemy, which, in spite of his inferior numbers, for so long paralysed the offensive activities of the Northern Army in the American Civil War, and, at one time, nearly terminated the campaign in his favour.

The Government of India, which was in 1915 acting independently of the War Office, seems to have neglected the foregoing strategic lesson and to have preferred to attack,

Digitized by Google

what may be described as the hind leg of the Turkish Empire from Basra to Baghdad, instead of shifting the base of the main attack to the Gallipoli Peninsula in support of General Hamilton's force, and so aiming a knock-out blow against the exposed heart of their enemy, where success would have saved us two expensive campaigns in Mesopotamia and Palestine.

Be this as it may, our efforts on mobilization will certainly be directed in concentrating as large a number as possible of our Regular, or Attack, divisions, to participate in the initial phases of the war, replacing them in the Colonial and Indian garrisons by our Territorial divisions. This is only a repetition of our action in the late war ; such divisions as the 7th, 8th, 27th, 28th and 29th, all being composed of well-trained Regular troops, similar to those of the six divisions of the Expeditionary Force. Certain Territorial divisions will, therefore, be allotted to the relief of Regular troops abroad, while others will be required for the lines of communication, and selected defensive areas in the opening campaign. A certain number will, no doubt, in time, be utilized as attack divisions.

The preparation of our Territorial Army for war has two distinct objects in view :—

1. The rapid and effective mobilization of the existing fourteen divisions, each of which has no doubt had a definite role assigned to it in the main scheme of national defence.

2. The putting into operation of a prearranged scheme for the creation of the new cadres, which will be necessary for the training and administration of the next fourteen divisions after the departure on their different missions of the original ones.

The role of the Territorial Army in a future war is, therefore, quite clear, but Territorial Associations and, in fact, the public generally should be kept more fully informed of training developments, and it must have occurred to many that an attempt should be made to visualize the annual progress of the Territorial Army and to ascertain how far previous manifest defects are being, or have been, remedied. Information with regard to training and efficiency might well be supplied to Territorial Associations through a short memorandum drawn up by the D.G.T.A. in amplification of the extracts from the confidential reports on units which he now renders annually. Better still, a short address on

Digitized by Google

the progress of Territorial efficiency might be made from time to time by the D.G.T.A. at the meetings of the Council of County Territorial Associations. In addition to this, an annual conference of the fourteen divisional generals, or of their staff officers, to discuss matters on a short agenda with a published epitome of the proceedings, might well assist in the same direction. A brief summary might also be drawn up under the instructions of the Council of County Territorial Associations showing the progress made and the experience gained in organization and administration under such headings as "Recruiting," "Ranges and Buildings," "Clothing," "Transport," etc.

In this connection it is interesting to note what is happening in the United States. The following extract from an article in THE FIGHTING FORCES on April, 1927, by an officer of the 40th Division, United States Army, which corresponds with one of our Territorial Divisions, shows the progress that is being made in that country :—

> Before 1917 it took a year to put a National Guard Division in the field. To-day, recruited up to normal peace strength, it could, in an emergency, be put into the field in a month. Three months would make of it a fairly formidable fighting machine. That is because, for the first time in history, the United States has not thrown away entirely the experience gained in war, but has capitalized it and applied it.

It is questionable whether we ourselves, as far as our Territorials are concerned, are making the most of past experience, but at any rate war experience has had one excellent effect, it has, as I stated at the commencement of this article, stiffened the Council of County Territorial Associations into a determination that its own child shall not be let down in the future.

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

A good deal has been said and written with regard to this office and its incumbent, and the suggestion has been put forward that the Director-General of the Territorial Army should be made a member of the Army Council. The vital point at issue is this. How can the interests of the Territorial Army best be served by the officer, who, for the time being, occupies this important post ? Those whose opinion is entitled to respect have assured the public that it is not desirable that the Director-General should have a seat on the Army Council. Two alternatives have been suggested :—(1) That

Digitized by Google

he should be brought under the direct control of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff; (2) that his office should be abolished.

Regarding the question from the standpoint of military training, the first alternative has much to recommend it. County Associations are not directly concerned with training and efficiency, and as, so far as I am aware, no annual report on the progress made under this heading is at present published, it is difficult for their members to form any reliable estimate of the fighting value of the units they organize and administer as viewed from a purely professional aspect. The C.I.G.S. would possibly regard with more interest and sympathy a section of our national defences with which he appears in the past to have been somewhat out of touch. Having been in command of a Territorial division very shortly before the outbreak of the late war, I am well aware of the feelings of many of the higher authorities with regard to the existing Territorial Army of that day. These feelings at this time, August 9th, 1914, are perhaps fairly represented by the following extract taken from the "Life of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson":—

> E.C. advanced the proposal to send the Territorials. What amazing ignorance of war! No officers. No transport. No mobility. No compulsion to go. No discipline. Obsolete guns. No horses, etc., etc.

If the C.I.G.S. were made to accept greater responsibility to the nation for the efficiency of the Territorial Army than is at present the case, a considerable step in advance might be anticipated.

We now come to consider the proposal that the office of D.G.T.A. should be abolished. Without a seat on the Army Council, the position can hardly be considered one of great importance, and this view seems justified by the practice of from time to time selecting officers to fill the post who were apparently using it as a stepping-stone from which to rapidly pass on to some more coveted appointment. In this connection, one selection which was made, though in all respects unexceptional, was the cause of some perplexity to the Territorial Army, who failed to recognize in the Director of Remounts, an officer who undoubtedly possessed many of the best qualifications for his new position, their new Director-General. In the Service, promotions of this kind occasion no comment. To the lay mind, they seem to demand some explanation. The outlook of the civilian is so different from that of the soldier that it seems wisdom to take both

Digitized by Google

views into consideration. Whatsoever may tend to create the idea that anything is good enough for the Territorial Army is to be deprecated.

All things considered it would probably be best for the Territorial Army if the Director-General had a seat on the Army Council. Any position in which a man is expected to serve two masters has, from the earliest times, been recognized as one of great difficulty. Without going so far as to " despise " the Territorial Army, the Director-General would hardly be human if he did not " hold to " his friends in the Regular Army. To illustrate a possible dilemma, suppose that at the time of the recent proposals to abolish the Territorial bounty he had felt very strongly that the proposed economies, if carried into effect, would seriously militate against the efficiency of the Force, what course should he have pursued ? Not being a member of the Army Council, he could only remonstrate with the Secretary of State for War, a course that might possibly prejudice his prospects of further advancement. As a member of the Army Council, he could at least, have laid his case before that body when presumably the matter would have, in time, come to the notice of the C.I.G.S., its first and senior member.

It has been suggested that the presence of the Director-General, as a member of the Army Council, might lead to a separation of interests between the Regular Army and the County Associations. So long as the same purse supplies the needs of both, it seems difficult to understand how the interests of these two parties can be otherwise than divergent. With fair mindedness and goodwill on both sides, however, such difference need never mar harmonious relations.

Conclusion.

Much as you may dislike the idea of a fire in your house, it is prudent to insure your property against it. The nation that neglects to insure against war will, in the end, suffer for it. It was our military weakness that tempted our enemies to a trial of strength in 1914. We had almost reached a point when we were afraid to put our army on a stronger footing lest we should precipitate a war with Germany. The Territorial Army is a portion of our national insurance, and the £5,000,000 per annum we pay to keep it up is a very cheap annual insurance premium. We must, however, consider whether the Company we insure with (the War Office) is capable of meeting its liabilities.

Digitized by Google

The Territorial Army, although it has by no means reached the summit of its efficiency, has far surpassed anything contemplated in pre-war days. Its divisions, and other units, have records and traditions which will last for all time, and these will preserve their numerals and remain in being while many other formations of the Great War exist as honoured names, and nothing more. Whatever reductions may be contemplated should, therefore, be made rather by lessening the establishment of the existing divisions, than by reducing the number of them. Many units of the Territorial Army are commanded by officers who have been for years on active service in various parts of the world. The relations between the force and the Regular Army have never been more friendly or so firmly founded on mutual respect and understanding. Lastly, and most important of all, there is now a permanent pledge that in time of national peril the Force will serve wherever sent, and plans for its use in the general scheme of defence can be made beforehand with certainty.

Great as has been the transformation in the Territorial Army since 1914, there remains a certain number of points which seem worthy of consideration. Most national associations which are founded on a voluntary patriotic basis have, at their head, a Patron, whose office is surely honorary, but who acts as the friend and protector of the body to which he has consented to lend his services. Some think the Territorial Army would benefit by such a figurehead if one may, without disrespect, employ such an appellation.

The subject of the Director-General of the Territorial Army has been specially dealt with.

In the Regular Army there are two branches, viz.: Training and Efficiency for War (" A " Branch) and Organization and Administration (" Q " Branch). In the Territorial Army, the first of these two branches is dealt with by the General Officer commanding the Division. The County Association is responsible for the second. Although these two departments are separate, nevertheless they impinge at certain points, and if the best results are to be obtained, each must receive sympathetic consideration from the other. For instance, you cannot have satisfactory musketry without an ample supply of good and conveniently placed ranges of all kinds, so that instruction is not rendered too irksome, and the precious time of the men wasted in long journeys and unnecessary waitings on the ranges. Again, much of

Digitized by Google

the training depends on having good permanent instructors. Unless comfortable quarters are provided for these men—and these appointments enjoy a good reputation in the Army—the best men will not be attracted. Inefficient and discontented instructors are worse than useless.

You cannot train mobile units without well-organized schemes for the provision of horses, motors or tractors; all these are in the hands of the County Association.

The transition from horse-drawn to mechanical traction is now in progress, and will doubtless be more rapid in counties with large industrial towns than in those in which mining or agriculture predominate. This progress will spread more quickly if the means of communication between different counties can be improved, and no doubt as time goes on subsidization schemes for motor vehicles, similar to the existing horse boarder schemes, will come into vogue.

The conclusion of every year should show progress in some form or another. It is not doubted that progress is now being annually made, but it seems most desirable that such progress should be made manifest to all.

With no desire for personal laudation, but to justify my claim to express an opinion on the subject on which I have written, may I record briefly the experience I have had :—

1. In 1901 I commanded for nine months on active service in South Africa the 1st Battalion of the Imperial Yeomanry. During a considerable portion of this period, owing to the shortage of trained officers, I had not a single officer of the Regular Army to assist me.

2. For the two years previous to the outbreak of the war (1912-14) I commanded the South Midland Territorial Division.

3. During my two years in France I had, in my corps, at different times, the 49th, 55th and 56th Territorial Divisions, all of which have remarkably fine records of service.

4. Since 1917 I have been a member of the Warwickshire Territorial Association and am at present, and have been for some years, the Chairman of its Horse and Transport Committee.

5. Lastly, having had the honour of having under my command for a large portion of my two years on active service in France and Belgium, the Northamptonshire Yeomanry and the Queen's Westminsters, I may well have been tempted to exaggerate the efficiency and fine fighting qualities of the Territorial Army as a whole.

Digitized by Google

UNIFORMITY IS THE ENEMY OF PROGRESS

"THE SOLILOQUY OF A GUNNER."

By "Basilisk."

FOR many years a keen battle was waged in the field of biology between two schools, the Darwinian and the Lamarckian. The matter in dispute was the cause of variation in species. The latter school maintained that variation was (put shortly) due to local conditions, the former that it was due to "chance." This controversy is not yet dead, and never may be, but one point on which both schools are absolutely of one mind is that *variation is the condition of evolution.* On this point there can be no manner of doubt, "no possible doubt whatever." Variation is the inevitable concomitant of evolution and progress. Now, variation is the direct antithesis of uniformity. Whence it follows that uniformity in the natural sphere is the enemy of evolution and Progress. Thus, the words with which this article is headed are true in natural science. Are they likewise true in military science? The subject merits attention.

In the first place, it is obvious that the analogy between natural and military science may not be carried too far. There may be a dispute as to the existence of Purpose in nature, but there can be none that it exists in the human personality. Thus, the Darwinian theory of "Chance" is, at the lowest, vastly narrowed in its scope when applied to military science. On the other hand, we know that Chance has played a large part in the human side of scientific progress. Lavoisier was full of Purpose, yet it was the *chance* twitching of a frog that discovered to him the elemental and all-pervading force of electricity.

Surveying the general world of human endeavour, we see what a great part Chance has played in discovery and progress. For example, we have the famous apple which chanced to fall on Isaac Newton's proboscis, thereby setting in train that thought which has revolutionized natural science. Then we know how the chance boiling over of a tea-kettle unchained for us the force of steam. Descending to more

Digitized by Google

mundane matters, think of the glorious " chance " which led to the introduction of roast pork and crackling ! It all comes to this—give Chance a chance and she will help you.

Do we give Chance a chance in the Army ? Not if we can help it. We endeavour to legislate for every eventuality ; we take no risks ; we are the disciples of the White Knight, who went forth to war with a mouse-trap attached to his horse's croup, complete with cheese. No " chance " mouse should escape him. He claimed that he was prepared for all eventualities. I have known a 13-pdr. battery brought into action in another battery's wagon lines six thousand yards behind the front line in the course of an advance. We were " prepared for all eventualities."

No, Darwin, we will not give your theory of Chance a chance if we can help it.

But what is our attitude to Lamarck ? Do we give scope to his theory of variation and progress due to (what for simplicity's sake I have called) " local conditions " ? Do we welcome the heaven-sent variation in local conditions and utilize it to strike out in new experiments ?

Again, the answer must be " No." We give much lip service to the necessity for " initiative," but when initiative shows its "cloven hoof " under the guise of " variation " we frown upon it.

Our attitude is roughly this. New experiments must constantly be made, *but not by regimental officers*. What is the result ? We pass through a four-years' war, thousands of 18-pdr. guns are brought into action in the aggregate thousands of times, yet it is not until six years after that war is finished that we discover the presumably best position for the ammunition wagon in action. If you told the man in the moon this, he would most probably smile incredulously. Yet it is in no wise surprising. The regimental officer was trained to do as he was instructed. If his wagon was not six inches from his gun the fact was duly noted and reported at the pow-wow. Variation was accounted unto him for unrighteousness. True, the drill book only spoke about rigid adherence to that mystic entity " Principle." But as he was criticized if the wagon was *not* six inches from the gun he naturally concluded that the precise position of the wagon was a Principle.

Occasionally he did, greatly venturing, break out into a slight variation. Once a young officer discovered that if

Digitized by Google

section commanders raised their hands above their head when acknowledging an order in action it was easier for the other section commanders to see. He persuaded his battery commander to adopt this method, with most satisfactory results. What was the upshot? Half-way through Practice Camp an umpire spotted this " variation " and it was promptly and sternly suppressed. Ten years elapse and the " variation " is in essence incorporated in the drill!

Our attitude appears to be that " variations " must for the most part be confined to the experiments of the instructors at our various schools. Doubtless these men collectively are the cream of the Army, and doubtless in the long run all, or nearly all, the possible improvements in drill and procedure will be thought out and worked out by them. But the suggestion is humbly put forward that, by the laws of probability, out of the mass of regimental officers, and out of the mass of incidents and situations which confront them, all the factors of progressive experiment are present; further, that the impact of the brain-mass on the incident-mass could, should, and would be productive of fruitful experiment, provided that official encouragement, or at any rate, official latitude were given.

An animal or a race that is spoon-fed becomes incapable of progress in the acquisition of food. It lacks the stimulus to struggle for itself. Similarly an officer who is spoon-fed with instructions for shooting his battery loses the stimulus and aptitude for wrestling with new gunnery and procedure problems for himself.

I do not mean to imply that officers as a class have ceased to take an interest in their profession. But the tendency undoubtedly is that while on the one hand the multifarious daily duties of an officer in barracks have increased, the problems which await him in the field are very largely solved for him by Authority. What wonder then that he should devote less thought to these field problems? He has neither the encouragement nor the time to devote to this branch of his profession. This tendency to " take it all from the ' book ' " was probably strengthened many years ago by the abolition of competition at Practice Camp. When a battery was judged chiefly on its *results*, it could afford to take risks, and make slight experiments at Practice Camp, in order to succeed in *hitting*. If it succeeded and made a name for itself as a straight-shooting battery, others would

Digitized by Google

copy its methods, and in time they would get officially recognized. If, on the other hand, its methods were unsound the results would be bad and the methods would die a natural death.

This seems to be pretty well the Lamarckian theory; and it seems to denote a healthy condition of regimental life. Certainly it induced the young officer to devote more time to the *constructive* side of his profession than he does nowadays. Of course, one is aware of the argument for uniformity of methods; one has heard it repeated *ad nauseam*. If one unit varies its methods, then in the course of the war when reinforcements come up to it from another unit, these reinforcements will be "at sea" and confusion will be caused.

This argument is, of course, perfectly sound if by "methods" you mean a fundamental change of procedure. But what unit would be, or has been guilty of this? In the late war it was only in slight and trivial points that batteries varied (though in the aggregate these variations might be quite enough to make a difference between a good and a bad battery), but you can never hope to prevent a battery adopting these variations in war time, and in the last war can anyone quote a single instance of confusion arising on this score? A few minutes' instruction to reinforcements generally sufficed to produce conformity to the battery methods.

But even granting the force of the above argument and assuming that confusion may arise, we must take a balanced view of the case. Are we to forego all the advantages which result from encouraging initiative, are we to stifle the stimulus which conduces to real progress simply in order to avoid the problematical risk that at some moment in the course of a war some new draft may make a mistake? To do so seems to lack a sense of proportion. It is to refuse to take risks with a vengeance! Not only will we put a mouse-trap on our horse's croup, but on his withers as well!

It may, of course, be answered that officers are not discouraged from making suggestions for variations. There is the Practice Report, Part II, there are instructors at Practice Camp who are always ready to listen to suggested experiments and responsive to new ideas, and there are courses of instruction where the officer student can and does air his views at times.

Digitized by Google

All this may readily be granted without it altering the fact in the slightest that it is not absence of discouragement, but active encouragement which is required; and this practical encouragement means that the originator of an idea should be allowed to experiment with it *in his own battery*. There lies the essence of the case. A regimental officer whose battery may be allowed to profit by his own ideas and devices has a stimulus to creative effort which is absent from his brother officer on the staff. Professional zeal is common to both, but what may be called the " economic stimulus " rests alone with the regimental officer. It is the old story of *Nationalization* versus *Private Enterprise*, and the latter will always win.

What great constructive ideas have had their *fons et origo* in a school ?

What has been the chief advance in field gunnery of recent years ? Most people would vote for that process of survey calculations which some people designate by the expressive symbol " tantheta." Who was the precursor of these methods in the field ? So far as I am aware he was a subaltern in a Kitchener battery. Kitchener officers had courage, and this one had the courage, having thought it out to put it into practice in the field, and then to write a book about it. *O si sic omnes !*

As we have already admitted, most of the sound progressive ideas which do or might occur to battery officers, probably sooner or later get adopted by the school, and provided another war does not come before they are adopted no great harm *in one sense* is done. But we maintain that *in another sense*, namely, the moral sense, great harm is done. To cramp the initiative, to stifle the stimulus that makes for progress, to lull into mental inertia the brains of young officers with the opiate of " uniformity " is, in our humble opinion, to inflict a profound injury upon the Army.

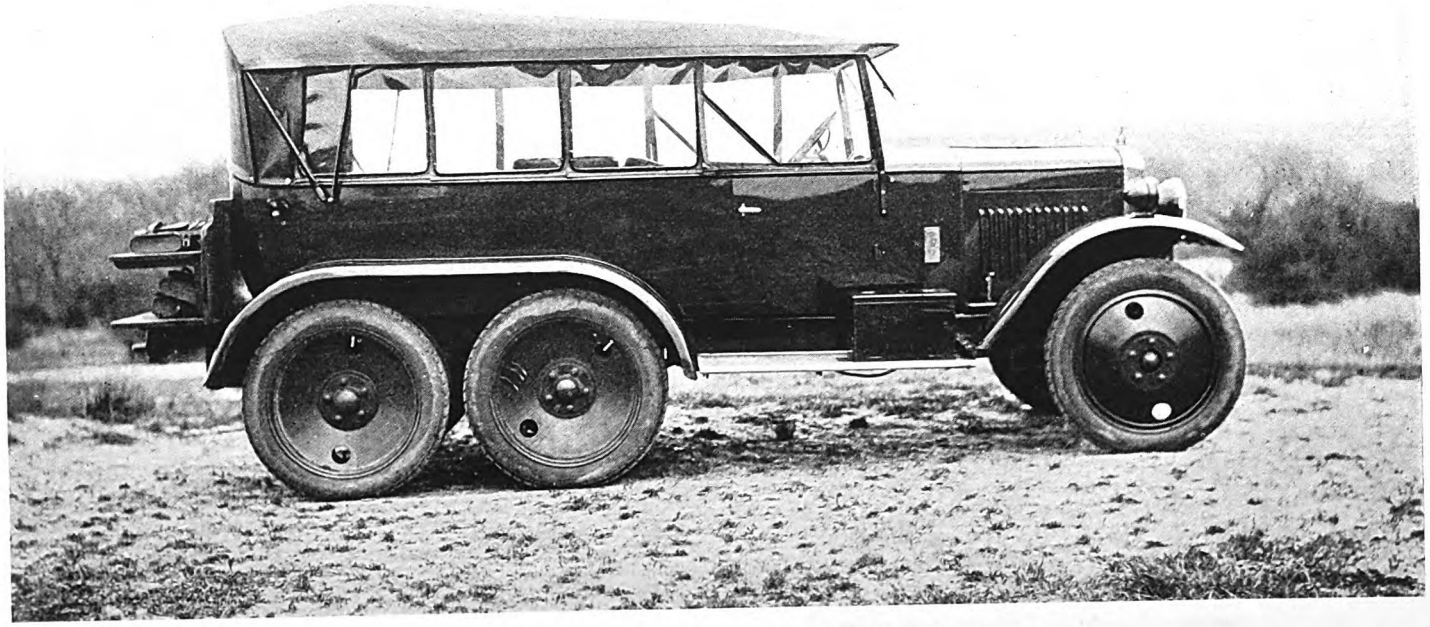
War is an inexact science, and anything that tends to fixity of method or doctrine is contrary to the very nature of war. Consider what incalculable harm was done to the French Army by the fixed " doctrine " preached and enforced in practice by that " Grandmaison School " of " Young Turks " at the outset of the war ! Let not the British Army come to such a pass !

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

Digitized by Google



THE MORRIS-COMMERCIAL SIX-WHEELER CAR.

Digitized by Google

THE MORRIS-COMMERCIAL SIX-WHEELER CAR

THE photo on the opposite page gives a good idea of the Morris-Commercial six-wheeler touring car which gave such an excellent performance at the recent trial held at Wool. It is of interest to note that some days before the trial the car ran down to Wool from Aldershot for a preliminary run round the course, and having done it with ease, returned to Aldershot the same day. On the day before the trial it was driven down again by road to Wool, while the track and semi-track machines were sent down by rail, which may be considered a distinct feather in its cap. The car, in fact, is capable of a speed of forty miles an hour on the road, and may be said to combine the attributes of an ordinary car with a cross-country performance equal to that of the ordinary six-wheeled Morris lorry. The chassis is made of standard Morris commercial lorry parts, an important factor from the point of view of economy.

Its military uses are obvious—*e.g.*, for reconnaissance, as a staff car, battery staff car, or for general officers or for the larger unit commanders.

Its ability to traverse rough ground, swamp, deep mud, to climb steep hills and negotiate slippery surfaces, will, we fear, give an added terror to company training, etc. For, indeed, it will be only in the middle of a thick wood that they can feel safe from the inquisitorial eye of inspecting officers.

There is no doubt the car has a great future not only in this country but in India and the Dominions.

It will be noticed that the detachable " overall chain " is carried in rear. Applying these chain tracks is a perfectly simple matter, and when so applied the car with a full load is capable of negotiating gradients of 1 in 2 over a surface consisting of wet grass and clay. But as a matter of fact the road adhesion of the six-wheeler is so good that it is capable of negotiating all but the very worst ground without any need for the " overall chain."

Petrol consumption is approximately 16 to 18 miles per gallon.

Digitized by Google

"PER ARDUA AD . . . .!"

By G. O. M.

The author desires to point out that all the incidents and names used in the following story are entirely fictitious, and bear no application to any persons living of the same names.

AT 08.50 hours one morning the Registry Clerk at Headquarters, who used to be my batman, told me that the Air Marshal was coming to inspect us the following week. I told Simmons, Simmons told Blake, Blake told everybody (he always does), and the Second-in-Command, who did not know that the news had arrived by subterranean channels, asked the C.O. at 09.40 hours if it was true. As the C.O. had not yet got as far as the fatal letter, he was a little annoyed.

Then things began to happen.

The Sergeant-Major slipped back to his house during that morning, and tried on his best tunic, told his wife to put new laces in his parade boots, had a couple, and practised his voice on the cat and his son.

The C.O. waited till luncheon before gloomily informing Mrs. C.O. of the impending calamity.

The Second-in-Command offered up a short but fervent prayer of thankfulness because he wasn't the C.O. Flying Officer Simmons, telling Flight-Lieutenant Adamson about it, tried to be funny, and met with a chilly reception from that newly-promoted and very anxious officer.

The order went out, " Let all be clean," and most of the aircraft hands (our housemaids) immediately reported sick. Then a series of minor calamities occurred. There were three forced landings, involving broken machines, and the wretched Flight Commander ran round beseeching the Stores Officer to take the wreckage into his " Dump." Stores said . . . Well, what he *meant* anyway was : " I am sorry, Flight-Lieutenant Smith, but if you think I am going to sully the fair and ordered expanse of my beautiful dump with your broken, messy and altogether beastly aeroplane just before the Air Marshal comes, you are labouring under a misapprehension."

Digitized by Google

A gale blew up, and doors which had looked good for months broke hinges and locks. There was an epidemic of broken windows, and when the Works and Building Department were feverishly asked to mend them quickly, they replied that (*a*) the demand had not been made on the right form, (*b*) that it had not been rendered in quintuplicate, and (*c*) that they had no glass, that their glass fitters were all on leave or sick, and that they could do no more work on this station until the end of the financial year (three months hence).

By this time all officers of the rank of Squadron Leader and upwards were seriously considering whether it would be better to resign immediately, or wait till they were told to do so after the inspection.

All aircraft hands, the novelty of wearing gumboots and splashing about with unlimited water having worn off, were considering the possibilities of (*a*) alcoholism, or (*b*) desertion.

Two days before the great day, the paper scare commenced. " Let all paper be picked up,"

Every man on the Station was lined up in a long, wavering three hundred yards, and advanced in a great paper-chase. Every twentieth man carried a large sack. Drawn up on the tarmac was a flight of aeroplanes. This gave the forty-nine Station humorists their opportunity, and none of these neglected to instruct their neighbours " Not to pick up them machines." The bag consisted of about forty pieces of paper, two golf balls (claimed by eleven people), one beer bottle, and one bone (collected by a Sealyham, and triumphantly brought to hand after a terrific struggle with a retriever, a spaniel, and the Sergeant-Major).

The Wing Commander, walking behind the line, made the winning collection (twenty-one pieces). He was heard to comment on the failure of the men in front of him to appreciate their responsibilities. He was also heard to invoke a Higher Power to condemn their eyes.

At last came the day.

Each Head of a Department sat in his office in a state of misery, and unaccustomed breeches and puttees. They had the uncomfortable knowledge that the Air Marshal did not love " Office wallahs," but, strengthened by a feeling of virtue, a kiss from an admiring wife (" If he says anything to you, dear, just send him along to *me* "), or, in desperate and bachelor cases, a drop of infuriater, they waited the ordeal in an unaccustomed aroma of soda and soft soap.

Digitized by Google

What a needless panic !

The day was warm and sunny, and the Great Man only visited odd ones here and there. Most of his time was spent on the aerodrome or in the hangars. Here was the great ordeal. The first junior officer to be questioned was Smithies. He stutters. Realizing the hopelessness of the case, the Air Marshal moved on to Leading Aircraftsman Bloggs, Fitter Aero, standing in front of a Grebe, trying to look as though he knew all about it. By some wicked chance, he had only that morning been transferred to this Flight. He knew a Napier Lion inside out, but of the ways of the wily Jaguar he knew nothing. He had worked himself up into a state of panic, and was now trying to remember who he was, why mother wasn't there, and whether he should say " Guilty " or " Not Guilty."

" How long have you been here ?" he was asked.

Bloggs goggled.

" How long have you been here ?"

Bloggs gulped.

His Flight Commander and Flight Sergeant here chimed in simultaneously with :

" Two years, sir."

" One day, sir."

(Long explanation, imperfectly delivered, still less perfectly understood, to the effect that the officer meant the time he had been in the Station, and the sergeant meant the time he had been in the Flight. Air Marshal moves on, heavy with suspicion.)

So the party continued, everyone sweating profusely and gradually becoming incoherent or fatalistic according to temperament. An outsider might have concluded that the station consisted entirely of imbeciles. Luckily, everything was still spotless, and there was *no paper anywhere*.

Finally came a parade, and formation of a hollow square, to hear a few *words*. The unfortunate Squadron Leader charged with the duty of getting the Wing into position had a sudden vision. He saw the whole sky go black, and everyone recede half a mile. Then everything became orange-coloured, and he saw Elijah descending from heaven on a throne. Then he lost Elijah. He felt regretful, but in the same moment realized that it was time he said something. Everyone seemed to be waiting. Now, what is the command ?

What is it ?

Digitized by Google

He hadn't the foggiest.

He cleared his throat. There was a convulsive movement from the ranks in front.

He said, " Er . . ."

He said it again.

Two Sergeant-Majors and the Adjutant broke out into a cold perspiration.

One of the Staff giggled.

He said, " Left incline."

It wasn't much, it wasn't right, but it was something. With enormous relief, everyone did a left incline.

He said, " As you were."

They did.

He said, " Right incline."

By a powerful sympathetic effort of thought transference, the middle of the line remained steady, the left squadron did a right incline, and the right squadron did a left incline. This was wonderful. Ye gods—it was right! He surveyed them thoughtfully. The Air Marshal's face was a study. His Staff were in quiet hysterics. The faces of the C.O. and Adjutant were unprintable.

He said, " Quick march."

There was another wave of thought transference.

The centre again remained steady.

The left squadron carried out the unspoken command, " At the halt, right form."

The right squadron carried out the unspoken command, " At the halt, left form."

He looked at them a trifle dizzily, wonderingly.

Then he smiled relievedly.

This drill was quite easy after all.

He turned to the Air Marshal, saluted and said :

" The Wing is ready, sir."

* * * * *

The Air Marshal says we are the finest show he has ever seen.

I believe we are to give a drill display at the Pageant.

Digitized by Google

AN AIR MAIL TRIP

By Flight-Lieut. G. R. O'Sullivan, R.A.F.

"WAKE up, Sir; it is after five and the tender will be here in a few moments." My bearer's voice comes distantly to my ears. I obey reluctantly, yawn, stretch, and reach for my tea, while memory floods my brain. Yes, I must hurry for within an hour—Cairo, leave, and all the good things thereto must be left far behind. How I had looked forward to that leave when climbing into my machine in Baghdad, ready to start on the 800-mile desert flight to the then distant Cairo. Well, it is all over now, and this morning I start on the return journey. My thoughts keep racing ahead while I dress, how much mail will there be? Has T——, my mechanic, given the engines a good look over? Any passengers? Moving to the window I look out and behold Cairo sleeping beneath me. Away to the west the Gizeh Pyramids stand silhouetted against the morning sky, the Mohammid Ali Mosque with its flanking minarets like pillars of fire in the sun, never looked more beautiful. Mohammid Ali, the creator, might well be proud if he could have seen it as I did then. The sound of a motor horn and the screech of brakes announces the arrival of a tender, and soon were are driving through the sleeping streets in the direction of the aerodrome. As we pass the steps of H—— Hotel, a familiar voice reaches my ears and I look out to see Air Commodore D——, well wrapped up for the morning is cold, stepping into his car. Early as it is, he is coming down to the aerodrome to wish the Air Mail "God speed." The quiet streets are far behind when we pass a row of hangars, and pull up at the Officers' Mess, where all is bustle and activity. Someone hands me a cup of tea and I am introduced to my passenger, a distinguished Belgian flying ace, while the mail officer gets my signature for mails, and T—— keeps hovering around trying to get my ear and assure me that all is O.K. with both rigging and engines. At last "good-byes" having been said, I climb into the machine and start the engines. They take a few minutes to warm up, and in the interval I check my engine spares, food and water supplies, then, with a wave to the Air Commodore and

Digitized by Google

the small crowd round him, we race over the aerodrome in the direction of the Mocattim Hills and are soon in the air. I settle myself comfortably in the pilot's seat and point the nose of the machine towards Ziza, Trans-Jordania, 300 miles distant.

C——, my passenger, is very interested as I point out the various places we pass over. Tel-el-Kebir, with its memories of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Arabi Pasha. The Suez Canal, a silver strip across the brown surface of the desert. On it are several boats steaming into the Red Sea, probably some of them carrying the Iraq mails. Well, those people who paid the extra few pence demanded by the postal authorities for the Air Mail, would have the satisfaction of knowing their letters are received within a few days, instead of nearly fourteen which the ships below us would take.

We pass over Kantara with its dumps of salved war equipment; the Flying Training School at Abusuir, where machines are even now hard at it, training the young idea. Soon we are over Sinai, about two thousand feet up, with the engines running nicely. Allenby's Desert Railway lies beneath like a black snake stretching away in the distance. This railway and the coast line away to our left may be said to be our only guide. The country, except for small clumps of palm trees dotted here and there, is absolutely featureless and more or less waterless. All credit to the stout fellows who in antiquated machines of pre-war design, ventured far into the interior to collect information during the early canal operations, and Allenby's subsequent advance. No well-organized system of help, such as now exists, in the event of a forced landing, was theirs; an Arab bullet at the worst, or a Turkish jail, at the best, was the penalty of engine failure. Gaza and Beersheba bring back war memories again, the trenches are still plainly visible, while away to the north the Mediterranean looks like a sheet of glass, not even a white line of foam along the shore to break the placidity of its surface. The country changes; no longer the rolling sand hills beneath, but ordinary well-kept fields, the tinge of green being a welcome relief to the eyes.

We have entered Palestine, and I look ahead for Jerusalem, but find, to my disgust, that the morning clouds are down over the hills. We start climbing to try and rise above them, but at 6,000 feet reach our ceiling, and find conditions much the same. Perhaps to the north conditions may be better,

Digitized by Google

and we may find a gap, or the clouds might be lower. For fully half an hour we proceed steadily northwards, but find things the same, and previous experience tells me that the clouds will not rise until the day gets hotter, and there is no use wasting time and petrol hanging around. The sun is well up, so we should not have long to wait. I throttle back and proceed to lose height in the direction of the old German war-time aerodrome at Ramleh, now occupied by one of our squadrons. Soon afterwards we are taxi-ing up to the hangars, and although the morning is young, receive a very hearty welcome.

Here, over a second breakfast, I meet some old friends, one of them last seen near Vimy in 1916. It's a small world. While smoking the after-breakfast pipe, we are shown round and told the latest news. On the aerodrome were numbers of slouch-hatted strangers. These, we were informed, were members of the Palestine Gendarmerie, not long formed, and containing a goodly leaven of the old Auxiliaries from Ireland. Their greatest ambition, at the moment, seemed to be aeroplane joy rides. At my request, a Bristol Fighter took off to have a look round for us, and on landing the pilot informed us that all was now well beyond the hills, the clouds had lifted and the visibility was good.

Although Ramleh is not a large aerodrome for loaded machines, we manage all right and are soon away, climbing in the direction of Ziza. The hills look very foreboding after the flat country just passed, a forced landing would be a nasty business, but a steady regular hum from the engines, which have always been noted for their reliability, comes back to reassure me. It is not long until Jerusalem, looking exactly like a Bible picture, is beneath us. In spite of the nasty nature of the country, I make a small detour to our left, being anxious to have a good look at the Balata Road. Here, in October, 1918, was carried out what must surely be the most successful day's work done by the Royal Air Force, in the whole period of the war. The 7th Turkish Army were found to be retreating along this road, and as many machines as could be spared from the Palestine Force under Brigadier-General A. Borton, A.F.C., were concentrated against them in a bomb raid, that was to last as long as the daylight did. The Turks, caught in a narrow road deep in a valley, with wild hills high on either side, were like rats in a trap. Once the head of the column was successfully blocked by the

Digitized by Google

first of the bombing machines, the remainder was turned into a shambles, and very few of the enemy escaped. I had seen some time previously an aerial photograph of this valley, taken on the day after the raid, and the amount of transport of all descriptions, damaged and undamaged, was astonishing. I was very glad to have the opportunity of examining this valley from a low height and at my leisure, and could well understand how the raid had been so successful and so much damage done. The transport of an army, stretched along that narrow valley road, must have been a bombing target that only occurs once in a lifetime. My passenger twists himself into many awkward positions in his endeavour to take photographs with a hand camera, while I expect to see it go over the side every moment, and smash the propeller to pieces. The camera, of the latest type, looks, and is, very expensive, but owing to the bumps which were particularly bad here due to the valleys, the result I found later, was, as I expected, lots of blue sky. Ahead we can see a dark mass, the hills of Moab. Below us the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea, the bogey of the hills, is now behind us, and we are entering on the last lap of the first stage of our journey. This is my third or fourth time to pass over the Dead Sea, and each time I am more than glad when it is behind me. A more desolate spot it would be hard to find, nothing moves upon its surface, and there is no cultivation along its shores—it is well and truly named.

Jericho, looks what it is, a clump of dirty mud hovels that appear to have no sign of life around them. It is hard to believe that there was ever any glory attached to it. It now has an emergency landing ground in its vicinity. A few minutes later, we cross over the frontier line, and pass into Trans-Jordania. How different from the hills just left behind, if an engine failed here, or one were forced to land, it would just be a case of throttle back and settle down anywhere, not even a mouse could hide itself on these broad flat plains.

After a little while I look for the cluster of tents and wireless poles, which denote the landing ground at Ziza. I locate them after some difficulty, as we had struck the railway line too far south; back comes the throttle, and within a few minutes we are giving the Cairo news and some letters to the officer in charge. Ziza landing ground is used by air mail machines on account of its size. Amman

Digitized by Google

to the north is the R.A.F. station proper, but the aerodrome there is at present too small for loaded mail machines. Every fortnight, therefore, when the mail is due, a party of airmen in armoured cars and desert tenders, with the necessary supplies of petrol, water, and stores, leave Amman for Ziza, and on the open plain beside the Hedjaz Railway, mark out a rough landing ground. There is room and to spare at Ziza.

By means of wireless we receive news that we are not to proceed that day. Well, I for one am not sorry; the day is now hot, I was up with the dawn, and how cool it is on these uplands after the mugginess of Cairo. After an afternoon siesta and tea, we go exploring. The plain on both sides of the railway is covered with flocks of sheep and goats, in the care of shepherds, who are all armed to the teeth. Their appearance is against them, for to us anyhow they are quite friendly, and eager to fraternize—one hundred eggs for a rupee, two hundred for a four-gallon petrol tin. These people lead a hard life, and the care of the flocks in winter on these windswept flat plains, is by no means a cheerful occupation. Some weeks previous to our arrival this particular tribe had been badly raided by one farther south, and had over one hundred of their people killed, and a large number of their flocks taken, hence the small armoury carried by even youths of thirteen or fourteen—ammunition, guns and knives being hung around them like a Christmas tree. Their gratitude for the smallest kindness received was rather touching. One pleasant looking old gentleman conveyed to me by signs that he wished his son's foot looked at, the young man was limping rather badly. I sat him down on an empty petrol tin, and with the aid of the officer in charge of the landing ground, got busy. The case was of the usual nature, a simple cut which through neglect had turned septic and the dirty rags wrapped round it had not improved matters. We opened the wound, washed it and applied iodine lavishly, and with the gift of an old sock to keep the clean bandage on, completed the job. So carried away with delight was the youth's father that he even brought his wife along to thank us, an unusual occurrence as anyone who knows these people, and the seclusion of their womenfolk, will admit.

Later in the evening we strolled across to see some old ruins, of a distinctly Roman style, and watched the flocks being watered. This was done from a huge tank in the

Digitized by Google

ground faced with stone for about a hundred yards by fifty yards, not unlike a large Roman bath of old. No one seemed to know how or why it had ever been built, but the style of it, and the nearness of the ruins certainly bore out the theory that I heard later, namely that this spot was the eastern fringe of the old Roman Empire. The shrieks and cries of the shepherds, coupled with the clouds of dust raised by the thousands of animals, soon drove us back to the landing ground for our evening meal.

Orders having been received from Amman that we were to proceed as soon as possible the next morning, we decided to turn in early. Our residence was the stationmaster's house at Ziza railway station.

Before going to bed we walked over to see if all was right with the machine, and found an armoured car with belt in gun, drawn up in front of the nose, the guard trying to keep warm before a fire which consisted of a petrol tin filled with a mixture of oil, petrol and cotton waste. This gave light as well as heat. Reassured we made for bed, and never will I forget that night in the railway station at Ziza; sleep was impossible. In all my life, which includes wanderings in many parts of the world, I have never seen or felt mosquitoes like those. Without nets, the only remedy was to bury one's head in the blankets; when this became unbearable it was a case of get up and walk around until the desire for sleep drove one back to bed again. Three times the mosquitoes forced me out of bed, and I was indeed glad when the first streaks of dawn lit the sky.

The sun was well up before we took off, and proceeded in the direction of Azrak with the object of picking up the desert track, which was to be our sole guide for the next five hundred miles. A word here about this track may be of interest. When it was first decided to run a mail service between Cairo and Baghdad, the biggest difficulty encountered was to devise some means by which machines could keep proper direction, and be able to give their exact location by wireless, in the event of a forced landing. It was found that the wheel tracks of desert convoys showed up well from the air, and in consequence the convoy which surveyed the route took special care that the succeeding tenders kept well in the wheel tracks of the leading one. In this way a clear, deep, well-defined track was made, which lasted for a considerable time, although the clearness of it from the air

Digitized by Google

depended a great deal on the position of the sun. Every twenty miles or so the tenders took a wide circle to the right or left of the track according to the nature of the surface, and the enclosed ground was called Landing Ground " A," " B," etc., or 1, 2, 3, etc., in the Baghdad district.

Of late years a Fordson tractor, sent out from Baghdad was found to be very successful, the furrow, except at mid-day, throwing a good shadow. The visibility again depends on the nature of the ground, whether it is hard or soft. The tenders in one or two places hardly made any impression at all, the worst places being in the vicinity of Wadis, in which, once entered, the convoy had to move up and down the bed for some miles before a suitable exit could be found. Great care has, therefore, to be taken at these points, but if the motto of Air Mail pilots, " Never lose sight of one end of the track until you have found the other," is carried out, no danger need be anticipated. We picked the track up close to L.G. " C," which was hardly visible at all owing to the basalt boulder nature of the surface.

A forced landing here would be difficult, if it were not for the close proximity of a large number of mud flats. These flats vary in size, from a few hundred yards square to nearly a mile. They are as smooth as a billiard table, but care must be taken on making a landing on one, as height is very hard to judge.

On leaving L.G. " H " we emerged into the desert proper, and for the next few hours nothing was seen. With little head wind we were making good progress. The day was clear and the visibility now good ; in one or two places the track could be seen topping a small rise many miles ahead. Soon we were passing over the first of the wells, El Jid, but except for a few Arabs and camels in the immediate vicinity of the waterholes, no movement was seen. During the winter months the country around these wells is covered for miles by the flocks of the Nomadic tribes from the Euphrates Valley, who venture even this far into the desert in search of grazing. On a previous journey I have seen and reported tribes which must have been close on five or six thousand strong.

Next come the Rutbah Wells close to L.G.8, where I had lost the track late one evening some months previously on my first desert flight. The place had unpleasant memories for me, and I was glad when we sighted the

Digitized by Google

mud flat at L.G.5. Our journey was drawing to a close, inside an hour or so the green strip of cultivation on either side of the Euphrates would come into view. I conjured up visions of the Mess, cool drinks, and a bath, "but man proposes and God disposes"; my starboard engine, which up to this had been running like a dream, began to miss; we carried on for some miles, but found that we could not maintain our height. When the aneroid showed 500 feet, there was nothing for it but to make a landing. We pushed on to L.G.4, landed, and upon examination found the trouble to be a missing make-and-break. By the time the new make-and-break had been fitted and other minor adjustments effected, we decided that it was not possible owing to the head wind which had arisen to reach Baghdad before nightfall, and we made arrangements therefore to spend the night in the desert. Engine covers were fitted, the machine picketed down, and T—— started to cut the top off an empty petrol tin to make a fire. Soon we were all gathered round it, C—— telling me how delighted he was with the trip so far. How peaceful, happy and contented were those nights spent round a fire in the desert, the nearest living person excepting our own small party at least a hundred miles distant. The stillness "you could almost feel"; at least, so it seemed if you walked fifty or sixty yards away, but around the fire all is good fellowship. C—— struggles to open tins of bully beef and camp pie; T—— is quietly peeling potatoes, while I open a red labelled bottle which comes from a place in far away Scotland, owned by one "J. Walker."

With Baghdad only a few hours away, we can afford to go heavily on our stores and do ourselves proud. Supper over, we wrap ourselves in blankets, and over pipe and drinks swap yarns. C—— who has forgotten more than most of us know about the proper way to attack and bring down enemy observation balloons, tells us how it should be done; T—— talks of his life in the dockyards of the Clyde before the war, of ships which were unlucky from the day the keel was laid; while I throw in a few reminiscences of places and people seen and met while wandering in out of the way countries some years before. As the fire gets low and the air chillier, a suggestion of bed is heartily seconded and carried unanimously. C—— takes the cabin beside the mails; T—— prefers the ground under the wings, snakes or no

Digitized by Google

snakes, at least he says he prefers it to the corrugated wing surface which I intend to occupy. A last look around, a chorus of " good-night," and it will only seem like five minutes until the noise of T—— crawling under the machine to obtain petrol for the breakfast fire, awakens us to another day.

At daybreak we start the engines, and while C—— and T—— clear up I take off and circle round to test the engines. Finding them O.K. I land, and inside a few minutes we have all the gear stowed away, and are once more in the air, our course laid for Baghdad. The sun is just over the horizon, and with a following wind we make rapid progress, and it is not long before we see the green cultivation on either banks of the Euphrates in the distance. Below us is Ramadi, while to our right lies Fallujah, with its antiquated ferry. After about ten minutes' more flying, C—— calls my attention to what appears to be two balls of gold close together, shining through the morning mist low down on the horizon ahead. I smile, to me they are old friends, that mark the termination of many a flight ; the rising sun shining on the golden domes of the Mosque of Kàdhimain. Shortly afterwards we pass over Baghdad, the smoke from the thousands of morning fires hanging like a black pall over the city. We turn south and pick up Hinaidi and its cantonments. How big, and yet how neat, the aerodrome looks with the machines of the various squadrons parked in orderly rows outside the hangars. Farther south the arch of Ctesiphon stands out quite plainly. I can never look at it without thinking of the splendid stand made by the men of the 6th Division under Major-General Sir C. Townsend early in the war. Every foot of the thousand miles we have put behind us was won by feats of British arms within recent years. I could fly south for another three hours, to Basra or north to Kurdistan and Mosul, and still be over conquered territory.

At that moment the enormity of our newly acquired responsibilities in the Near East dawned upon me. What would the years bring forth ? Even now from quite a low altitude the outlines of old, forgotten cities, and irrigation canals, were plainly visible. Will new cities and vast irrigation works, like the Sennar Dam in the Sudan, arise out of the ashes of the old ? What British brains and enterprise did in Egypt can surely be repeated in this country of a like nature, and so bring peace and prosperity to a warlike people.

Digitized by Google

Care has to be taken in landing a heavily loaded machine late in the morning when the sun gets hot, as the air has little grip, but we soon find ourselves exchanging greetings with the usual crowd of officers and men who always gather round to watch the arrival or departure of a mail machine. It is an event in the rather monotonous routine of an Iraq day, a link with Cairo and the memories of happy days spent on leave there, which most of the onlookers have experienced. I bid " good-bye " to C—— and, after making out my report on the visibility and condition of the track, stroll towards the Mess where I hand over some private commissions I had been asked to execute—a pair of polo boots for one, a new valise, for the cold weather is approaching, for another.

After exchanging news I make for my quarters. " Smiler," my boy, so called because even when mellowed by strong waters I have never known him to do so, has bath and pyjamas waiting. As I settle down to a brief siesta I draw a sigh of contentment; a successful mail trip is over, and in spite of its numerous drawbacks it is good to be back again in this fascinating land—The Land of the Two Rivers.

Digitized by Google

PETROL SUPPLY IN THE FIELD.

By Lieut. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, M.B.E., R.A.S.C.

ALTHOUGH at the present time a great deal of thought is being given to mechanization, yet the almost equally important question of petrol supply in the field does not appear to have received a corresponding degree of attention. This question is, of course, linked up with the vital problem of the Empire's oil supply.

It is possible that other fuels or power producers may in time be evolved as substitutes for petrol, or that it may be manufactured synthetically, and that many of the disadvantages under which we now suffer from the present world distribution of petrol will be eliminated. It is to be hoped that this will be so. Meanwhile the ever-growing development of aviation and mechanization all tends to make the provision and delivery of petrol in the field a matter of great complexity.

Let us consider in detail the arrangements which will be necessary.

1. Petrol Supply at the Base.

The system of shipping petrol in tins to overseas bases, largely employed during the Great War in many if not all theatres of operations, will normally be unsuited to the conditions likely to obtain in future campaigns, as the total daily requirements of an army comprising some thousands of M.T. vehicles will be far too large to be economically handled otherwise than in bulk.

This method, enabling as it does larger consignments to be dealt with by each tanker per voyage, will save freightage, minimize the time required for filling and discharging, and do away with the big loss due to leakage, which invariably occurs with cargoes of tinned petrol.

As applied to distribution from the base, its numerous advantages in regard to economy in time and labour, etc., far outweigh the difficulties to be overcome in putting it into effect.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task is apparent by the generally accepted estimate that at a base overseas some

Digitized by Google

six months would be usually required to erect bulk handling petrol installations, on a sufficiently large scale, where nothing of this kind had previously existed. During this period the use of containers for shipment and distribution appears to be the only alternative, uneconomical in every way as it is.

Apart from the difficulties of installing base petrol plants, there are others in connection with protection from air attack, and long-range artillery fire, which might necessitate the equipment of alternative bases, in some cases solely for petrol, and the provision of spare material on a large scale for replacement purposes.

As far as continental ports are concerned, the majority already possess large fuel storage tanks, connected with sea and rail transport systems, which, apart from the importation of crude oil and petrol for ordinary purposes, are rapidly becoming essential on account of the growing numbers of oil-burning and motor-driven ships. In the event of such ports becoming bases for the Expeditionary Force, it should not be a difficult matter to convert at least a percentage of existing facilities to military use, thus reducing the amount of petrol to be dealt with in containers, while supplementary installations were being erected.

As protection from air bombing and long-range artillery fire would in some cases be essential, it might be possible, providing tanks were constructed with a view to such a contingency, to sink these in the actual harbour or docks, so that they could be filled from tank steamers, and discharged to land transporation systems with the minimum of risk. This method would save considerable time, as it would usually be necessary to bury or protect in some such manner any tanks installed on shore.

The type of bases discussed above presents, of course, far less difficulty than many others which might have to be utilized—*i.e.* :

(*a*) Ports having no existing facilities whatever for petrol handling.

(*b*) Roadsteads, with or without suitable storage and plant ashore, where in some cases lighters between ships and quays would be necessary.

(*c*) Beaches, such as at Gallipoli, having no facilities of any description.

In the case of (*a*), storage tanks, into which tankers could discharge, would have to be prepared in peace and shipped

Digitized by Google

with advance parties, in order to expedite installation, upon war being declared.

In the case of (*b*) similar tanks would have to be provided, in numbers inversely proportional to the capacity and suitability of any which might be already in existence, as well as shallow draft tank lighters, for working between these and the discharging ships, unless floating pipe lines could be employed; this, of course, depending upon the distance of the anchorage from the shore.

In (*c*) petrol could be either landed as in (*b*), storage tanks being floated ashore and installed on the beaches, or transhipped in drums and tins by lighters and other small craft.

Shipment in containers already referred to, as a possible alternative to bulk consignment, would probably have to be employed initially in all three cases (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) until storage tanks, etc., had been installed. These containers in the form of light steel drums, which are far more durable than tins, should have the largest possible capacity compatible with the degree of man-handling likely to be necessary on the lines of communication.

It is not proposed to go further into this problem of petrol supply at the base, as little imagination is required to foresee the great difficulties which will have to be overcome here in some, if not in all, theatres of operation.

Assuming, therefore, that the Navy retains supremacy at sea and that adequate bulk supplies are forthcoming, and can be dealt with at the base, we will now concern ourselves with the arrangements which will be necessary for forwarding petrol to the fighting zones, as it is the last links in the chain of supply which are ever the most severely tested, and upon which most depends.

2. Petrol Supply from the Base.

Once bulk handling facilities were in operation at the base, there appear to be three means of consignment from the latter, which are possible either separately or conjointly, according to circumstances—namely, by

(*a*) Rail tank wagons;
(*b*) Cross-country tank vehicles;
(*c*) Pipe lines.

The first of these is the most likely to be employed, but

Digitized by Google

may, as we shall see, need to be supplemented or replaced by either one or both of the others.

It may be as well to point out here that during the late war the absence of a railway in the hinterland of a harbour, roadstead or other landing-place would have seriously militated against its adoption as a base, even for a small force. Now, in these days of cross-country transport, places which, although lacking rail facilities, had much to recommend them from the strategic and tactical points of view might be utilized if necessary.

In a great war showing signs of long duration, where it was practically certain that main lines of communication, or at least portions of them, were unlikely to change, pipe lines for petrol could be laid from sea or intermediate bases up to reserve tanks in corps areas. These, although initially expensive to lay, when once completed would be more economical and certain in the long run, and should be installed, it is considered, as soon as possible after the commencement of operations. This method of supply would not altogether replace that of rail tank wagons, which could still be used conjointly and as an alternative.

Special precautions would, of course, generally have to be taken to protect these pipe lines. They should not follow main communications too closely, as by so doing they would be more liable to suffer from long-range harassing fire and air attack. To avoid this, they could be laid in a direct line across country, with subsidiary branch lines running to reserve tanks on the actual lines of communication. Each line would need dividing into sectors of a mile or less, according to the nature of the country and its proximity to the front, these being patrolled continuously by motor cyclists or mounted men, and provided with stop-cocks at intervals, so that in the event of any portion becoming damaged the sectors adjoining could be quickly isolated. Working parties and dumps of spare piping, etc., distributed along the line, would also be necessary, in order to effect immediate repairs. if required. It would appear advisable, in order to facilitate the location of any break or leak, to lay these pipe lines, suitably camouflaged, along the surface of the ground, in preference to burying them.

The use of pipe lines would, of course, necessitate the installation of storage tanks along the lines of communication as far forward as corps areas, into which these could discharge.

Digitized by Google

At the same time, even if no pipe line existed, similar storages would be required, as, in the event of rail transport becoming badly disorganized by air attack or from other causes, a certain hiatus in the continuity of supply would be bound to occur while road systems to take its place were being organized. These storage tanks would therefore be needed in order to maintain a reserve of several days' requirements in corps areas in case of emergencies. Such installations would require careful concealment and protection, which could be effected by burying or sinking them in ponds, rivers, etc.

There is, of course, one grave objection to the use of pipelines and other semi-permanent line of communication installations, and that is the ever-present possibility, in war, of a base having to be moved at short notice. Such an eventuality would necessitate the relaying of pipe lines, and a complete reorganization and building up afresh of base facilities for bulk handling. This fact, among others, unfortunately militates against the elasticity and flexibility of the lines of communication, and the great strategical mobility which mechanization and sea power would otherwise engender.

It is difficult to see how the permanent nature of base arrangements, which is a necessary characteristic of modern warfare and the inevitable result of scientific development in the military sphere, can be effectively modified without detracting from the essential efficiency of administrative services in the field. At least a partial solution of this problem may possibly be found in the utilization as bases of ports somewhat farther removed from actual theatres of operations than has been practicable in the past. This, which should often be possible in the future by virtue of the increased speed and radius of action of mechanical transport forming the forward links in the chain of supply, would reduce the likelihood of bases having to be removed, and therefore, to some extent, rule out the objection to base installations of a permanent or semi-permanent nature. If the success of mechanized forces is to be assured, no consideration of trouble or expense in regard to the vital question of petrol supply can be entertained. Should bulk handling be deemed essential for the certain and efficient provision of petrol in the field, we must be prepared to equip more than one base with the necessary installations, and to take the risk of subsequently having to abandon one or other of these if circumstances so demanded.

Having discussed the various methods of bringing petrol

Digitized by Google

as far as railhead, and some of the difficulties involved, we will pass on to the remaining links in the chain of supply.

3. Petrol Supply from Railhead.

During the last war the daily petrol requirements of a division fluctuated between 2,000 and 3,000 gallons. This quantity was either sent up to railhead in tins and distributed by ordinary lorries, or in tank wagons, which discharged into road tankers of the three to five ton solid-tyred variety, and which in turn supplied units either by filling cans or by pumping direct into vehicles' tanks. Considerable difficulty was experienced with these tankers, as they were excessively slow and cumbersome, and, being usually unable to leave the road, took up considerable space, and generally got into the way when delivering.

On the other hand, it was found that, as tins were easily damaged, the alternative method was most uneconomical, not only increasing the gross weight carried, but necessitating constant man-handling, which in turn added to the time taken to deliver.

When it is considered that the consumption of petrol given above is likely to be multiplied some five or six times at least in a division having no animal transport, it is at once obvious that a more efficient method of supply will be essential.

As soon as petrol started to arrive at railhead, or its equivalent supply point, in bulk, by any one of the various methods already referred to, there would appear to be two means of continuing its distribution—namely, by the use of

(*a*) Tank trailers ;
(*b*) Cross-country tank vehicles, which have previously been referred to in connection with the working of the first link in the supply chain.

(*a*) *The Petrol Trailer System.*—In order to put this system into effect, it would be necessary to provide small petrol trailers having a capacity of between 100 and 200 gallons for second and third line supply formations, as well as for all units having M.T. An exchange of full for empty trailers would then be possible at refilling points, delivery points, etc., that is between Maintenance Companies and Divisional Trains, and in turn between the latter and fighting units. Trailers would thus be worked up and down the line, behind the supply vehicles of R.A.S.C. formations, which would,

Digitized by Google

of course, carry their normal loads. In this way not only would wastage of petrol and loss of time in pumping from one tank trailer to another be eliminated, but the maximum utilization of supply transport effected. It is generally accepted that there is urgent necessity to reduce to a minimum the number of administrative service vehicles working on the lines of communication. It would appear, therefore, that the trailer system is far more compatible with this desideratum than the proposed Petrol Company, whose sole function would be the transportation of petrol.

It would appear at first sight that the trailer system could only be adopted on a large scale when base installations for bulk handling were in operation, as, until these had been completed, petrol would in the ordinary course of events arrive at railheads in containers. If, however, the steel drums previously mentioned were in use, trailers could be so designed as to allow of cradles for carrying the drums being fitted to their chassis, these being replaced later on by a single tank. Thus the use of trailers as already outlined would be practicable irrespective of the method in which petrol reached railhead. Drums, if provided with correctly placed screw-in bungs, could be fitted with cocks on their arrival at a unit, and thus drained by gravity, without being moved from the trailers, or they could be equipped with hand-pumps.

The loading of trailers at railhead should present little difficulty, if the drums in use were not excessively heavy, as they could be easily rolled from the trucks into the cradles provided for them. On the other hand, the employment of light portable hoists would enable larger drums to be dealt with, as, once in place on the trailer, they would not require moving again until unloaded empty on its return.

The emptying of rail tank wagons into these trailers might demand the use of portable mechanically-driven pumps, as gravity filling would be in some cases slow. Here, again, the provision of suitable apparatus for petrol handling, as part of mobilization equipment in peace, is seen to be imperative. It is thought that the universal use of trailers would probably necessitate certain modifications in their present design. For instance, it would be most advantageous for a vehicle to be able to back without having to be first unhitched from its trailer, and certainly advisable for the latter's brakes to be operated from the driver's seat.

At the same time the difficulty of turning trailers of the

Digitized by Google

present type, owing to the impossibility of backing or making an acute turn without uncoupling, would be much simplified with cross-country transport, as in the event of a convoy of vehicles drawing trailers requiring to turn round, it would nearly always be possible for it to leave the road and make a circuit for this purpose.

Although the majority of units could be supplied with petrol by the trailer system, there would always be a small percentage having only one or two vehicles or motor cycles on charge, for which provision would have to be made in other ways.

We will now turn to the second system of consignment from railhead, that of the road tanker, and, having discussed this, and the type of vehicle which would be required, consider it in connection with the first link of supply in which its use has already been proposed.

(*b*) *The Tanker System.*—In order to provide a mobile reserve within the division, from which requirements in tins and emergency demands could be met, and as an alternative or complementary means of drawing from railhead, a percentage of tank vehicles would be needed, in addition to the trailers with units and supply formations.

There are at the moment two main types of road tanker in commercial use: an ordinary four-wheeled lorry, having a tank mounted on its chassis, and a six-wheeler consisting of two component parts—a short four-wheeled chassis, and a tank, the front end of which rests upon and is pivotally attached to the former, while its rear extremity is carried by two wheels. This form of tank body, which is in reality more of a trailer, cannot be detached from its tractor at short notice.

The Scammel is an example of this non-rigid type, which by virtue of its six wheels is capable of carrying far heavier loads per engine h.p. than the ordinary rigid framed four-wheeler.

Both these types, on account of their weight and solid tyres, are restricted to good roads, and are therefore liable on active service to cause traffic congestion during filling and discharge, and to present difficulty in concealing.

In any future operations it will be essential, therefore, for such vehicles to possess cross-country ability. This, however, unless absolutely unavoidable, should not be achieved at the expense of their load-carrying powers, as any reduction in

Digitized by Google

these would tend to increase the number of mechanical transport vehicles on the lines of communication. These desiderata suggest the R.A.S.C. rigid frame six-wheeler, which with its large load capacity and excellent cross-country performance appears at first sight to be an ideal type for this purpose. Although able to leave the road, and having larger load capacity than the ordinary four-wheeled lorry, this vehicle could not, however, deal with the two thousand five hundred odd gallons, which the largest Scammel non-rigid six-wheeler tanker is capable of carrying, owing to the tremendous frame distortion a load of this weight would exert upon a rigid chassis in passing over uneven surfaces. Moreover, both these types, in common with all other mechanical transport vehicles as at present constructed, have a common disadvantage where their military utility for the carriage of vital commodities is concerned, as in the event of mechanical breakdown, their loads also become immobile unless transferred to another vehicle.

This in the case of petrol in bulk would be a lengthy proceeding, and one presenting considerable difficulty. In this respect the use of trailers constitutes a distinct advantage, as, being haulable by any ordinary M.T. vehicle, they fall into a somewhat similar category to horse transport in that a " spare team " can always be hitched in if required.

It therefore appears advisable as a general principle for all loads of specific importance to be carried as far as possible in trailers or easily detachable bodies, in preference to being actually incorporated in the chassis of an M.T. vehicle. Thus it is apparent that, if a non-rigid multi-wheeler could be evolved, of which the load carrying or trailer portion was detachable with little or no difficulty, and this, moreover, of a type having pneumatic tyres and other features giving it cross-country ability, we should have an ideal military transport vehicle for the carriage of heavy loads, such as petrol and water tanks, bridging components, or other technical equipment of a highly important character.

Some Thoughts for the Future.

The steady development of aviation and the mechanization of artillery which marks the present military era has given cause for much apprehension among administrative branches regarding the future difficulties of adequately protecting the long lines of communication which the highly

Digitized by Google

mobile operations of mechanized armies will necessitate. It is generally recognized that railways, roads and other permanent lines of transporation are likely to become increasingly vulnerable. The timely evolution of the high speed six-wheeler, with its remarkable cross-country ability, provides, however, a solution to the problem.

We must be prepared to meet the supply requirements of the modern army in war, amongst which petrol will become increasingly important, by cross-country transport of this type, depending neither upon permanent roads or any ground surface conditions for its effective operation.

The increased haulage power, unattended by disproportionately greater petrol consumption, induced by the remarkable road adhesion of the six-wheeler, apart from its power to negotiate all types of terrain, fits it particularly for traction work, and therefore renders practicable the trailer system of petrol supply suggested in this article. At the same time the smaller fuel consumption of this type as compared with semi-tracked machines and other cross-country vehicles would be a considerable factor in reducing petrol requirements, and, together with its many other good points, undoubtedly points to its adoption not only for second and third line, but for first line transport and other fighting purposes.

One point in regard to military transport of the future which must be thoroughly impressed at this initial stage in its development is the absolute necessity for close co-operation between military and civil authorities. This is essential in order that vehicles of the type most suitable for a mechanized army may be made sufficiently attractive to the commercial user, to ensure for them a ready market, and thus provide in peace an adequate reserve to meet the requirements of mobilization.

Fortunately, the six-wheeler is not only possessed of characteristics rendering it most suitable for military use, but has at the same time qualities of distinct industrial value, which will, it is anticipated, lead to its wide adoption throughout the commercial world.

The evolution of the six-wheeler not only affects mechanization as a whole, but the complementary problems of petrol supply in the field, the efficiency of which will, as we have seen, largely depend upon the availibility of suitable material, particularly in the shape of cross-country mechanical transport.

Digitized by Google

In conclusion, it is only necessary to point out that arrangements as detailed, and precise as any which formed part of the general mobilization plan, must be perfected in peace, for the provision of petrol handling equipment adaptable to the working requirements of petrol supply under all conditions.

Peace time intelligence work must be continuous in collecting information as to suitable bases in all possible theatres of operations, from which plans and matériel for the installation and working of petrol supply facilities at, and beyond each, may be prepared and kept up to date. Until we have perfected such arrangements to meet the diversity of conditions under which our military forces may be required to operate, universal mechanization might obviously be in certain circumstances more of a hindrance than a help in the pursuit of victory.

Digitized by Google

BIG GAME SHOOTING AND THE TRAINING OF OFFICERS.

By Capt. H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C., The Buffs.

WE are reminded from time to time, in the Service press and elsewhere, of the value of fox-hunting in connection with the training of the officers of our Army, and, for the most part, we fully appreciate the importance of such games and sports as cricket, Rugby football and boxing. Although each one has its own characteristics and requires in a greater or lesser degree certain given attributes, the underlying principles of all sport are the same.

It is proposed here to review quite briefly the advantages to be gained, from the point of view of military training for officers, by the pursuit of big game. It should be a matter for congratulation that we, as an Army, have greater facilities for indulging in this fine sport than the majority of armies of other nations. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that at some time during his service every British Regular officer will, in all probability, get the opportunity to shoot in one part or other of the Empire. The point to remember is that when this chance presents itself it should not be missed, and those who are in a position to obtain leave, or grant others leave, for the purpose, should do so. In places, of course, the expense involved is considerable, though a good deal can be done by proper organization to minimize the financial strain imposed upon officers in the same way as it is done for polo, pigsticking, hunting and other sports.

Many volumes have been written on the subject of big game shooting, and the works of such men as Selous afford instructive and fascinating reading. There are books dealing with the sport in all its varied forms and with every type of game, and the beginner is recommended to get into the picture by a study of some of these before setting out on his first expedition. As in everything else, efficiency can only be acquired as the result of practice, but an elementary knowledge gained from reading and conversation with others of experience will save a lot of disappointment to the hunter and, maybe, unnecessary wounding of the beast. The

Digitized by Google

countries which harbour big game to-day are almost as varied and divergent in character as the peculiarities of the animals themselves, with the result that, as in war, no two exactly similar situations are likely to arise and each will have to be judged on its own merits. It is, therefore, not possible to survey the whole subject in an article of this nature, or to do more than select one aspect for purposes of illustration, but, provided it is a typical instance, it should serve to demonstrate how the sport is useful in exercising the very qualities we hope to find in our junior leaders.

It may appear farfetched to draw a comparison between the hunter in pursuit of big game and the soldier endeavouring to defeat his enemy in war, but when we come to consider the circumstances in which each is placed, it will be found that there is, after all, a marked degree of similarity. Let us suppose that the object to be attained is the acquisition of a fine head of antelope or buffalo—taking Africa as our hunting ground—and let us see how the hunter sets about his task and follow his actions step by step.

The first phase is the search for game and the acquisition of information. This is usually obtained from the local natives. It may be vague, and it may be inaccurate and out-of-date, so that some ingenuity is required to sift the truth from the untruth, the pertinent from the irrelevant. Having obtained a rough idea as to the area in which to conduct his search, the hunter sets forth, accompanied by the most reliable native guide he can find, to conduct his personal reconnaissance and look for spoor. To track game successfully requires keen observation and a faculty for making correct deductions from a mass of minor details and apparently unimportant signs. Some natives may be relied upon to see the sportsman through this part of the business, but the great majority cannot, and in any case it is desirable to be able to check their actions and the directions they take. To be able to gauge with any degree of certainty the age of spoor and of droppings, and the pace at which the herd has moved, judged by the signs of grazing, is a matter which can only be mastered by degrees, but common sense and sound reasoning can do much to help the beginner. Another attribute of great importance when looking for game is determination and endurance. Unlike former times when vast herds of game roamed about the country, to-day, except in certain localities and game reserves, it is often necessary

Digitized by Google

to trek very many miles before a sight of the quarry is obtained. Blank days may be the exception rather than the rule, and the hunter who is easily discouraged and not prepared to face the discomfort and fatigue of long marches in the heat, is not likely to be well rewarded. Physical fitness is the first essential in big game shooting.

The second phase may be said to commence when the herd has been sighted, and, to use the words of our manuals, when contact has been obtained. This situation may present itself in any number of different ways, ranging from a face-to-face encounter to a distant view of the herd some hundreds of yards away, but, whatever the circumstances, the hunter's actions at this juncture are all important. He is called upon, in the first instance, to appreciate the situation as quickly and as clearly as he can. His object is quite plain, but there are sure to be a variety of factors which must affect his plan and some of them may conflict with one another. He will have to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the various courses open to him, and to select the one most likely to ensure success. This mental process should be almost instinctive and the more experienced the hunter, the more nearly so will it be. When, however, we come to deal with the different factors which may have to be taken into consideration it will be seen how easy it is to miss a vital point and to reason confusedly, and unless this appreciation, like all others, is quick, clear and logical, there will be little or no chance of securing the prize.

Let us now examine some of these factors. In the first place a knowledge of the characteristics of the beasts is essential. These include the relative development of the senses of sight, smell and hearing, the vital parts of the body, herd organization, probable action taken when disturbed and, in the case of dangerous game, its method of attack. Secondly, there is the nature of the intervening country, the best lines of approach, cover from view, nature of the trees, density of the undergrowth, folds in the ground, etc. Thirdly, though this may be the foremost factor, there is the strength and direction of the wind and the time it may take to reach the herd from some given point. Lastly, there is the formation of the herd, the position within it of the actual trophy sought after, and the situation and attitude of any outlying members who may give the alarm.

From the above it will be seen how difficult and complex

Digitized by Google

this mental appreciation may be, and no matter how favourable the situation for the hunter, some of the factors mentioned will certainly be present.

The final phase may be said to be the stalk, if one is necessary, and the taking of the shot. One might almost call it the concentration of force at the decisive time and place. As the asset of mobility lies with the hunted rather than with the hunter, it is to the advantage of the latter, by effecting surprise, to neutralize it as far as possible. Once game has been disturbed and has made off it is not easy to approach it again; great care must, therefore, be taken to move quietly and unobtrusively. Every bit of available cover should be turned to good account, and when hidden from his quarry by an obstacle or fold in the ground, the hunter should advance as rapidly as he can. Stalks may be carried out by bounds from cover to cover, or by a stealthy continuous approach. It may be necessary to assume a crouching attitude at one period and to crawl on hands and knees, or even stomach at the next. Skilful use of ground combined with constant vigilance are the secrets of good stalking. No movement of the herd should escape detection, and any signs of alarm should be particularly noted. If the suspicions of even one beast are aroused the stalker will have to remain motionless, watching intently for the opportunity to proceed. The more protected the position of the particular beast selected, the more difficult will all this manœuvring become, but as in everything else, half-measures are seldom successful and patience is usually rewarded. When at last the moment to take the shot arrives it must be seized without hesitation, as it is not likely to recur. Although the range is short, judged by musketry standards, the shot will seldom be easy, as the target is small and indefinite (the vital parts of the largest beasts are strictly limited in area), the hunter perhaps breathless and excited, and the position awkward. Lying shots are the exception rather than the rule and no sighters are allowed in this kind of competition.

It is not the purpose here to examine the consequences of wounding dangerous game and the attributes required to deal with a charging lion or buffalo or a stampeding herd of elephant. This can safely be left to the imagination. The object has merely been to emphasize what has often been said before about the value of big game shooting as an aid

Digitized by Google

to training officers, because the matter needs emphasis, and to show that, without drawing a long bow, there really is a certain similarity between this form of sport and many a tactical operation in the field. The platoon and company commander, or their equivalents in the other arms, who have had the advantage of big game shooting in India, Africa or elsewhere—and the differences are only matters of detail—will assuredly be better placed to face the problems confronting them in warfare than those who have had to rely solely on the peace training of their units.

What facilities exist for training in ground reconnaissance work comparable to those met with in the bush, the plains or the jungle of Africa and India, and what minor operation in war, especially as regards the infantry, does not largely depend for its success on the skilful use of ground? From first to last, big game shooting is a form of reconnaissance, and a very detailed one at that. It is also one which must be conducted within a strictly limited space of time, involving quick thinking and a trained eye for country. We know only too well how important it is in mobile warfare to reduce to the minimum the time spent on reconnaissance, as the situation is constantly changing and the initiative may be lost. On the other hand, reconnaissances which are incomplete and not thorough may lead to the adoption of a faulty plan. With regard to the actual use of ground in an advance, the practice obtained in stalking is quite invaluable and to be able to approach a herd of buffalo in comparatively open country, bearing in mind the acute sense of smell, hearing and eyesight possessed by these beasts, is a task which requires considerable skill. What better training for a platoon commander? We know how the Red Indians of North America constantly succeeded in surprising the white settlers in the early days, and the tactics they employed for fighting were the same as they used for hunting. Their advantage lay in their ability to approach unseen.

In conclusion, it may be pointed out that lessons learnt from practical personal experience, in which the interest is never allowed to flag, are more likely to produce lasting impressions than those which depend to a large extent upon the imagination.

Digitized by Google

SUN

By C. R. Major.

"NOBBY CLARK and Bolty Edwards." These two names, fragrant with memories of a privates' mess on board one of His Majesty's troopers, caught my eye as I glanced through some old papers. I pulled out the two or three sheets of foolscap. I found them to be odd jottings made by a great friend of mine who, at the end of 1918, whilst waiting at Kantara for a boat to take him home with the "student class" for early demobilization, had filled in the weary days by making pen sketches of some of his experiences.

I remember the day that his orders for embarkation came through, he dashed into my tent and hurled the unfinished manuscript at my head, with some perfectly absurd malediction, and a parting blessing for my benighted self.

Through the years, for after all, it must have been over eight years ago, I seem to recollect a parting injunction that if I ever used any of the anecdotes it must be on the one condition that he was not to be asked to rewrite, revise, or "have anything to do with the beastly things." I know the author would offer his apologies for any crudeness or harshness of style if I dared trouble him, but in the circumstances I do not intend to do so. Be that as it may, the following story stands as it was penned eight years ago.

* * * * *

It is one of those blue and white skies here to-day. Little, fleecy, white clouds showing all over the heavens. Several 'planes have been buzzing about, and as I write, one has just appeared against the patch of sky I can see through my tent door, gliding to earth.

Now the sun has decided to shine, and as its glare comes upon the rows of tents it makes them appear almost dazzlingly white, whereas before they looked grey and dirty. A wonderful thing, the sun: A cleanser, a purifier, and at times a destroyer.

You wonder no doubt at this last. You, who have seen

Digitized by Google

only his pleasant side. And I almost marvel, as I sit now in my tent, kept just sufficiently warm by the sun's rays, that he could possibly be the same that has almost blinded me and destroyed me by thirst. But I will tell you a story—I do not figure in it except as a witness. It deals indirectly with the heat of the sun and how he made two men who were enemies, greater foes than ever, and finally brought them together.

You remember in 1914, when that first batch of Territorials went to India? Well, our life on "The Plain" had been strenuously happy and personal feelings were not allowed to rankle, but on the boat our tempers lost in sweetness as the number of days increased. It is possible the rather poor food of the hurriedly victualled boat had something to do with the matter. Through the Mediterranean we steamed, the blue waters of which well upheld their reputation, but even here our tempers were rather raw, especially with people, who perhaps unwittingly, had incurred our ire. Then we reached the Red Sea. Great Scot. I had not known till then the power of the sun's heat. Men sweltered day and night, and between decks the heat was intense.

It was the second day after passing through the Suez Canal. Everything that could possibly melt had done so, practically including ourselves. The ration butter, which when we first came on board we had all greatly enjoyed, was now like cart grease, it swayed from side to side, following the least motion of the boat. Such was the consistency of the ship's butter.

As regards ourselves, in dripping shirts and frayed tempers we sat down this particular afternoon to tea, which consisted of bread and butter accompanied by some sort of mixture for tea.

I had gained my usual corner in Mess No. 44, near the porthole. Bolty Edwards, the Adjutant's servant, and Nobby Clark, the Commanding Officer's groom, were both in the same mess as myself, and sitting opposite each other.

Now I watched these two, for although my own disposition was not of silky smoothness, I knew they were at daggers drawn, even when we were in camp, away from horrid heat and the cramping effect of the boat. Their original cause of dispute does not matter; it was probably some girl in the little Dorset village they had left. Here,

Digitized by Google

however, in the middle of the Red Sea, they glared each at the other over the mess table.

Bolty was the first to speak. "Well, will you know me again?" he asked of the staring Nobby.

"Will I, 'ell!" says Nobby. "Who could forget a face like yours?"

Bolty started, thought, could not frame a suitable reply, and then, quick as a flash, seized his shining new tin mug by the handle and hurled the steaming contents into Nobby's face.

All our mess paused in the act of eating. Only two or three messes on either side of No. 44 had noticed the incident, the others, along the deck of the trooper, were going on with their meal. But the few who had seen waited patiently for Nobby to act. Waited, whilst he wiped tea from his eyes and nose.

At first he glared, but only for a few seconds. Then with a lightning movement the groom picked up the round tin containing our three day's supply of butter, now in a liquid state, and reaching across the intervening table, crowned Bolty with the inverted tin.

A roar of laughter from all messes in the vicinity of No. 44 greeted this return of compliments.

Bolty, with the golden greasy fluid pouring down his face and neck, was a gorgeous sight. Butter was in his eyes, his ears, his hair and rapidly percolating through the thin shirt he was wearing. With the tin still tightly fixed on his head, and the light of battle in his eyes, or as much of them as we could see through the streaming butter, he leapt the table and rushed at his now grinning opponent.

But matters had gone far enough. We parted them. Anyway, we could not allow the Adjutant to be troubled with a black-eyed servant, because Bolty's eyes are usually very blue.

* * * * *

"Yes," said the Colonel, as the Adjutant rode up beside him, "It's going to be one of the worst days we've had." And so it proved.

This was eighteen months after our passage through the Red Sea, and we were in Mespot. The old Mesopotamia, not the place of good supplies and decent trains that it is now.* Kut was just falling, and we were marching, marching, with a set purpose. It does not matter where, but we

* February, 1918.

Digitized by Google

pushed on, touching the edge of the flood water from the mighty Euphrates each day when it became too hot to march farther.

Bolty and Nobby were with the Battalion Headquarters party, and as luck would have it, I was struggling along in the same " four."

On, on, on we went, over the grim waste of desert. The other fellow of our " four," whose name I have forgotten, was the first to go. But all I wish to tell you is about Bolty, Nobby, and myself.

We had been marching for about five hours, with, of course, the usual ten-minute halts in every hour. The heat was intense and our tongues were cleaving to the roofs of our mouths. Our lips parched and cracked. Two or three fellows had gone down with the sun and were left in the care of a fit man to be handed to the ambulance people, coming behind with the bullock-drawn ambulance tongas.

We had halted for ten minutes.

On again, on for another silent stretch. Suddenly Nobby Clark tottered and fell. We stooped over him. Bolty and myself, from practical experience, diagnosed the case as heatstroke. We opened his jacket at the neck, undid his equipment, and laid him more comfortably on the ground. But we both knew what he needed, as he lay there insensible. Water, water ! And plenty of it to drench him through and through.

I looked at Bolty, Bolty looked at me. We both knew Nobby had it badly. Then without any further hesitation Bolty pulled his water bottle from his equipment and poured the refreshing liquid over the face, neck, and chest of the insensible Nobby. With the tender care of a mother he used his saturated handkerchief to bathe Nobby's neck.

Both our water bottles were now empty, and the flood water right away to the east. The ambulance was a good two and a half miles behind, and not a scrap of shade on the whole desert for miles. Bolty looked in anguish at me. " Will he die ?" he asked.

I did not know, and said so ; and in the same breath asked Bolty what we were to do. He thought for a while. Then he said, " I know, you take all three water bottles and fill them " (for we had been forced eventually to use the water in Nobby's bottle) " whilst I stand here over him and afford as much shade as possible."

Digitized by Google

Now, I knew he was proposing the harder job for himself, for to stand still in that awful heat is much worse than moving about, but I did not demur and accordingly set out on my weary way to the flood water, shimmering and dancing so alluringly in the sunlight a good mile away.

I did it. Eventually I struggled back to Bolty and found him nearly fainting, but still standing, so that his shadow might fall on Nobby.

Together we applied more water and had the satisfaction of seeing Nobby's eyelids quiver. Then he came round just as the ambulance reached us.

* * * * *

I had been some time in Palestine. Transferred to another battalion, away from Nobby and Bolty. The Armistice with Turkey had just been signed and we were feeling very pleased with life. I wandered to the N.A.C.B. Canteen* to buy something to celebrate the universal peace which then seemed so imminent. As I looked at the price list I heard a voice which sounded familiar, say: "What about a tin of butter, Nobby?"

* "Navy and Army Canteen Board," now the "Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes."

Digitized by Google

WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

12.—A FAIR HAVEN

By "CRUSTACEAN."

LAST August, what is traditionally known as the "Silly Season" in journalism, brought a new question to the fore. The Big Gooseberry and the Sea Serpent are, of course, hopelessly *démodés*, and even such intriguing queries as "Are Men Vain?" and "Do Silk Stockings cause Pimples?" have lost much of their old snap. This year the journal with the largest net circulation broke new ground by demanding "Why Colonels are Crusty?"—the warriors thus placed in the pillory of publicity being those retired with colonel's rank. The usual would-be comic people sent would-be humorous replies about curry and alcohol, but Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn spoke out loud and clear, pointing out that enforced retirement at an early age, on an insufficient income, and with children to educate, was at least a contributory cause.

With all due respect to General MacMunn, we think that he has overlooked an important point. We consider that the feature of present-day conditions which particularly justifies crustiness in all retired officers is one referred to at length in the first issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES over three years ago. In that number there appeared an article entitled "The House: How to obtain it and what it costs." It was there stated that those about to retire were intensely interested in the question, "Where shall I settle down?" The housing situation then existing was frankly stated, and the forecast was made that improvement would be for some years of slow growth. "Within the next five years the improvement, while appreciable, will be of small proportions; the renting of a suitable house will be a rarity for some time to come; and the purchase of a house price will range from one hundred per cent. over pre-war prices in the case of a mansion or large house, to from two hundred to two hundred and fifty per cent. in the case of a small house. The 'small' house is the pearl without price to-day."

Digitized by Google

That the author of the article was justified in her prophecy will be borne out by the experience of the writer of these lines. In the years immediately preceding the war a job in Whitehall led to our residence in a cottage some score of miles from town. The cottage was a delightful one, old in design but modern in construction and equipment. We were pressed by the owner to buy it for £700, but as we were then still following the drum we had to content ourselves with a short lease and the prospect of securing the dwelling when the time should come to doff the harness from our wearied limbs. A dozen years later Fate brought us, on retirement, to the same neighbourhood. There is, of course, nothing "To Let." The cottage is as charming as ever, and at the moment is for sale. The price asked for it now is £3,000, and local house agents assert that it will certainly fetch £2,500. Even the latter figure represents an appreciation of 257 per cent. The retired pay of a lieutenant-colonel, on the other hand, represents an advance on his pre-war emolument of but 36 per cent. Put in another way, he is faced with the problem of buying with £136 a thing which is on sale for £357. It cannot be done, and the enforced recognition of this fact has a crusty effect.

Nor is the crustiness diminished by another feature of present conditions. Even when the retired officer, by self-sacrifice, by hypothecating the future, and by the amiability of his bankers, has succeeded in purchasing, at an extortionate price, a roof for his family, he makes a disconcerting discovery. Excellent "Council" cottages are to be seen newly built in his district. In construction and amenities they are superior to some of the officer's married quarters he and his spouse have dwelt in during their service. But they are filled by a working-class population who are admitted as tenants at an "uneconomic" rent. The balance has to be made up from somewhere, and it is so made up—in the form of rates—from the other inhabitants, including our crusty friend. Not only, therefore, has the retired officer, with but a slight increase to his pre-war retired pay, to pay an extortionate price for his own cottage, but he has in addition to pay part of the rent of people whose wages have increased by from 80 to 100 per cent. This, far more than curry and alcohol, is productive of crustiness.

Jesting apart, there is something pathetic in the sight of retired officers of the three Services turned adrift in early

Digitized by Google

middle life with an insufficient income, children to educate, and the prospect of becoming victims of house-selling profiteers. Other classes receive far more favourable treatment. The Rent Restriction Acts protect hundreds of thousands of " sitting " tenants who, so far from taking part in the war, stayed at home and feathered their nests uncommonly well. The working-class population who are granted cottages at uneconomic rents we have already referred to. The unfortunate retired officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force are very hardly hit by this housing question. And yet by mutual co-operation, supplemented by Government assistance (not charity), a great deal toward a solution might be done.

As all readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES are aware, his late Majesty King Edward VII presented the royal residence of Osborne to the nation as a convalescent home for officers of the Navy and Army, some apartments more intimately connected with Queen Victoria being preserved intact as a memorial to her. Since the date of the bequest the Royal Air Force has come into being, and its officers, of course, now share in the privileges of the older Services. Accommodation is provided for sixty officers. At the time of the bequest a Royal Navy College, in replacement of the *Britannia*, had recently been opened on the estate, but has since been closed down. The whole of the estate amounts to some 3,000 acres, of which 400 are part and parcel of the Home itself, but actually there is no real subdivision.

Of the total number of vacancies available in the Convalescent Home, it seldom happens that the maximum is reached, and probably thirty to forty occupants would represent a fair average. It can hardly be maintained that for the recovery of a handful of officer convalescents an estate of 3,000 acres is really required. As a matter of fact—and we speak what we know, having been " in residence " on three occasions, before, during and after the war—the grounds are practically deserted of patients. For the population of Osborne always consists of two classes—those who are sufficiently well to " get about " and whose obsession it is to get out of the grounds to Cowes, Portsmouth and Southampton at every opportunity ; and those, still crocked, who sun themselves in sheltered spots contiguous to the house itself. The great bulk of the estate is therefore a desert. Time and again the writer of this article has wandered miles through it without meeting a single

Digitized by Google

fellow-patient, and often without meeting a human being at all. It is one of the loveliest—and loneliest—estates in England, and has always struck the writer as The Region of Lost Opportunities.

Perhaps a description of the estate will here be not out of place. Osborne is situated at the top of an eminence above Cowes, and to the east of that town. The house itself is on an immense plateau, the ground sloping from it down to the Solent, the sea front being probably a couple of miles. Generally speaking, the whole of the estate is typical park-land, with frequent clumps of trees and occasional wood-lands. The foreshore is for the most part of small rocks, but there is quite a good beach at the foot of the slope from the house and about half a mile from it. A large slipway projects from the beach, and was evidently intended for the landing of stores and supplies in the old Queen's days. This could be converted into a pier and landing stage for the steamers on the Southampton—Cowes—Ryde—Portsmouth service. Excellent bathing is possible from the beach. The estate is traversed by some good metalled roads. The buildings on the estate consist of gate lodges, rangers' quarters, and a large house called Barton Manor—exclusive, that is, of Osborne House itself, the present Convalescent Home.

King Edward VII had ever the interest of the officers of his Services at heart, and that the estate of Osborne should be utilized as far as possible for their benefit would certainly have been to his liking. The estate, it should be mentioned, was presented to the " nation," but it seems to have been understood that the whole of it was to be regarded as belonging to the Convalescent Home. Certainly the public are excluded from it, while the patients, if they wish, can range over it all at will. It should be mentioned that on certain days the public are admitted into the old State Apartments of the house itself, and are further permitted to walk for about half a mile between iron railings to the Swiss Cottage to view the spades and buckets and wheelbarrows used by Queen Victoria's children. So far as a period of observation, amounting to nine months in all, has revealed, this seems to comprise all the existing rights of the public, and they are mentioned in order that it may be seen that these rights would not be prejudiced by the scheme which follows.

Briefly, the scheme now put forward is that the estate should be developed into a community, settlement, garden

Digitized by Google

city—call it what you will—exclusively for retired married officers of the Navy, Regular Army and Air Force ; that the money for such development should be advanced by Government ; that houses should be built upon it by Government contract of sizes, and with the amenities, suitable for tenants of the social class indicated ; and that these houses should be let at a rent which would pay a fair and reasonable dividend on the value of the land, the cost of the house, its depreciation, and a proportional share for overhead charges and for amenities common to the settlement as a whole. It is, of course, not easy to estimate with exactitude what the economic rent of such houses would be. But the writer believes that a detached house, with half an acre of garden, and consisting of two sitting rooms and four bedrooms and small garage, could be let for £65 per annum, and that a larger house with one and a half acres and containing six bedrooms and three sitting rooms and a larger garage could make a profit if let at £110 per annum, with, of course, a range intermediate in size between these figures.

As has been said, the estate amounts to some 3,000 acres, of which 400 are the actual demesne of the Convalescent Home. The latter figure includes the existing golf links, which obviously can never be seriously overcrowded by the portion of the thirty or forty invalids physically fit to play, and as a matter of fact they are often completely deserted. The links might therefore be common to the Home and the proposed settlement. On paper, 2,600 acres would now be available for the latter, but from this figure obviously a deduction would have to be made for cottages, lodges and some other buildings on the estate. Making a very generous deduction for these claims, it is clear that at least 2,000 acres would be left. If of this figure 500 acres be earmarked for open spaces, games (other than golf links, to which reference, and for which allowance, have been made above), roadways, and public buildings such as church, post office, club, a central " store," etc., the residuum should still reach the fine total of 1,500 acres. Assuming that every house erected is detached, and that the grounds of each vary from half an acre to an acre and a half, with an average of an acre, such settlement could contain 1,500 houses and be a Fair Haven indeed for that number of families of retired officers of the three Services.

It may be advisable here to emphasize the fact that the

Digitized by Google

scheme—which is in no way a " charitable " one, but a matter of business—is, however, intended to benefit the less fortunate, from a financial point of view, of those officers who every year leave the Services. It is not proposed, for instance, that the Settlement should be used merely as a convenience by those who have the means to live in comfort elsewhere. Nor is it intended that it should be primarily filled by those whose seniority and service have yielded them a retired living wage ; thus the Settlement would by no means be inhabited chiefly by admirals and generals. The people we have in mind are those included in the ranks from lieutenant-commander to captain in the Navy, with their opposite numbers in the other Services. And the retirement must be compulsory, due to age limit or no further employment available. It is hardly necessary to point out that the scheme does not envisage young couples, tiring of the Service, and complacently settling down in a pleasant neighbourhood in a good house at a low rent. The community would be reserved strictly for those who had done the maximum of service asked of them and who would have done more had the opportunity been granted them.

To realize the benefits which would be conferred upon the class of officers we have in view, it will be best to consider what is their fate under existing conditions. These officers are turned adrift with retired pay varying from nominally £450 to some £800 a year—" nominally," for a scaling down owing to a drop in the cost of living has twice taken place since 1919. As we have excluded, in the previous paragraph, those more fortunate individuals whose private means render them immune from serious financial worries, we can confine our attention to those with incomes within the figures just stated, plus some *small* private means, without which it is difficult to see how these folk could, or would, have married at all. Put into a frank sentence, we know that every year married officers, with families, leave the Services with incomes which do not exceed £700 a year, and are sometimes distinctly less. General MacMunn has described them for us with accuracy as men living in bungalows in remote and half-baked seaside localities, wearing old shooting jackets, getting some golf and an occasional day's fishing, and—these are the *ipsissima verba* of General MacMunn—" starving themselves to educate their sons." It is not only in these remote bays that we encounter these martyrs. Every outer suburb of

Digitized by Google

London has its quota. Bedford knows them well. In every county remote hamlets have their solitary representatives of that class which Thackeray typifies as "the veteran officer who has slunk into shabby retirement and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay." And so they pass their days without sufficient means, with no mutual co-operation, with no political influence whatever, and without a helping hand from the country they have served. The pity of it!

It is true that some are able to scrape a little capital together and to emigrate to some of our Dominions. THE FIGHTING FORCES, in its admirable series "When the Harness is Unbuckled," has dealt with the possibilities for retired officers under other skies. But when all is said and done this is really a counsel of despair. The growing of apples, the cultivation of vineyards, and the intricacies of cotton are things of which the average retired officer knows about as much as an emu does of envelopes, and as, from the very nature of the case, retired officers have already done a fair share of exile, it seems that they have a strong claim to end their days, and to bring up their children, in their own country. We confess to a distinct feeling of irritation when we read the patronizing advice to retired colonels and captains to betake themselves to the ends of the earth. We do not so urge lawyers who have done their work, or retired stockbrokers, or superannuated rectors, or editors who cannot make both ends meet. Emigration is for the young; let the veteran spend the autumn and winter of his life at home.

A settlement such as we have sketched out in this article would give the retired officer of small means just the conditions he desires and the amenities he deserves. A Service community, as the New Osborne would be, inhabited entirely by Service people occupying new and comfortable houses at an economic but moderate rent, and administered by them, would be a veritable paradise compared with the isolated discomfort now endured. Needless to say, in a town of 1,500 solvent families supplies could be obtained on the co-operative principle, and doubtless the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute would be glad of the chance of such custom. Socially, financially, and also from the point of view of health and recreation, such a settlement opens up pleasant possibilities. That difficulties would be met in bringing the scheme to fruition is realized. But nothing can

Digitized by Google

alter the facts that King Edward VII left the estate to the nation, with a clearly expressed bias towards the officers of his Services; that the nation, as such, gets nothing from Osborne, and indeed wants nothing; and that to develop the estate into a community for retired Service people of moderate means would be a fitting War Memorial to the Navy, the Regular Army and the Air Force.

The difficulty is that the retired officers are unorganized. One Service, however, is an exception: we refer to the Association of Retired Naval Officers. We earnestly recommend a consideration of the possibilities of the scheme to that body. A committee from it, co-opting to itself members from the other Services, could set the ball rolling. Naturally the scheme would be viewed with initial horror by Whitehall and the Officer of Works, but that would wear off and a beginning be made to a project which seems to have in it the promise of ultimate success.

Digitized by Google

EMPLOYMENT OF PENSIONERS AND EX-SOLDIERS AT REGIMENTAL DEPOTS

IN previous issues of this Journal suggestions have been formulated, on the score of economy, for the abolition of Regimental Depots and the training of recruits by the home battalion. Although such a scheme would have much to commend it, yet we are far from regarding it as the only alternative to existing arrangements. Recently there have been suggestions that a Corps of Infantry should be created and that as a first step regiments should be grouped together and each group of regiments should possess one large depot in place of the number of small depots at present in existence. These suggestions are embodied in an admirable article by Capt. G. L. Appleton, R.A., which appeared in the August number of the " R.U.S.I. Journal." We readily admit they have an immense amount in their favour.

But whether the present arrangement of Regimental Depots remains, or whether the large depot system comes into being there is no doubt that a more extended employment of pensioners and ex-Regular soldiers (who are not reservists) might be carried out at depots, an arrangement which both from a practical and from a financial point of view, has a great many advantages in its favour.

For many years past the position of orderly-room clerk and mobilization storeman at Regimental Depots has been filled by a pensioner. More recently an A.C.I. authorized the employment of a pensioner as Officers' Mess steward and of another as caterer for the Sergeants' Mess. All these appointments have proved a very great success and far more satisfactory than the previous arrangements which involved such frequent changes of personnel. A Sergeants' Mess, for example, used to change its caterer in some cases every month, but never less frequently than once a quarter. The men now employed on these jobs are very thorough in their work and take a real interest in it, naturally so, for they realize that as long as they give satisfaction their job is permanent.

Digitized by Google

It is not considered that any of the N.C.Os. at present serving at depots could be replaced by pensioners as they are nearly all employed as drill instructors, apart from which they often have to attend courses away from the depot, but there is no doubt a large number of jobs now held by serving soldiers could with great advantage be performed by pensioners and ex-soldiers. Such jobs are: Cooks, sanitary men, quartermaster's storemen, company storemen, postman, librarian and dining-room orderlies. The serving soldiers who now hold these jobs are posted to a depot for a two years' tour of duty from the home battalion and very often the Battalion Commander finds it extremely difficult to produce suitable men for the duties required. Furthermore, such tours of duty are detrimental to the soldier from the training point of view. After two years at the depot he gets out of touch with soldiering owing to the nature of the work he has been doing and does not relish the idea of going back to company training, manœuvres, etc.

Other disadvantages which militate against the employment of the serving soldier at depots are:—

1. At the end of two years, when he is thoroughly used to his work, a change has to be made and he is sent back to his battalion.

2. He is often too young and as a consequence does his work indifferently. His thoughts are centred on leave, and he is apt to hurry through his work so that he can get out as early as possible.

3. A private soldier costs the public roughly 50/- per week; in addition to this, there are the railway expenses consequent upon his frequent reliefs, cost of ammunition to keep him proficient in the use of his rifle and numerous other outlays which would not occur if the pensioner or ex-soldier was employed.

Now let us consider some of the advantages, if pensioners were to be employed.

1. A pensioner would do the job permanently.

2. In view of his age he is more likely to settle down and take a real interest in his work.

3. If he was employed on the same lines as barrack labourers, his cost to the public would be about 40/- a week.

4. In the event of mobilization the ordinary routine of the depot could be continued with very little change in personnel. If mobilization were ordered now, most of the

Digitized by Google

depot staff would be drafted off to the home battalion and their places filled by partially unfit reservists. It is possible to remember the chaos which reigned at most depots in 1914 during the first few weeks of the war.

If these suggestions were adopted they would be a very real help towards solving that problem which still calls so loudly for solution, the employment of the ex-Regular soldier. It must, however, be once more emphasized that it would not be possible for these depot jobs to be taken on by reservists, as their services would, of course, be required on mobilization.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE

PUPPY-DOG'S TAIL.

To the Editor of " The Fighting Forces."

This is a game freely indulged in by the more juvenile members of the canine species and generally renders the animal supine through giddiness and leads to nothing unless it swallows itself.—" Ancient Veterinary Guide."

SIR,

The controversy on mechanization of the Army, which is now waging between the Progressives and the Die-hards, as some people call them, can be likened to the game of " Puppy-Dog's Tail " so far as the Regimental Officer and N.C.O. is concerned. Those who read a little and think a bit, are more and more muddled by the voluminous mass of literature that has been written on the subject from time to time.

Whilst scanning the pages of THE FIGHTING FORCES, Vol. IV, I noticed the following paragraph in the Editorial :—

" It is difficult to understand the persistence of the infantry *myth*, which is not only costing this country many millions of pounds yearly, but is preparing us for disaster in the next war. . . ."

" How any Chancellor of the Exchequer can tolerate the present waste of money on the type of army we have is difficult to understand."

Since returning to these shores I have listened to at least four lectures on tanks and mechanization, and attended heaven knows how many tank demonstrations.

The lecturers have always pointed out that the cavalry are *finished*, *no bon*, and *R.I.P.* The P.B.I. are generally referred to as sentinels on the L. of C., aerodromes and tankodromes (or whatever they are going to call the home of the tank). Also, they have been called " housemaids " ready with broom and pan to sweep up the mess.

But *myth !* (a moth's mother). A joke's a joke all the world over, and I am the first to admit it, but this is too, too much.

With much tub-thumping, these lecturers tell us that the cavalry are to be replaced by light reconnaissance tanks (some of them one-man tanks), and the infantry by other tanks, mobile, well-armoured and with great fire-power ; but what is particularly annoying to the infantry is that, one and all, these Progressives appear to think that every member of the P.B.I. is of the let-sleeping-dogs-lie mentality, and that his one ambition in the world is to hurl his vile corporation against a maelstrom of bullets with no other support than that afforded by the fire of the divisional artillery.

If the Progressives would only come down to earth, buttonhole one of the more thoughtful P.B.I., give him a decent cigar, and talk rationally for a few minutes, they would find that this is not the case.

On the contrary, the slogan of the P.B.I. is " Get on with the tanks ; let us *see* them, and tell us what to do just in case the enemy

Digitized by Google

do have any tanks, and *give* us something to do it with besides dummy guns and lights."

A rough distribution of the cavalry and infantry of the British Army at the moment is :—

CAVALRY.

At Home	14	Regiments.
India	3	,,
Egypt, etc.	4	,,

INFANTRY.

Home	58	Battalions.
India	44	,,
Egypt, etc.	8	,,
China	11	,,
Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, West Indies, etc.	Remainder.	

(Taken from the April, 1927, List.)

Are we to believe that our *type* of army is absolutely wrong, that the benevolent gentlemen who have risen to such giddy heights in Commands, and on the General Staff, have not the slightest idea what they are talking about ?

Those who have followed hounds into a cover are well aware of the fact that it is difficult to see even in mid-winter when the trees are bare, and nothing will make me believe that a gentleman in a motor-car, totally surrounded by iron blinkers, will be able to give a really satisfactory report as to the presence or otherwise of the enemy in a wood, which we are told is a good anti-tank position, and therefore presumably, one which the enemy will occupy.

I hope I am not presuming if I say that I am sure that the cavalryman wishes that the iron-blinkered gentlemen could satisfactorily carry out the reconnaissance of a wood, that is, if the former really loves his horse—and what cavalryman does not ?

The British Army must be prepared to fight in many different types of country, and I believe that, to prove the efficacy of the tank in the hot weather in India, four true and trusty soldiers were sealed in a tank for twelve hours with no more worse results than a bleeding nose.

Despite this gallant effort, it would appear impossible " to do all that thou hast to do actually inside a tank day after day," and the thought of a tank wobbling along the North-West Frontier of India whilst the wily tribesman sits aloft like a crow waiting for the occupants to descend from their iron chariot, conjures up a mental picture that is too horrible to dwell upon.

Imagine yourself a commander in charge of two tank battalions in the Cameroons or the Moplah Country and being told " to get on with it for the honour of the British Empire." " Well,"—as George Robey would say—" What are you going to do about it ?" Personally, I do not know, but I should like to be instructed.

From the abundance of literature I have read on the subject, I must assume that two entirely different kinds of armies are required for a war in an European theatre and for mountain or bush warfare.

Digitized by Google

We can scarcely afford to keep one army, much less two, so we are chasing our tails again. Surely it is better to confine ourselves to research work and a few tanks in the hands of the troops who will use them, and when we get a tank which will fight in mountain and bush, in woods and rivers, which can hold ground won, and carry out the duties of troops in aid of the Civil Power, then we may perhaps call the P.B.I. a *myth*.

On the score of economy here is a little problem you can work out for yourself :—

One Tank : Radius of action, 150 miles ; two miles to the gallon.
Petrol Carrier : Same radius of action, and two miles to the gallon.
Total capacity, 300 gallons.

How many carriers do you want to keep one tank on the go 400 miles from its base ?

Personally, I have not quite finished it yet.

Yours faithfully,
" BRUNO."

[As regards the Moplah country to which " Bruno " refers, it may be impossible country for tanks, but it is equally most poisonous country for infantry to operate in. To our way of thinking, aeroplanes, or better still, seaplanes, operating from the Malabar coast, well equipped with bombs, would be far the best method of damping down sporadic outbreaks in that part of the world. Yet, all the seaplane units the R.A.F. can boast of at present is one miserable flight stationed at Calshot. As to the use of tanks in the North-West Frontier, we can only say that the wily tribesmen in similar country in North Morocco did not find a tank such a palateable bone to pick as " Bruno " thinks. This letter is referred to in the Editorial.—ED.]

RELIGIOUS HATRED IN INDIA.

To the Editor of " The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

How many people in England understand communal tension ? How many people realize that this tension is the rock on which that frail ship " Self-Government in India " is bound to founder ?

The recent communal rioting in Lahore will serve to show the depth and the horror of this religious hatred.

A Mohammedan youth insulted a Sikh girl. The local Sikh elders met in solemn conclave to discuss this outrage. Before midnight four innocent Mohammedans returning from prayers were set upon by a crowd of Sikhs and inartistically butchered to death.

Next morning the local Moslem newspapers appeared in mourning with inspired quotations from the Holy Koran.

" O you who believe ! When you meet a party, then be firm, and remember Allah much, that you may be successful." (Al-Koran, viii, 45-46.)

Digitized by Google

This exhortation fell on ready ears. Before the sun set twelve Hindu corpses were stretched on the verandah of the main police station, and over a hundred cases of severe wounds had been admitted to hospitals.

British and Indian troops then occupied the walled city.

There was something uncanny, something inhuman, something beyond the scope of western intelligence to fathom, in the cold-blooded bestiality of these outrages. A half-dozen or so Mohammedans, armed with iron-shod poles, meet a solitary Hindu or Sikh—a perfect stranger. They knock him down, and proceed to beat him to death. On the appearance of the police or troops they scatter and disappear in the tortuous alley-ways of the city. I have often killed a snake in the same way.

Do we understand the savage intensity of this communal hatred? A hatred that impelled twenty-five Hindu students to rush from their class-room and attack an old gardener and beat him senseless with naked fists, merely because he was a follower of the Prophet! A hatred that must rise before the eyes like a red mist and fill one with the lust to kill; that inspired a medical student to stab a fellow student with a dissecting knife as they worked together over the same corpse. I could give more, and even more horrible instances of this hatred, but the above should suffice.

This religious intolerance is *not* confined to the illiterate masses. The political leaders deliberately encourage it. They pay lip-service to the ideal of Hindu-Moslem unity, and inaugurate societies for the defence of their own religion. Such societies are on the increase in India, and are indirectly a product of the Montagu—Chelmsford Reforms.

What would happen if the British left the Punjab? I venture to say that within twenty-four hours the Sikhs would be at the Mohammedan throats, and carnage and pillage would reign over its million acres. Within a week the wolves of the frontier would swarm to the aid of their co-religionists, and chaos unimaginable would ensue.

No, the British Army cannot leave India yet, nor can Indians be entrusted with much greater power. One British Tommy in a Lahore street was worth twenty of the local men of influence. This is an indisputable fact, *and Indians themselves know it.*

* * * * *

During the rioting a British officer asked a young sepoy what his opinion was of the fracas. The sepoy—a stolid peasant from the Jhelum district—looking round appreciatively at the rich *bunias* shops, answered: "Sahib, it is a matter of great sorrow. But for thy presence we Mohammedans would have *eaten* all those Hindus by now."

Yours faithfully,
"BALUCH."

Digitized by Google

THE BOOKSHELF

LIGHT AND SHADE IN BYGONE INDIA. By LIEUT.-COL. L. H. THORNTON, C.M.G., D.S.O. John Murray. 15s.

Lack of time prevented us reviewing this book in our last number, as it is essentially not one to be dealt with in a few stereotyped lines. The delightfully attractive narrative, based upon a number of lectures delivered to the Regular Army candidates by the author at Cambridge is woven around the life and adventures of General Sir David Baird during his service in India at the end of the eighteenth century. It is perhaps the amazing powers of endurance of our officers and soldiers during this period, whether they formed part of the King's troops or belonged to the East India Company's service, which most of all dominates our attention. Fighting in tropical heat in the most ridiculously inappropriate uniform, storming impregnable fortresses, enduring chains and captivity, often involved in dire disaster through faulty leadership and the puerile indecision of the Madras Government, yet in the end "winning through"—such is the story of British fortitude in those desperate campaigns against Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, culminating in the final capture of Seringapatam.

A Scot (and there were an uncommon number of Scots in all this fighting), David Baird was a splendid soldierly type. Three and a half years he spent in fettered captivity at Seringapatam. Released as a result of the Treaty of Mangalore in 1784, he was three times destined to revisit Seringapatam and eventually to lead his Brigade in the final destruction of Tippoo's stronghold, in 1799. We read, too, of Lord Cornwallis, the Commander-in-Chief, distinguished by his integrity and calm dignity; William Medows, lacking skill as a commander, but bravest and most chivalrous of men and most faithful of adherents; George Harris, capable and clear-headed; Arthur Wellesley, rising inevitably and certainly to the highest peak of military greatness.

Throughout the book the serious note is varied by many delightful anecdotes. We can only quote one, which is extraordinarily humorous, and relates to "a certain commanding officer—and a particularly inefficient one, too—of a native infantry battalion. The inefficient one had reason to know that the authorities were much displeased with him, and that the approaching annual inspection was likely to prove fatal to him, but efficient or inefficient he was determined to die game. The Inspecting Officer arrived—a very fierce man. As he walked down the line his displeasure with what he saw became more and more pronounced. Finally he stopped in front of a sepoy who seemed to embody in his own person every fault which a native soldier could possibly possess. The Inspecting Officer's temper reached boiling point. 'Did you ever in all your life see anything like that?' he angrily asked. 'Well, sir,' replied the little Colonel, screwing his eyeglass firmly into his eye, 'now you draw my attention to him, I do distinctly trace a certain resemblance to an aunt of mine.'"

Digitized by Google

Bygone India, perhaps, but yesterday, to-day and to-morrow there has been, is and always will be an India which never changes, an India with its certain enchantment for those who have eaten her salt, and there will be many to bless Colonel Thornton for having written this delightful book.

A SHORT LIFE OF MARLBOROUGH. By H. J. and E. A. EDWARDS. George Bell. 7s. 6d.

Every life of Marlborough is overdue. His bibliography is very much smaller than that of Wellington; besides that of Napoleon it is insignificant. Yet few students of military history will deny that Marlborough was in generalship the superior of the former, and many will maintain that he was the equal of the latter. His battles were successive Marengoes; he fought no Aspern; his Waterloo was a Court skirmish not of his own making. Compared with Wellington, Marlborough exhibited a far greater degree of personal magnetism; there was within him a wealth of humanity—witness his distress at the carnage of Malplaquet—that is sought for in vain in Wellington, coldly indifferent to the holocaust of Albuera. Compared with Napoleon, Marlborough evinces none of the Emperor's overweening vanity, his vulgar egotisms, his recklessness of human life; yet as a strategist who combined speed in thought with speed in action, as a tactician who could instantly appreciate the significance of an unexpected change or development, Marlborough would have had little to learn from him.

But to insist that Marlborough was the greatest general of his time—the only generalissimo who never fought a battle which he did not win, who never besieged a town which he did not capture—is to do him less than justice. The value of this really excellent, scholarly and lucid little biography, left unfinished by the untimely death of Mr. Edwards and now completed and published by his widow, is that it is not simply an account of Marlborough the warrior, but it gives us intimate details of, and throws penetrating sidelights upon, Marlborough the diplomatist, Marlborough the husband, and Marlborough the man. As a diplomatist who parried the Swedish king and soothed the susceptibilities of the Dutch he showed qualities not usually found in a military leader; as a husband his faithfulness and devotion were all that the most jealous wife could desire. As a man, few have shown more gentleness of disposition and greater patience in the face of disappointment and adversity.

We owe much to Thackeray for his many and incomparable characters, but we owe also to him the most virulent, biassed and most generally known and accepted delineation of Marlborough's character. Anyone who, having read "The Four Georges," will proceed to Mr. Edwards' "Life" will be ready to admit that Mr. Edwards was an historian and that Mr. Thackeray was emphatically not.

Two sentences alone are evidence of how thoroughly the author has understood the subject of his book: "Marlborough was kind because he was so entirely brave. . . ." "Marlborough's was a simple nature because it was great."

Digitized by Google

BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARIES, 1807-1916. By ALGERNON CECIL. George Bell. 15s.

Whether or not "History is the biography of great men," Algernon Cecil's British Foreign Secretaries from 1807-1916 will give the reader a clear, comprehensive and easily digested history of British Foreign Policy during those years, loaded with interest and fearful in their importance. But if biography is the royal road to History, there is none harder or more beset with pitfalls; the worst history books have been biographies. To give a critical biographical sketch upon the nine or ten statesmen who have managed the Foreign Office during those years of manifold incident, and to confine each sketch on an average to about half a hundred pages without omitting any relevant detail, and to have done it very well, is a small triumph in itself.

The author has read deeply and discriminately the lives of his Foreign Secretaries; he has arranged his matter so as to reduce repetition, inevitable in a series of consecutive and overlapping biographies, to the smallest compass; his style has that pleasant pithy and forcible touch of a man deeply read in Biblical literature.

Although Mr. Cecil begins by carrying on the good work of removing the unworthy mud slung at the abused and for long misunderstood Lord Castlereagh—Byron's "caroted-artery-cutting Castlereagh"—and proving how close is the connection between him and Wellington from the days of Cintra to those of Waterloo, he comes when discussing Canning rapidly to reveal himself. The secret must out. Mr. Cecil is the most recent—possibly the last—of the Liberal historians, and through this book runs the Liberal tradition as cleanly and as clearly as through any work of Macaulay, Morley or Trevelyan. By the time, then, that we reach the gay and jaunty Palmerston it is not surprising to find that this insouciant "eupeptic son of Belial" comes in for severe treatment at the author's dextrous hands. And yet of Mr. Cecil, as of all traducers of Palmerston and his policy, we would ask this one question—Whence his popularity? There is no answer save that which admits him to be the supreme type and representation of the average Englishman of his time, the John Bull in flesh and blood, the man who would "stand no nonsense" from any "furriner." To condemn Palmerston is to condemn the middle-class voter who returned him time and again Prime Minister. Admittedly "ce terrible Lord Palmerston" was detested by the greater part of Europe, which at that time bore England no real goodwill; yet there is a remark of Aristotle that "it is the mark of a great statesman to be hated by the enemies of his country." But this is a statement which no Liberal can conscientiously accept.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY. By WARRANT OFFICER J. LOUGHLIN, A.E.C. Gale & Polden. 1s. 6d.

There is always a glamour about "the guns," and something of that glamour has crept into this little book, which is written with all the enthusiasm of one who has been associated all his service with the Royal Artillery.

Digitized by Google

It is the author's endeavour " to give to the other ranks "—it is astonishing how this amazing phrase has crept into ordinary parlance —" of the Royal Regiment something short, something interesting," and he has succeeded quite admirably. From the earliest infancy of the Regiment down to the epic of " L " Battery at Néry and the other stories of conspicuous gallantry of Gunners in the Great War, all is simply told. There are a few quite good illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TSENG KUO-FAN AND THE TAIPING REBELLION. By WILLIAM JAMES HAIL. Oxford University Press. 18s.

NAVIES AND NATIONS. By H. C. BYWATER. Constable. 12s.

THE LIFE OF SIR ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM. By M. E. and F. A. MARKHAM. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

BRIDLE-WISE. By LIEUT.-COL. S. G. GOLDSCHMIDT. Country Life. 12s. 6d.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK BARON TRENCH. Published by Phillip Allen & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

GREAT CAPTAINS UNVEILED. By CAPT. B. H. LIDDELL-HART. Published by William Blackwood & Sons. 12s. 6d.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research. July.

[An excellent number. Many of our readers would, we think, like to become members of this Society, after a perusal of their Journal. The address of the Hon. Editor is Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Leslie, 8, Palmerston Road, Sheffield. The annual subscription is only One Guinea, and there is no entrance fee.

The Cavalry Journal.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery.
The Royal Engineers Journal.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal.
The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette.
The Canadian Defence Quarterly.
Rivista Militaire Italiana.
The 13th/18th Hussars Journal.
The Wasp.
The Covenanter.
The Roussillon Gazette.
The Queen's Own Gazette.
St. George's Gazette.
The Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers over 1,200 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependents.

Aiming as it does to bring together all commissioned officers, after retirement, for the purpose of mutual help, it appeals naturally both to those whose circumstances are straitened, and to their more prosperous brothers.

The Association is fortunate in having secured the generous assistance of several eminent surgeons and physicians who as honorary officers grant consultations and carry out operations either free of charge or at greatly reduced fees according to the means of their patients. Other honorary officers include the auditor, solicitor and architect, all of whom are prepared to advise members in their several capacities. That these advantages are appreciated by the members goes without saying.

Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependents.

The annual subscription is £1, and full particulars will be sent on application to the offices at Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, W.1.

Digitized by Google

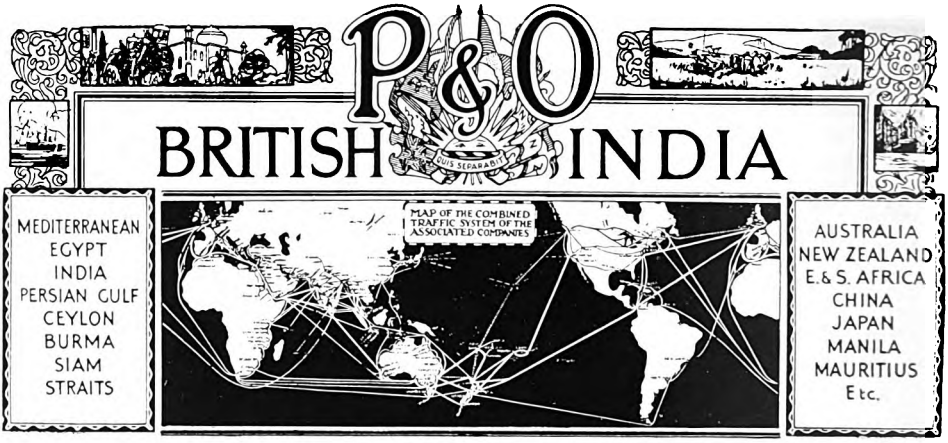
CONTENTS

STATE COLOURS	*Frontispiece*
	PAGE
EDITORIAL	457
THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLANDS: A CRITICISM. By FOREBRIDGE	477
THE NECESSITY FOR A REORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY ON BROAD LINES. By COLONEL T. N. S. M. HOWARD, C.B., D.S.O.	484
THE BRITISH LEGION. By LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE CROSFIELD, D.S.O., T.D.	490
THE PUBLIC AND THE AIR ARM. By A. E. BLAKE	496
IN THE MIDDLE WATCH (Short Story). By STEPHEN KING-HALL	501
THE WORK OF THE ARMOURED BRIGADE. By H. B. W. S. ...	507
THE AMALGAMATION OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES. By BREVET MAJOR B. C. DENING, M.C., R.E., *p.s.c.*	518
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK. By OBSERVER	523
A SUBALTERN'S GRIEVANCE (Short Story). By NEIL GOW ...	531
REGIMENTAL COLOURS: THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY (*illustrated*). By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS	534
A MEDIÆVAL SPORT IN MODERN MALLORCA (*illustrated*). By FOREBRIDGE	544
JANDAR, ORDERLY. By LIEUT.-COLONEL R. L. KENNION, C.I.E.	554
SOME IMPRESSIONS OF KELIA, 1922-3. By "KOJA CHAI" ...	564
GENERAL'S INSPECTION: OLD STYLE. By LIEUT.-COLONEL BAIRD SMITH, D.S.O. (Ret.)	573
WILD DUCK SHOOTING IN THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES. By "VIVE LE SPORT"	579
AIRCRAFT: AN IMPERIAL NECESSITY. By CAPT. C. F. WEBB, F.R.G.S.	583
WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED: 13.—SOUTH OKANAGAN VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA	587
THE NEW VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTRE	595
CORRESPONDENCE	596
THE BOOKSHELF	597

GALE & POLDEN, LTD., LONDON, ALDERSHOT AND PORTSMOUTH

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Digitized by Google



NEW ZEALAND & ASSOCIATED LINES

MAIL, FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

P. & O. and B.I. Tickets interchangeable, also Tickets of P & O., Orient and New Zealand Shipping and Union Companies
All sailings subject to change, with or without notice.

1—*London and Marseilles to Bombay, Karachi and Persian Gulf.
2—†London to Colombo, Madras and Calcutta.
3—†London and Marseilles to Ceylon, China, Japan and Australia.
4—‡London and Marseilles to Port Sudan, East and South Africa.
5—‡London to Queensland.
6—**London (cargo) and Southampton (passengers) to New Zealand and (by transhipment, passengers only) Australia via Panama Canal.
7—†United Kingdom (by any Atlantic line) via Vancouver or San Francisco to New Zealand, Australia, and the South Sea Islands.
8—**London (1 class only, 3rd class rates) to Australia via Cape of Good Hope.

* *Weekly.* † *Fortnightly.* ** *Three-weekly.* ‡ *Four-weekly.*

ADDRESS :

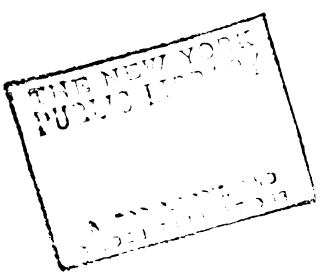
Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5.—For Passage, P. & O. House (Manager, F. H Grosvenor), 14-16 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 ; Freight or General Business, P & O. & B.I. Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
No. 6.—J. B. Westray & Co., Ltd., 138 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, or The Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W L James, General Manager), 14 Cockspur Street (first floor), London, S.W 1.
No. 7.—The Trans-Pacific Passenger Agency, Ltd. (W. L. James, General Manager), 14 Cockspur Street (first floor), London, S.W.1, and, for Vancouver Service, any office of the Canadian Railways.
No. 8.—P. & O. Service, Australia via Cape, 32 Lime Street, E.C.3, or P. & O. House, as above.

B.I. Agents—Gray, Dawes & Co , 122 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3
Paris (all routes)—Société Française P & O., 41 Boulevard des Capucines.

P. & O. ROUND TRIPS AND WORLD TOURS

Illustrated Handbook on application as below.

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

THE KING'S COMPANY COLOUR OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.
PRESENTED BY KING GEORGE V.

STATE COLOUR OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.
PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

STATE COLOURS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
PRESENTED BY KING WILLIAM IV.

Digitized by Google

The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. IV JANUARY, 1928 No. 4

EDITORIAL

The British Legion.

We are anxious to emphasize to the best of our ability the valuable work which the British Legion is carrying out in finding employment for the ex-Service man. And here let it be said straight away that the British Legion does its very best for *all* its members; that is to say, its powerful organization is out to help the Regular ex-Service man just as much as a man who belonged to the New Armies during the Great War. As there may be some doubt on the subject, it is as well to add that a man who finishes his regular service to-morrow, *and who may not have fought in the Great War at all*, will receive every possible assistance from the British Legion as soon as he enrols as a member. We hope, most earnestly, that we may be allowed to suggest that officers in all three Services will do their best to impress these facts on their men prior to their discharge.

The able article in the present number of this Journal, by Lieut.-Col. George Crosfield, the distinguished Chairman of the British Legion, tells what the Legion has done and what it is able to do for its members. Further, on page 607 of this number, will be found a British Legion notice, in which Regular Service men are asked to get in touch with the British Legion before they actually finish their period of regular service. That this will be of very real value to the men we have not the faintest shadow of doubt. From India, for example, some ten thousand men are discharged annually

Digitized by Google

from the Regular Army, at the end of their service. The men have no opportunities for vocational training in India, and those of us who have had long service in the Army know what generally happens. The men come home, go off on a few weeks' furlough, and then start looking for a job. In a great many cases they fail to find it, and soon are suffering from the horribly vitiating effects of prolonged unemployment.

It stands to reason that a powerful organization such as the British Legion, with large funds, with branches in every town and almost every village in the country, is in a very strong position. It is a very vital organization as well, and its activities are always on the increase. But there is no gainsaying the fact that, up to date, men of the Regular Services have not taken much interest in the Legion, and once more we would ask all officers to do their utmost to persuade their men to join the British Legion at the conclusion of their service with the Colours.

Membership is, of course, open to retired officers as well as to the men and they will be helping along a really good cause if they join the Legion.

* * *

Disarmament Talk.

In the debate in the House of Commons in November last Mr. Ramsay MacDonald attempted to make political capital out of what he was pleased to call the Government's failure to further the cause of disarmament in general, and the objects of the Naval Conference at Geneva in particular.

In an effective reply dealing with the Naval Conference, Mr. Bridgeman showed yet again that the proposals he voiced would have effected a real reduction in aggressive armaments afloat and very considerable economic relief and that it was due to the obstinate, not to say militant, attitude of the United States that the Conference failed. With our long and vulnerable sea routes, the very arteries of the Empire, we cannot reduce the number of cruisers scattered over the seven seas without laying some portion of our Dominions open to dismemberment by even a fourth-rate sea power. Yet the United States proposals sought to impose a limitation of tonnage which would not only have reduced the number of cruisers we require, but would have enabled them to build fewer but much more powerful ships to match our many but weaker ones, and since the United States can concentrate

Digitized by Google

where we must distribute our forces, the bargain would have been a truly unequal one. To which our opposite number in the United States would probably reply: "We on our side have just as clear an idea of our requirements as you have of yours." At any rate, it was not at this country's instigation that the Naval Conference was called into being; indeed, we are tempted to wonder whether over-enthusiastic supporters of the policy of promoting "peace by discussion" are not in fact promoting unrest and suspicion by too much prying into the defence measures which each nation deems it necessary to make from its particular point of view and for its particular needs.

The only agreement which it seems necessary to make with the United States is that under no circumstances should the two countries go to war with one another. Nobody dreamt of such a thing until the Naval Conference came along.

* * *

Flying Boats and the Navy.

With reference to some remarks in the Editorial Notes of our last number, a naval correspondent points out that while the Admiralty will have many uses for flying boats in a future war their state of development is very far from one which can enable them to replace aeroplanes launched from aircraft carriers. He shows that aircraft required for work with the Fleet must be instantly available and not at a base some hundreds of miles away.

Flying boats cannot yet cruise with a fleet on the surface save for a very limited time and in calm weather. A fleet may be a night and a day at sea, after leaving its base, before meeting an enemy, as the Grand Fleet was before Jutland. If flying boats had attempted to keep in company in the air their endurance would have been at an end before they could have been of use. If they had been summoned out from an East Coast base, three hundred miles away, when first contact with the enemy was made, it would have been some three hours before they arrived, even if they were able to find the fleet at once.

Again, the personnel of a detached force, whether of surface craft or aircraft, suddenly arriving on the scene of battle is severely handicapped by having been quite out of touch with events up to that moment, except for what can be gleaned from wireless signals. It is of the highest importance

Digitized by Google

that air observers for the fleet should be thoroughly *au fait* with the position of affairs up to the moment of taking off, if their reports are to be intelligible and reliable; moreover, the time is rapidly approaching when the Admiral will want to send members of his Staff into the air or even go into the air himself. None of these services can be provided unless aircraft are continually in company with the fleet; this in turn can only be ensured if such aircraft are carried in, and can take off from and land on, carriers.

Our correspondent adds that, in his opinion, the work of the existing Coastal Area of the Air Ministry is essentially naval in character and that the flying boats which are now under the control of that authority must inevitably pass into the hands of the Admiralty in war time and should therefore be there now. Finally, he considers that naval officers are eminently the right people to man and fly this type of aircraft.

Before dealing with the question of personnel, which is probably the crux of the whole matter, we would point out that we stated that the aircraft carrier *as we know it to-day*, would gradually disappear as a unit of the High Seas Fleet, and, further, that the aircraft carrier is in a transitory stage. There will always, we readily admit, have to be *small* aircraft carriers with the Fleet, full of flights of fighters to protect the Fleet from being observed by enemy reconnaissance machines, and from bombing attacks, and we are sorry if our remarks laid themselves open to other than this construction. We agree too that flying boats have not the air endurance necessary to accompany the Fleet at sea for more than one day. But the gist of our complaint was that the Admiralty of to-day appear to be too much imbued with Grand Fleet ideas, and take little cognizance of the tremendous future and potentialities of flying boats, a future that is likely to be equal to, if not greater than, that of aeroplanes. It seems obvious that the security of our trade routes will become more and more the business of flying boats working in conjunction with our cruisers.

Perhaps we were wrong in blaming the Admiralty; perhaps it may be the dog-in-the-manger attitude of the Air Ministry which is deserving of censure. This brings us to the question of personnel and " ownership," and we believe that it does not matter " two hoots " who is responsible for the development or manning of flying boats provided that development does go ahead. On the other hand, it is criminal

Digitized by Google

if their development is being retarded by inter-departmental jealousy. There is this to be said for the Air Ministry point of view, that the proper place for the flying boat is in the air and that it only uses the sea as an aerodrome. The problem surrounding its development remains, therefore, far more of an aerodynamical one than the layman would be inclined to suppose. Even the methods of improving the seaworthiness of flying boats are fundamentally aerodynamic.

* * *

The Navy's Staff System.

The Navy's staff system was inaugurated in 1912 and up to the conclusion of the Great War had not been developed on systematic and logical lines, but was, in fact, a somewhat haphazard concern. Even nowadays, although the system has been placed on a much more satisfactory footing, it is still remarkable for certain inconsistencies, the principal of which is the continuance in existence of the secretaries to flag officers and commodores as nominally " personal " staff officers but actually, to a great extent, administrative staff. The fact that these officers derive from a branch of the Service distinct from the Military Branch, as also that they receive a different and special training of their own, tends to the creation of a " staff within a staff," an arrangement wholly undesirable from a practical military point of view.

The secretary in a big command has a threefold duty. He is :—

(*a*) Personal secretary to the Commander-in-Chief ;
(*b*) Adviser to the Flag Officer and Staff on legal, commercial and diplomatic questions ;
(*c*) Head of the Secretariat.

There is an obvious administrative flavour about these duties. One is told, of course, that the secretary, as a member of the Personal Staff, has nothing to do with ordinary staff work, and this may be officially true, but no one who knows the Service will deny that he has a great deal to do with " his " Admiral, which may come to much the same thing in the long run.

The necessity for close co-ordination between the three Services is of vital importance, and anything possible that can be done to standardize their staff system, staff " language," and staff work generally is obviously advantageous. Anything that tends towards complication is

Digitized by Google

correspondingly disadvantageous. The position of the secretaries, strongly entrenched as it is, is an undoubted complication. Their place should be gradually taken by combatant staff officers. We would state most emphatically that this criticism of what is taken to be a flaw in the Navy's staff system, must not be read in any way as a reflection on an admirably efficient body of officers, many of whom are remarkable for linguistic and other attainments.

* * *

"Superfine."

The parent of the prospective naval cadet scanning the list of articles required by the young gentleman before he goes to Dartmouth is apt to ponder over the reiteration of the word "Superfine." "Superfine" uniform round jacket; "Superfine" uniform trousers; "Superfine" cloth uniform reefer; everything is "Superfine." "Well, well," he thinks; "I suppose the youngster must be well turned out, but superfine cloth, perhaps the finest production of the loom and one of the most expensive, isn't it a bit above the odds?"

And then he begins to look ahead, and to ponder, somewhat apprehensively, over all the various "dresses" worn by the naval officer, seven in number, in all of which superfine blue cloth figures prominently. Other thoughts occur to him. Is superfine blue cloth really suitable to the rough-and-tumble of everyday wear afloat or ashore? Doesn't it need a powerful amount of brushing? Doesn't it require white linen collars and cuffs to set it off? What about the laundries? Then, of course, it entails black boots and shiny black gaiters. Are they not rather difficult to keep up to the mark on occasion? No father can help feeling a glow of pride at the thought of putting a son into the Navy, but this "Superfine" business does damp down his enthusiasm a bit. We may be entirely wrong, but it certainly does appear as if the Navy might do something towards making their kit a little more serviceable, a little less expensive, and a little less voluminous.

At present superfine blue cloth with gold lace stripes is worn throughout the daily round of a naval officer's life. It was worn during the first landing at Gallipoli; it was worn by naval officers of landing parties at Shanghai recently. Surely something in the nature of a "Service" dress could be evolved?

Digitized by Google

The Future of War.

Controversy with regard to mechanization has shown a not uncommon tendency to get into the hands of extremists on either side. The advanced school talk of frost-bitten old reactionaries incapable of getting out of their ruts; the other side retaliate by characterizing their opponents as tank-maniacs, blind to the fact that man must be the supreme factor whatever the future of war may be. Controversy in reason does no harm, even if it does lead to an interchange of epithets, yet we feel that the subject of future warfare, at any rate, future warfare in which this country may be involved, is of such vital importance that it should be possible to approach the question without too great a display of the partisan spirit.

There is one outstanding fact which dominates the situation. When the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in his remarkable speech at Tidworth in September last, said: "The human race will not again stand the losses of the last war," he said nothing more than the absolute, unvarnished truth. And it is not only the losses, but the hideous, appalling agony and suffering which the last war engendered, which must never be allowed to recur. There have been ghastly pictures in other wars, but never on such a colossal scale. It will be well to state briefly what Great Britain suffered. The following figures are taken from Mr. A. G. Webb's article, "A Legacy of the Great War," which appeared in the January, 1927, number of this magazine.

702,410 lost their lives 1,662,625 were disabled	} Officers and Other Ranks.
36,000 men are suffering from tuberculosis.	
21,000 men are totally blind.	
3,500 men are epileptics.	
39,000 lost a leg, an arm or an eye.	
6,000 men are inmates of mental institutions.	

THE FIGHTING FORCES has done its utmost in the advocacy of mechanization, not because of any antagonism to infantry, still less from a sense of blindness to the many defects inseparable from armoured fighting vehicles, but mainly because, working along the lines of a small, highly mechanized army, there does seem some prospect of keeping the casualties and sufferings of future warfare within reasonable bounds. Despite pyramidal prophecies we are no

Digitized by Google

believers in the near approach of another world crisis, while the possibility of a small war has definitely decreased, and though there are very few who think the League of Nations capable of averting warfare altogether, yet to hope that its efforts will result in each nation being content with a small professional army with limited powers of expansion is surely not asking for Utopia. And if in the future some nation runs amok and in accordance with the terms of the Locarno pact, or such future engagements as may be binding upon us, we send our Army forth, to help set things right, surely it is better to send a highly mechanized, highly protected force rather than pouring out masses of semi-trained civilians, as we did in the last war.

For one thing is certain, a small army mainly composed of infantry, equipped and trained as infantry are in the present day is of little value. If infantry are insisted on for European warfare, there must be masses of them, and we have just shown what that means.

The trouble is, of course, that our present-day Regular Army is fixed on no strategical plan, but simply on its capacity for finding drafts for India. The time has come for this arrangement, opposed not only to our real needs, but to the dictates of humanity, to be completely altered and we would call attention to the article, in the present number of this Journal by Colonel T. N. S. M. Howard, an officer who is still serving and who had particularly vivid experience of what the old-fashioned methods of infantry fighting meant in the Great War.

* * *

The Future of Army Officers.

We hope that the above views on the future of warfare may be regarded as not unreasonable. At the same time there is no blinking the fact that Army officers feel with every justification that another important consideration does come into the picture and that is the question of their own future. This talk of reduction in our Army must necessarily cause very great misgivings, which are only natural. A private income is by no means the rule nowadays among the officer class; in fact, it would not be overstating the case to say that the majority have little or no private means. Further, there are quite a considerable number of married officers who are almost entirely dependent on the income they derive from

Digitized by Google

Army funds. We have consistently advocated the reduction of infantry establishments, but if any such reduction takes place it would be criminal to reduce the number of officers by any means except the most gradual of methods. A surplus of officers is no bad thing and is, in fact, an excellent insurance against all eventualities. Units are under-officered at present, but the Army of the future should unquestionably have a high establishment of officers on its roll, and this is especially true of units in India, whether they be British or Indian. We have no hesitation in saying there is a growing sense of uneasiness amongst many officers, certainly among the comparatively junior ranks, if not so apparent amongst those who hold high commands and appointments. They are uneasy not only about the financial aspects of their own future, but also about the training methods which they have to carry out day by day and which in their heart of hearts they feel are utterly opposed to the outstanding lessons of the Great War. No man can make a success of a job unless he wholeheartedly believes he is doing it in the right way. It is all very well to say that it is essential to make experiments in this or that direction before we can definitely commit ourselves to a certain line of policy. This sort of thing can go on for years. We hope and trust that, in the interest of every officer, and in the interest, too, of all warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men who are making the Army their life profession, the Secretary of State for War, when he introduces the Army Estimates next year, will make a bold forward movement towards modernization and give a clear-cut line of future policy which will restore the feeling of complete confidence which has always been the hall-mark of the British Army.*

* * *

Last year saw a reorganization of the Coast Defence and Medium Artillery. The system, introduced after the war,

* Such a policy would also have a strong effect on recruiting. At present the authorities are at their wits' end how to get young officers for the Army, and recruiting for the men is none too good. On the other hand the number of Sandhurst Cadets, who are putting down their names for the Tank Corps, as a first choice, is definitely on the increase. Further, not only has the Tank Corps never lacked recruits, but it has constantly to raise its standard to prevent over recruitment.—ED.

Digitized by Google

Reorganization in the Royal Artillery.

whereby batteries carried out the dual role of manning and firing the equipments of fixed coast defences and of the heavier natures of artillery used in the field, has been abandoned. This system had certain advantages and superficially appeared a clever method of killing two birds with one stone with consequent financial gain; but experience and after-thought revealed its weakness, namely, that, in the event of war, it would probably fall between the two stools on which it was placed with the result that neither coast defence nor medium artillery would be as efficient as could be desired.

Hence the present reorganization which has divorced those two incompatible parties—the massive 9·2 in its concrete bed and the skittish 60-pounder. The result has been to give the Army a stronger, better organized medium artillery with better facilities for training; on the other hand, it has produced for solution certain difficult problems in the matter of coast defence.

The manning of coast defence artillery at home is to be turned over to the Territorial Army; a nucleus organization of Regulars being kept for purpose of maintenance and training. The officers and men of the Territorial Artillery, who have a splendid reputation for keenness and efficiency, are well able to carry out their role efficiently—and it must not be forgotten what a vitally important one it is. Further, one must remember what the Territorial Gunners accomplished in the Great War in the arduous, thankless and monotonous duty of coast defence.

On the other hand, this essential and vital task of the protection of our home sea bases is to a large extent being placed upon a military body which lacks that comprehensive force, present in a Regular organization, and which is governed chiefly by its own inherent patriotism and keenness. However, all will agree, we think, that the Territorial Gunners when they realize they are now part of the first line of the country's defence, directly and immediately responsible for giving essential and vital protection to our sea ports, will prove equal to the demands made upon them and that the confidence of the military authorities in their abilities will not be misplaced.

But the manning of our coast defences at home by Territorial Artillery is but a partial solution of the problem. Coast defences overseas are numerous and of the greatest

Digitized by Google

importance for they are necessary to render secure our many naval bases and fuelling stations. These must of necessity be manned by Regulars; this being so, the difficult question has to be settled of keeping these establishments up to strength with adequately trained personnel. In the new reorganization it has been decided that overseas coast defence units shall be stationary; that is to say, these units will not be relieved as heretofore, but will remain in permanent stations, though individuals will be moved after a definite term of service. To meet these demands and to act as a draft-finding and a training establishment, it is obvious some home organization is required. It has, therefore, been decided that Plymouth shall remain a station for Regular Artillery.

The importance of coast defence is inclined to be overlooked, not only by the general public, who are more attracted by descriptions of future wars of tanks, aeroplanes and gas, but by those sections of the Services which are not directly concerned in the problem.

Coast defence is essential to the first of our national defence requirements—namely, command of the sea—because modern fleets require secure bases from which to operate and where they can refit, replenish and refuel.

Owing to the increase in power of ships' guns and to the possibility of distant bombardment by air observation, the problem of coast defence has become a very real and a very difficult one. In a great measure our present defences are obsolete and the question of new guns, new emplacements and new methods has to be considered. Not only has the governing factor of finance to be weighed, but the authorities must decide the vexed question of the relative value of gun and bombing aeroplane.

There are enthusiasts who claim that the bomb-dropping aeroplane and the torpedo-aeroplane can carry out more cheaply and as efficiently the function of the coastal gun, which is to act as a deterrent and to prevent enemy ships attacking a vital port. But the aeroplane, in such a capacity, is an unknown quantity and an attacking force would be in a position to concentrate a superiority of force in the air and render nugatory the action of the defending bombers; whereas in the case of the gun, superiority in gun-fire of the attack in no way ensures that the defending artillery is silenced. The evidence of many wars has demonstrated the advantage the gun on land has over the gun mounted in a ship at sea.

Digitized by Google

Not only is it more than difficult for warships to silence well-sited land batteries, but attacking ships will be chary of risking their capital strength, which must be reserved to meet the battle fleets of the enemy.

The powerful land gun, therefore, still remains an essential arm in the defence of a sea port; new technical advances in the fire-control of such artillery and the use of the aeroplane for observation of fire, has enhanced its efficiency. For these reasons the land gun cannot be set aside, and where new defences warrant expenditure, as at Singapore, powerful and modern coast artillery will play its part.

A further result of the new reorganization is the formation of a second anti-aircraft brigade, which is stationed at Portsmouth, with a detached battery at the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery at Biggin Hill. While much publicity has been given to the development of the Air Service and much speculation devoted to the possibilities of destruction by air action in the wars of the future, practically nothing has been said of the corresponding progress of anti-aircraft gunnery. At the close of the Great War this new branch of the science of gunnery was still in a rudimentary stage—air shooting was at best a chancy affair in which the eye and judgment of the individual were the chief controlling factors. In many circles "Archie" was treated rather as a joke, though the casualties caused by gun-fire against aircraft were by no means negligible. Post-war progress in this science has produced new methods and new fire-control instruments, and anti-aircraft gunnery is now placed on a sound and sure footing. Statistics of the effect of anti-aircraft fire are sketchy, to say the least, but as an indication of the development attained it has been estimated that at the close of the war it took some five thousand rounds to bring down an aeroplane, and to-day this figure has been reduced to two hundred. In the next war the airman will look upon the "Archie" not as a joke, but as a menace.

* * *

Armoured Vehicles.

In our last issue we gave two pages of illustrations of types of armoured vehicles used by the Mechanized Force, which has since been rechristened the "Armoured Brigade." Some doubt has been expressed as to whether all the types shown by us were actually used by the Brigade. It may be as well to point out that Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6 were used exactly as shown. No. 4 was used without the hood on the

Digitized by Google

top of the body. No. 7 was used without the armoured body, *i.e.*, only the chassis was used.

The November number of that admirable magazine, "The Royal Tank Corps Journal," gives some most interesting details of the capabilities of the tanks of the 5th Battalion Royal Tank Corps while with the Armoured Brigade and during Divisional Training, etc. We should like to quote them in full for the benefit of officers abroad who have no opportunities of witnessing tank training, and some of whom are probably still sceptical about tank potentialities. We can, however, quote the following :—

ARMOURED BRIGADE TRAINING : WAR MARCH BY DAY AND NIGHT, AUGUST 25-26TH, 1927.

Number of tanks started out	44
Number of tanks sent back	2
Number of tanks completed course	42
Average mileage per tank	27

DIVISIONAL TRAINING, SEPTEMBER 7-13TH, 1927.

Number of tanks on establishment	47
Average number of tanks starting out	45
Average number of tanks finishing	44
Average mileage per tank	93

Other figures show an equal degree of reliability and the performance as a whole is very reassuring.

* * *

The late Mr. Hudleston.

Several generations of Army officers have heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. Francis Josiah Hudleston, librarian of the War Office, which took place on November 29th. Endowed with a marvellous memory, an encyclopædic knowledge of military history "of infinite jest and most excellent fancy," and courteous and considerate to every inquirer, Mr. Hudleston was the perfect librarian. He contributed short and highly entertaining articles to the reviews and periodicals, and in the pages of THE FIGHTING FORCES have appeared several articles from his witty pen. His book "Warriors in Undress," a collection of sidelights on the private lives of famous generals, as well as a humorous account of work in the War Office Library was reviewed in the columns of this magazine. Mr. Hudleston was a perfect mine of information

Digitized by Google

on military history of all periods, and for many years had built up a great card index of curious incidents and recondite illusions. Twenty-five years ago it used to be said of him that he knew the contents of every book in the War Office Library, and right up to the end he preserved this record. To many, with the passing of Hudleston, the old War House will never be quite the same again.

* * *

Territorial Establishments.

It seems probable that in next year's estimates the establishment of infantry battalions in the Territorial Army will be reduced from 636 to 500, with possibly further small reductions in the establishments of other branches of the Service. It will be remembered that this was suggested last year by the Secretary of State for War, but he gave way on this point in the hope of affording some appeasement to the opposition engendered by the abolition of the bounty. There is not the slightest doubt that this reduction would be a perfectly sound and feasible economy.

To start with, the average strength of Territorial battalions is actually about five hundred, and it has always been a strain to get above this figure. On the other hand battalions would find no difficulty in getting within measurable distance of the new establishment.

Secondly, all the lessons of the war point to the necessity of reducing the numbers of infantry, as at present equipped.

That the reduction in the establishment will mean a reduction in the establishment grant goes without saying, but that should not involve any great hardship to associations. Indeed, we have no hesitation in suggesting a further economy. The grant for general purposes is a capitation grant based on the total establishment of warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men authorized for each county. For the first thousand men the rate is at four shillings a head. Thus, for example, an association draws for a battalion with an actual strength of something over three hundred the full amount authorized—*i.e.*, four shillings multiplied by 636 (the present establishment of a Territorial battalion), just the same amount, in fact, that it draws for some other battalion which may have a strength of over six hundred. If establishments are reduced, the General Purposes Grant will of course be reduced too, but we suggest that in future it should be based on actual strength and not on establishment. This suggestion

Digitized by Google

would not only effect, in the aggregate, a small economy but would incidentally act as an inducement to associations, to ensure that the units they administer are up to establishment.

The grants to associations are, on the whole, on a generous scale and by means of careful administration and *an avoidance of unnecessary expenditure* can perfectly well meet all requirements, even if the small economies mentioned above are actually brought into force.

* * *

The Royal Air Force.

1927 was a good year for the Royal Air Force. Although in certain important directions there was not the "speeding up" that had been hoped for, yet on the whole the progress made was very satisfactory. There is no doubt that in 1927 the Royal Air Force took a much more assured place in the affections and interest of the public than has been the case hitherto, and it is wholly to the credit of the Force that this is so. Possibly the Schneider Trophy had a good deal to say in the matter, still, it is by no means solely due to this splendid victory, which we deal with later, that the R.A.F. has come into its own in such a marked degree. It seems to us that co-ordination between all three Services has shown a marked growth during the past year. It is a natural growth that is developing and will continue to develop, whether it receives official encouragement or not. The public is beginning to take a real pride in the three Services *as a whole*, and there is no doubt that to-day they all have an equal place in the public esteem.

* * *

We give below under various headings a short retrospect of Service aviation during the past year.

A Retrospect of Service Aviation.

ACCIDENTS.—We are glad to be able to record an appreciable decrease in the number of accidents, and this despite an increase in the number of hours flown. In this connection reference must be made to the new Handley-Page slotted wing which promises to help enormously in lessening the number of accidents resulting from loss of flying speed, and from spinning to the ground. Indeed, this device may well prove to be revolutionary.

TRAINING.—The Air Exercises undertaken for the first time last year and the inclusion of fighters and bombers in

Digitized by Google

Army manœuvres, are the most important events of the year under this heading. The value of the latter course of action was proved up to the hilt and there is no doubt it is an essential factor both in the training of R.A.F. units and of the Army as a whole.

RE-EQUIPMENT.—Progress in re-equipping squadrons with more up-to-date machines, although showing an improvement over previous years, is far from satisfactory. It is now over nine years since the Great War terminated and the R.A.F. has still a number of modified war types. However, there are signs that we may see the last of these machines during the current year and that the progress of re-equipment will at long last be accelerated. We have the best pilots in the world, but, as the war showed, unless they are equipped with the most up-to-date machines their superiority will be nullified.

FLYING-BOAT CONSTRUCTION.—Development under this heading has been considerable and continuous, but we are so convinced that flying-boat developments will constitute the most important factor in the whole future of aeronautics that we would strongly advocate that future development should be carried out on more intensive lines. Further that there should be an increase of flying-boat units in the Air Force and that flying-boat units should be included in the Fleet Air Arm. It will mean economy in the end.

* * *

The Schneider Trophy.

Our success in this all-important contest has been one of the really big events of the year, and Great Britain's air prestige, which had been somewhat on the wane, has now been firmly re-established. The victory resulted, too, in a very definite gain to the Service itself, in the all-important point of view of "moral." The superiority of British pilots was demonstrated, and the event further proved what can be done by efficient organization and team work. All this makes it all the more difficult to understand why the Air Ministry should have given out that the Royal Aero Club must not rely on Air Force pilots in future contests for the Trophy. The Ministry consider "that it is not their function to train gladiators for events of this kind, and that civil pilots could be spared to undergo the special training quite as easily as R.A.F. pilots." If this were so we are at a loss to

Digitized by Google

understand the reasons for creating a precedent in the last contest. So long as the rules governing the contest allow of Service teams being entered, we should continue to enter a team under similar conditions to those adopted last year. The country's air prestige alone makes it a sufficient reason why we should continue with the policy. There is little doubt that both America and Italy will place in the field a formidable team of machines and pilots for the next contest, which is likely to assume a far more important aspect than any hitherto held. If we are to retain the Trophy and with it our air prestige, for heaven's sake let us follow the same methods that proved so successful in 1927.

* * *

Civil Aviation.

In the realms of civil aviation the most notable advance during the past year has been the enormous growth of the Flying Club movement. Not only are these clubs an asset in the sense of promoting "air-mindedness" throughout the country, but they have obvious advantages from the military point of view. For example, in the event of war, they could be relied on straightaway to provide pilots and moreover could be made instantly available as flying training schools. The latest scheme for subsidizing these clubs is of more than passing interest. The scheme allows for the payment of a stipulated amount for every pilot (up to a maximum number annually), trained by an approved club. It would therefore appear a simple matter to make arrangements under this scheme for all prospective candidates, approved by the Air Ministry for short service commissions, to do their preliminary flying training with these clubs. In short, the grant of a short-service commission would be dependent on each candidate successfully completing his flying training at one of these clubs. Such a scheme would have many advantages, of which the more important are as follows :—

(1) *Economy.*—(*a*) It should be possible to dispense with one or more of the R.A.F. flying training schools, either from among those at present in existence, or those contemplated. Even if only one such school was dispensed with, the resultant economy would be considerable.

(*b*) The scheme could be made to replace—if not entirely, at any rate, to a great extent—the present scheme of subsidizing these clubs, and would therefore be a further means of effecting savings in public expenditure.

Digitized by Google

(2) The actual training period for short-service commission officers, on joining, could be considerably reduced and their service with units correspondingly increased.

(3) It would afford a means, which at present does not exist, of ascertaining whether each prospective candidate possessed the necessary aptitude as a pilot, before he was taken into the Service.

The above considerations, in our opinion, seem to constitute very solid reasons for the adoption of the scheme.

* * *

Pay of Officers in India.

The pay revision of officers serving in India, which was due on July 1st last year and which was postponed for financial reasons, has now been definitely postponed until July 1st, 1928. Various theories can be adduced as possible reasons for this:—(*a*) The Government of India hope that by next year the "agitation" about the hardships of officers may have died down and the shortage be less acute. (*b*) Army Headquarters may have a perfectly good scheme for the amelioration of officers' hardships, but are held up by the Finance Department who refuse to produce the money. (*c*) Political pressure may be holding up the much-needed increase.

The Commander-in-Chief in India has issued an order to the effect that he hopes that British officers in the Indian Army will take all the privilege and other leave to which they are entitled and that during their absence their duties, *e.g.*, the command of companies, are to devolve on Indian officers. This is very nice and, on the face of it seems to be an order calculated (i) to give extreme satisfaction to the British officer; (ii) a glow of pride to the Indian officer; and (iii) encouragement to the politician who is trying to push Indianization by proving that Indians can command if given the chance. Unfortunately there are several hidden snags. For instance (*a*) It is laid down that the minimum number of British officers present with a battalion must be five. An officer is entitled to two months' privilege leave in India and three months if serving in Waziristan. A simple calculation will show that unless a unit has at least six officers (seven in Waziristan) at least some of the officers must forgo leave. This disposes of (i) above. It is also a rule not only that British officers must be responsible for company and other

Digitized by Google

accounts, but that certain books must be entered up by a British officer with his own fair hand. As the company clerk is not allowed to do this and the Indian officer is seldom capable of writing English, this disposes of advantage (ii). No one who knows the Indian officer class will deny that a good Indian officer is perfectly capable of commanding a company so long as his activities are confined to training and leading. Providing he has a good clerk he can cope with most of the office work. The difficulty is the accounts. When one considers what heavy weather some British officers make over their company pay and accounts, it would obviously be hardly fair to expect an Indian officer with little knowledge of English to cope with them. The obvious solution is for the Indian Army to take a leaf from the naval book and appoint a cadre of paymaster officers. It is suggested that the establishment of the Army Finance Department should be increased to allow of its junior officers doing a tour of regimental duty. This would have a twofold effect. It would allow the company commander to give all his attention to training his company and thus the main objection to allowing experienced Indian officers to command companies would disappear. In fact, there is no reason why the paymaster officers should not be Indians, provided they undergo the normal military training before being commissioned. For obvious reasons it would have to be a definite condition that the paymaster officer must be under the orders of the battalion or regimental commander.

* * *

The Army in Waziristan.

The role of the Army in Waziristan is not only that of a striking force in aid of the civil power; it has another important function, *i.e.*, to discourage the tribes from fighting each other. Two tribes in a remote part of Waziristan begin to show their teeth at each other and generally to drag the tails of their coats. A brigade, or even two brigades, march down the Road in all the panoply and with all the precautions of war. Having arrived at the habitat of the opposing factions the troops sit down for a few days while a *jirga* is held. The matter being satisfactorily settled, the troops up and away back to their cantonments. But the *dénouement* is not always so peaceful. A mixed brigade on

Digitized by Google

the march occupies over four miles of road space and it is practically never possible to march on parallel routes. Such a column, if seriously attacked, is very vulnerable, and requires elaborate picquetting arrangements to ensure its safety. The solution seems to be the use of lorries for the fighting men and their impedimenta. The most suitable vehicle so far known is the Morris six-wheeler.

A fast-moving lorry column with armoured cars as advance and rear guards, and with armoured aeroplanes carrying out the work of reconnaissance, could move in infinitely smaller numbers than an ordinary marching force. Situations often arise with which a single battalion and a battery can cope. Such a small force could not march along the Road by itself, but it could proceed quite safely in lorries, protected as above with, if necessary, a few scout picquets at important tactical points, such as defiles.

A new method such as this means a large reduction in the number of men employed, a much less vulnerable force, and in the end, a great increase in economy. But whether the Government of India, with its hatred of initial expense, will ever be able to see things in this light is quite another matter.

Digitized by Google

THE BATTLE OF THE FALKLANDS

BEING A CRITICISM OF ADMIRAL VON SPEE'S PLAN OF ATTACK ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS, WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW A GERMAN NELSON WOULD HAVE ACTED.

By Forebridge.

THE Battle of the Falklands, which was fought on December 8th thirteen years ago, may be said to have passed into the realms of history, for with Mons, Ypres and Zeebrugge it has been immortalized—and faithfully immortalized—on the screen. But it is doubtful if among the many thousands who have been thrilled by this magnificent film more than a very few realized that had the German Commander been a modern naval genius of the calibre of Nelson, instead of being merely the brave and chivalrous man that he was, they might have been witnessing a very different picture. Of course, it can be argued that no one can tell how genius would act in any given circumstance, and that it is a futile—even a presumptuous—undertaking to attempt to do so. But this seems to us a hard saying, and were it generally accepted, most of the savour would disappear from the history books; for there is surely no more fascinating diversion to your true student of history than that of trying to imagine how A, on some momentous occasion, would have acted had he been in B's shoes.

In this article, then, we propose first to describe Admiral von Spee's method of attack on the Falkland Islands on the morning of December 8th, 1914—which proved so disastrous; and then we will consider how a modern German Nelson (were such a mythical being possible) might have conducted the same enterprise, and with what results.

In order, therefore, that those readers who may be a little rusty as to the state of affairs in the South Pacific immediately after the defeat of Admiral Cradock's squadron off Coronel on November 1st, 1914, may understand the situation, we will start by giving a brief summary of the relevant facts. Forty-eight hours after the Battle of Coronel the victorious German squadron put into Valparaiso, and there, of course, they learnt many things. Amongst others, they realized the

Digitized by Google

fillip that their success had given to the cause of the Fatherland, and doubtless they were well pleased with themselves. But the more sober of the officers, and especially Admiral von Spee himself, fully realized that their hour of triumph would probably be a very brief one. At one of the leading clubs in the South American city the German Admiral was invited by a crowd of enthusiastic supporters to drink "damnation to the British Navy," but he refused to honour the toast; and when, soon after this incident, a bouquet of lilies was handed to him as a victor's garland, von Spee sardonically suggested that they were more suitable for a funeral.

These are no legends. They are taken from the report of the British Prize Court Proceedings upon the subsequent sinking of the German squadron, and they point plainly to the fact that von Spee realized even as early as November 3rd that only a miracle could now save him and his squadron from his enemy's vengeance. For, unimaginative though he was, he yet had sufficient perception to see that since his defeat of Cradock at Coronel the destruction of him and his ships, from being a question merely of importance, had become one of supreme paramount necessity to the Allied cause. Since the disaster to the British squadron, Allied prestige in South America was almost non-existent; marine insurance rates were prohibitive; Allied trade was at a standstill. The whole world was waiting to see what the British Navy would do in this crisis—and von Spee had few illusions on the subject. It would hunt him down unmercifully, and he knew it. Every available ship, every means within the power of the British Admiralty, would be used to further his destruction; for each day that the German squadron remained afloat it was costing the Allies in world prestige and in hard cash more than they could possibly afford to pay.

To a student of naval warfare the movements and activities of von Spee and his ships throughout the month of November, 1914, are of considerable interest, but except for one incident that occurred during this period they are not relevant to this article. The event in question, however, was of great importance. About November 10th von Spee received definite orders from the German Admiralty through his agents in South America "to attempt to break through with all ships and return to Germany." Having digested this piece of information, we can now jump to December 2nd,

Digitized by Google

six days before the Battle of Falklands was actually fought. After an appalling passage round the Horn, in which his light cruisers suffered a severe " dusting," von Spee's sorely tried squadron sighted the full-rigged ship *Drummuir* bound for San Francisco with a cargo of coal. This was just what the German Admiral needed, and taking his prize under the lee of Picton Island, in the entrance to the Beagle Channel, on the extreme southern shore of Tierra del Fuego, he proceeded to replenish his bunkers. Of necessity, it was a long and arduous task. The weather was vile, the coaling appliances were crude, and it is not surprising that it was the morning of December 6th before the job was finally finished and the empty sailing ship duly sunk.

But what *is* surprising is the fact that during those four stormy days spent in that remote harbour something prompted von Spee to forego all his former plans ; to disobey in effect the unequivocal orders of the German Admiralty to return home forthwith, and instead to plan a hazardous and inconsequent enterprise against an outlying British base.

(Here we may as well make it plain that we do not for one moment suppose that under similar circumstances a modern Nelson would have arrived at a similar decision, and the pedant may say that this confession upsets the whole apple-cart and completely nullifies the argument. But we have no respect for pedants. When the time comes we are going to pretend that, for some good and sufficient reason, von Spee's Nelsonic double had also determined to attack the Falklands, just as von Spee, though without good and sufficient reason, did. Poets are not the only writers who hold a lien on licence.)

But to continue. Let us analyse the situation as von Spee knew it on the morning of December 6th, just before the German squadron, replete with coal, steamed out from the Picton Island anchorage. The German Admiral had been out of touch with his agents on the mainland for nearly a fortnight, but before leaving the Chilean coast he had received fairly reliable news that the British cruisers *Defence*, *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Glasgow and Bristol*, with the old battleship *Canopus*, were probably concentrating at Port Stanley. In the face of this information, and also realizing acutely, as we have shown that he did, what a hornet's nest he must have stirred up, it is only reasonable to suppose that, in his strange determination to attack Port Stanley—a good natural harbour, situated in a

Digitized by Google

unique strategical position as a British *point d'appui*—von Spee would at least have taken every reasonable precaution to avoid running his head into a noose. One would expect, for instance, that he would premise that the harbour *was* probably occupied by British men-o'-war ; and a commander possessed of average imagination might surely have sensed even the possibility of battle-cruisers being on his track by the time, for Coronel had been fought five weeks before.

But von Spee, when it came to the actual attack on the British colony, seemed to throw caution to the winds. It is true that his false confidence was bolstered up by a wireless message which he received from the German collier *Amasis* late on the night of December 6th. She was lying at Punta Arenas, and her captain reported that Port Stanley was empty of British warships—though how stale this news was it is impossible to ascertain. It was certainly several hours old, if not several days—and in modern warfare even seconds count. Yet it was this unreliable piece of information which finally decided von Spee to carry out his attack.*

The whole plan, if it can be called a " plan," was naïve in the extreme, and can be described very shortly. The German Admiral light-heartedly steamed up from the southward with his squadron so that at 5.30 a.m. on the morning of December 8th he had reached a position about forty miles from Port Stanley. He then sent *Gneisenau* and *Nürnberg* on ahead to examine the harbour, and make a general report on the situation ; in the meanwhile, von Spee himself with *Scharnhorst*, *Leipzig* and *Dresden* steamed slowly on towards the coast. About 8.30 a.m. the advance German " scouting squadron "—at least, that is what we suppose von Spee would have called *Gneisenau* and *Nürnberg*, though we ourselves are more inclined to describe them as the " suicide squadron "—arrived at a point a few miles from the land off Port Stanley, and through the morning haze they descried the big wireless mast. But the next moment they sighted something far more sinister—the masts and upper works of several men-o'-war, and two of the masts were of the tripod variety. A few more minutes, and the Germans realized that

* It is interesting to note that most authorities agree that the plan to attack the Falklands originated entirely in Admiral von Spee's own brain, and was supported only by his Chief of Staff and the captain of *Nürnberg ;* the captains of all the other ships were definitely opposed to the scheme.

Digitized by Google

the ships were British, and Coronel would soon be avenged. Not only was the unfortunate " scouting squadron " inevitably doomed, but so was von Spee himself, with the remainder of his force, for, for some inexplicable reason, he was artlessly cruising about a few miles in the offing—plainly visible to the folk ashore. Unless the British battle-cruisers were very slow off the mark they could not fail to catch him.

The rest of the story is history. The British ships were not slow off the mark, and with the exception of one light cruiser—even she should never have got away—the whole of von Spee's squadron was at the bottom of the South Pacific by nightfall. It only remains to add that in the manner of their death the German Admiral and his companions left a legacy to their Service of which it may well be proud.

* * * * *

Let us now at long last get back to our mythical German Nelson.

Would his dispositions for an attack on Port Stanley have resembled those of von Spee ? Frankly, we think it is hardly an exaggeration to say that a modern Nelson would have planned his attack in a manner differing from von Spee's in practically every respect.

In the first place, it is safe to presume that a Nelson, possessed of the same information as von Spee, and intending to attack the islands, would have laid his plans with the utmost care. He would rather have over-estimated the possible risks than otherwise. A Nelson would not, we feel sure, have ambled amiably up to within a few miles of Port Stanley by the most obvious route, nor would he have advertised his advent by sending a futile " scouting squadron " on ahead. Keeping the possible hazards of the enterprise well in mind, he would have resolved on a bold, swift stroke. He would have looked round for some plan that would allow him to swoop like a hawk with his whole squadron, when least expected, on the British colony.

But was such a surprise attack feasible ? A study of the chart of Port Stanley and its surrounding shows that it was. Port Stanley really consists of two elongated harbours parallel to each other, and joined together by a narrow channel. The northernmost or outer harbour, Port William, is a somewhat narrow, indented sheet of water with a rather restricted entrance facing almost due east, and is the only suitable

Digitized by Google

anchorage for deep-draught ships. Immediately to the southward of Stanley Harbour is a low-lying strip of land upon which the township is situated, and any ships lying in either Port William or Port Stanley have a clear view seaward over this land. But to the northward of Port William the situation is quite different; the land here is high enough to shut out the sea view, and except by posting look-outs at intervals along the coast, the approach of vessels from this direction would probably not be readily reported.

The significance of these facts would most assuredly not have escaped a Nelson, and we suggest that he would have made full use of them.

With steam for full speed, he would have approached the British colony under cover of darkness *from the northward*, so arranging matters that he was in position a couple of miles off the entrance to Port William as dawn broke. Every officer and man in the squadron would be alert and " on the top line "; all guns would be loaded and fully manned, ready for instant action; torpedo-tubes' crews would be at their stations.

Any enemy ships that might be in the port would almost certainly be caught napping. If they had been coaling all night, they would be in no fit condition to meet so sudden an emergency. They would probably still have colliers alongside; the ships' companies would be tired; and it would be almost impossible under such conditions to reply to the German fire promptly and effectively. If, on the other hand, they had merely been lying at anchor there, they would probably still be inadequately prepared for such an onslaught. They might have a third of their armament manned, but in a British harbour " night action stations " would possibly be waived.

In point of fact, had a German Nelson, with von Spee's squadron, suddenly appeared off the entrance to Port William at the crack of dawn on December 8th, 1914, he would have found a very similar state of affairs to those we have described. The British squadron in Port William was just *preparing* to coal, and the already crowded harbour was further congested with colliers manœuvring in it. About a mile outside the harbour the old armed merchantman *Macedonia* was patrolling. Just inside the entrance, and somewhat huddled together, were the armoured cruisers *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall* and *Kent*, whilst farther down the harbour lay the battle-cruiser *Inflexible*, and

Digitized by Google

behind her her sister-ship *Invincible* flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sturdee. The two battle-cruisers and *Cornwall* were more or less in a direct line with each other and the entrance, and *Inflexible* would have found it almost impossible to fire her 12-in. guns in that direction without blowing *Cornwall* out of the water, whilst *Invincible's* field of fire to the eastward was even more restricted.

It would not have taken a Nelson nor, indeed, any astute commander many seconds to grasp the situation, and make the most of it. A series of well-directed rapid salvoes at short range from the 8.2-in. guns of *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* would have played havoc amongst the British ships. Even the 4.1-in. guns, which were very powerful little weapons, of the German light cruisers would have done terrific damage to bridges and upper works, whilst a few carefully aimed torpedoes would have added to the general chaos. In fact, a Nelson, with his weaker squadron, would have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and it seems almost impossible to put a limit to the destruction he might have wrought in the half-light of early morning. . . . For, whatever the history books may say to the contrary, those of us who happened to be *inside* Port William on that memorable morning can afford, after thirteen years, to acknowledge that we were not adequately prepared for such a Nelsonic *coup*.

Digitized by Google

THE NECESSITY FOR A REORGANIZATION OF INFANTRY ON BROAD LINES.

By Colonel T. N. S. M. Howard, C.B., D.S.O.

I.

IN the Army the necessity for a reorganization of infantry on broad, mechanized lines is now generally accepted—by none more than by infantrymen—but, of course, no increase in the rate of mechanization is possible unless the public can first be educated to realize the necessity for it, and to vote the necessary funds. It must, however, be well within the power of even the most ordinary mind to grasp the simple conclusion that if the existence of any trade within the Empire is threatened by new methods of production or management in foreign lands, we must either improve our methods of production, etc., in that trade to an equal or greater extent, or else lose it with disastrous results to thousands of our workers.

This simple fact has now to be faced in that most vital of all necessities—readiness to meet any threat to our existence as a civilized group of nations by destructive forces from both without and within.

This alone would be a sufficient reason for keeping ourselves up to date in armaments and methods of self-defence, but, in addition we have to face many pressing problems of race and colour, and of places in the sun for surplus populations, to which a solution will most certainly be sought by force in the not too distant future if the strain of a solution by arbitration and goodwill proves too great.

All history goes to prove that those nations only survive who keep ahead of their neighbours in the *quality* as well as the quantity of their fighting men and weapons. The sword and spear when others used clubs, the arrow versus the sword and spear, the bullet versus the arrow, and now—the mobile and protected man behind powerfully destructive weapons versus those less mobile and less well protected though not less well armed.

And—though the principles of war have not changed—with all these changes went modifications in tactics to

Digitized by Google

correspond with the characteristics of the latest weapons. Looser " formations " had to be adopted to meet the destructive power of the new " weapons," thereby increasing the difficulties of control; and " ground " exerted its influence on both. " Human nature " alone has remained a fairly constant factor.

It has, therefore, ever been those who were lacking in the courage to face, and the power to understand and adapt themselves to these changes who went under; and it can be no otherwise in the future.

II.

The necessity for a revolutionary change has been emphasized by the result of experiments with the new mechanized formation at Tidworth, the foundation of which is a tank battalion. *It is in the realization that a tank battalion is the foundation of this formation that we must look for the solution of our problem.* Up-to-date *infantry* has been the foundation of all fighting formations and armies. Other arms (cavalry, artillery, etc.) have existed to make it possible for infantry to close with and overrun the enemy and so win the war. Now we see that *tanks* (of various sizes, etc.) have taken over this final role, except in so far as mountain warfare or warfare in dense forests and large swamps is concerned; and other arms now exist to enable them to close with and give the *coup de grâce* to an enemy. No longer is infantry (as at present organized and equipped) the arm which " in the end wins battles," or with whom " the eventual decision rests," or which " confirms victory," except in special theatres of war. Their former role on the stage of the battlefield is now played by machine gunners in highly mobile " armoured fighting vehicles " (A.F.Vs. as they have been designated for brevity).

As an infantry soldier it gives me no pleasure to admit this, but wars are not won by an over-sentimental attachment to outworn methods, and we need have no fear that the spirit and traditions of our arm will die with our discarded methods of locomotion.

Nor, when asked (as we now are) to suggest minor reorganizations, such as the substitution of a machine-gun company for one of the lettered companies—should we fear to take the plunge and admit that it is not reorganization, but *transformation* that is required for normal theatres of war.

Digitized by Google

This article, however, is not an infantry swan song, but a humble effort to try to bring *the realization of the revolutionary changes* which are necessary home to some of the millions of our fellow countrymen who are responsible for supplying the means whereby alone the latest weapons can be made available to avert national disaster in the next, not too distant, war.

In the light of the infantry casualty lists of the Great War, it is difficult to imagine many tactical situations in a future (and probably far more devastating) war in which it would not be profitable from every point of view to use A.F.Vs. (if available) instead of infantry in even comparatively minor operations. No doubt an A.F.V. costs a great deal and is difficult to replace. But the cost of a volunteer soldier is considerable—he has to be paid, housed, clothed, fed, trained, nursed when ill, and pensioned if crippled ; and he is difficult to train and to replace. There is nothing invulnerable about him on the battlefield, where bits of lead and microbes equally seek to destroy him. Whether in attack or defence he is a gift to an enemy in A.F.Vs. unless friendly ones are there in time to protect him, which is undesirable as it would mean anchoring highly mobile units to highly immobile ones. He is asked to believe that static guns (firing from the ground over open sights) will defend him, but he knows that ground, dust, fog, smoke and other things that give cover from view and fire, exist to prevent this in ninety per cent. of cases. The latest demonstrations at Larkhill, even with self-propelled 18-pounders and platform mountings, prove this. Shortly, we are told, he is to be armed with a half-inch machine gun warranted to knock the stuffing out of any tank (if seen and squarely hit) at 500 yards or less. This tonic would, doubtless, make the infantryman's dying superiority complex raise its head again were it not for all the adverse factors quoted above, and for lack of faith in a theoretical machine gun which he has had no opportunity of handling and testing.

With the above in view every attempt to suggest an effective reorganization of an infantry battalion resolves itself into the visualization of men in A.F.Vs.—a formation which is so near akin to a tank unit as to be indistinguishable from it.

No one, indeed, seems to see otherwise, except those few die-hards who deny the need for any change. Then why are the necessary changes not made ?

Digitized by Google

III.

The main reason appears to be lack of funds. The cost of mechanization would run into a large sum, and we are told we cannot afford it.

There is, of course, only one answer to this—and that is that, if we cannot afford it, we must abide by the consequences of not being able to afford it. History is full of the consequences to nations who were not sufficiently wide awake to put other considerations after, and not before, those that were vital to their existence. Since we are a self-governing nation it is for every individual member to decide what is vital and to impress the fact on his Parliamentary representative. Any plea of ignorance after all is lost, will, of course, be useless. Nor will any excuse avail the military advisers of the Empire when they are up against heavy casualties in man-power which the use of machines could have saved. The public will then demand why the necessity for mechanization was not sufficiently explained and brought home to them beforehand—and accusations of incompetency and lack of imagination and foresight will take their toll of the higher ranks.

Not that the military advisers of the Empire are not alive to the necessity of mechanization—we are, in fact, particularly fortunate in this respect at present—but unless the public can be educated to understand the revolutionary nature of the changes that are necessary to bring our armaments and training up to date, the necessary funds will not be voted. Without the necessary funds we cannot proceed with production and, unless formations are soon mechanized and adequate training areas provided, we cannot *train* sufficient personnel either technically or tactically.

Too often now we see infantry being trained to be exterminated in the next war. The officer who—at a " tactical exercise with (or without) troops "—asks for a tank sub-unit to take some minor tactical objective, which, though minor, could nevertheless not be taken by the old methods without the loss of some hundreds of infantry, is told that he cannot have them as tanks are scarce and those available are required for larger issues. Perfectly true, of course, as things are at present—but how long is this state of things to last? There must be very many otherwise thoroughly wide-awake and sensible individuals alive to-day

Digitized by Google

who grudge the amount annually voted for the Army, but who will be amongst the first casualty lists in the next war because there were not sufficient tanks available to take the objective they (as infantrymen) were asked to carry. Only as they gasp out their lives in hundreds on the battlefield, or live crippled for life (or to see others so killed or crippled, and their country defeated), will they realize that it would have been wiser from every point of view to have borne their share of the expense of keeping the nation up to date in the latest means and methods of self-defence. Let the women voters consider this also.

Another fact—often overlooked—is that highly mobile mechanized and protected formations can, by "pinching out" (*i.e.*, not directly attacking, but going round) areas such as occupied villages and woods, and so isolating them and cutting them off from support and supplies, as often as not secure many small bloodless victories. In addition to saving casualties, the moral effect of this on both sides may well be considerable.

Other objections advanced to a more rapid mechanization are :—

(1) That this is an age of invention and consequently the present type of tank, etc., may soon be out of date.

(2) Anti-tank weapons may yet be invented which entirely neutralize the value of tanks.

(3) The expense of reconstructing barrack accommodation and of purchasing or hiring training areas.

(4) That questions of ground and climate in India limit the value of tanks there, and the complete mechanization of home units would seriously dislocate the roster of relief.

(5) Infantry are still required to "police" the Empire.

Had the first two of these excellent objections affected naval construction in the past, as they appear to be affecting the rate of mechanization of army units in the present, we would most certainly have lost the Great War and would not exist as an Empire, or as a first-class nation even, to-day. If we wait for mechanical finality we will wait for ever. It is suggested that the excellent types of A.F.Vs. and cross-country lorries we now have can be looked upon as Stage 1

Digitized by Google

in mechanical evolution and the army equipped up to this stage.

Objection (3) has already been dealt with in the only manner possible under the heading of cost.

The answer to objections (4) and (5) is that for war purposes—except in special areas such as the North-West Frontier of India and parts of Central Africa (for which special enlistments would have to be made)—infantry as at present organized and equipped are out of date and therefore *must* be transformed if they are to be capable of fighting under modern conditions. Failing any other method of policing the Empire surely there must be few areas in which reliable special constabulary cannot be enlisted from the local inhabitants—and, even if this is not so, the extra mobility with which news of disturbances can be obtained from, and reinforcements sent to, disaffected areas should make up for any loss in numbers locally.

The main point to concentrate on is that a solution must be found *now* for these difficulties if we are not to go under in the next European conflagration. We cannot afford to tinker with the main problem of " preparedness." Unless the public can be educated to see the necessity of, and unless they and the Army have the courage to make the necessary sacrifices to secure, the mechanization and reorganization of our present out-of-date infantry, we run the very considerable risk of being caught napping at the next outbreak of hostilities.

It is not only *vital* that we should *possess the latest armaments*, but that we should *train* our Army—including, of course, the Territorial Army—technically and tactically in the latest methods of war. *This cannot be done at the last moment on mobilization.*

Digitized by Google

THE BRITISH LEGION

By Lieut.-Colonel George Crosfield, D.S.O., T.D.,
Chairman of the British Legion.

THE British Legion was formed in 1921 out of the four principal ex-Service organizations, namely, the Comrades of the Great War, the National Association and the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilized Ex-Service Men and the Officers' Association, the latter becoming the Officers' Benevolent Department of the Legion. The first three organizations had been already for some years engaged in protecting the interests of ex-service men and in preserving by mutual association the comradeship which was such a redeeming feature of the last war. But early in their history it became apparent that both the ex-service man and the country would gain very considerably by a union of forces and an elimination of rivalry which strained the very comradeship, which it was their object to promote, to the breaking point. So the heads of these organizations got together and after many months of anxious and difficult negotiations the fusion took place at a great conference in the Queen's Hall, London, at Whitsuntide, 1921. Some eight hundred branches of the rival organizations were represented and considerable heat was generated before the bodies fused together. Mr. Lister, Chairman of the National Federation, presided in brilliant fashion over this very mixed assembly and was elected without opposition as first Chairman, a position which he filled with conspicuous ability for six consecutive years. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales graciously consented to become Patron of the Legion, and has ever since by his abiding interest in the welfare of ex-service men proved a wonderful inspiration to the whole movement. Field-Marshal Earl Haig, whose devotion to his former comrades has removed mountains of ill-will and bitterness, became President over this organization, to the formation of which he had contributed so largely by his wise wisdom and lofty determination.

A Constitution was adopted, since embodied in a Royal Charter, in which the principles and policy of the Legion were defined as follows :—

Digitized by Google

(*a*) The Legion shall be democratic, non-sectarian, and not affiliated to or connected directly or indirectly with any political party or political organization.

(*b*) The Legion shall be created to inaugurate and maintain in a strong, stimulating, united and democratic comradeship all those who have served in His Majesty's Forces, so that neither their efforts nor their interests shall be forgotten, that their welfare and that of the dependents of the fallen may be safeguarded, and that just and equitable treatment shall be secured to them in respect of the difficulties caused in their lives as a result of their services.

(*c*) The Legion shall exist to perpetuate in the civil life of the Empire and the World the principles for which the nation stood in the Great War, to inculcate a sense of loyalty to the Crown, Community, State and Nation, to promote unity amongst all classes, to make right the master of might, to secure peace and goodwill on earth, to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy, and to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual service and helpfulness.

It will be noted that though the Great War is stressed in paragraph (*c*) the Legion is open to all men who have served in His Majesty's Forces whether they were in the Great War or not. The Legion, therefore, is a continuing factor in the national life and as the years advance its recruitment will naturally be more and more from the post-war service man. This fact should prove of special interest to the readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

In what way, it will be asked, has the Legion put into practice the principles and policy above referred to? In many and various ways. By bringing pressure to bear on Government and Municipal Departments; by refreshing and stimulating public memory and opinion; by co-operation with other organizations and by action on the part of the Legion itself, as, for instance, in relief of distress and setting up men in employment.

It was the Legion which got the seven years' time limit for pensions for war widows materially modified so that

Digitized by Google

the hardship under this heading is much mitigated. This alteration to the Pension Warrant was only brought about by the persistent and determined efforts of the Legion, and it is perfectly fair to say that if the Legion had not been in existence many war widows whose husbands died solely because of their war service would have been debarred from any pension, due to the seven years' time limit.

The general help and advice which the Legion has given on pension cases has been on a big scale. We estimate that something like two million cases must have been assisted, and in the appeal tribunals the Legion, by appointing soldiers' friends, has succeeded in winning 29,807 cases in the last few years.

As an instance of the co-operation above referred to, the Legion is enabling unskilled ex-service men desirous of migrating to other parts of the Empire, to get the necessary training at one of the Government training centres (advocated originally by the Legion). Twenty married town-dwelling non-agriculturist unemployed ex-service men were recently trained at Brandon in Suffolk for a period of four months and taught the rudiments of Canadian farming. During this period the Legion looked after the wives and children, and had the former instructed in milking, care of poultry, etc., with local farmers. At the end of the four months these twenty families were sent over to Canada and have been put on farms which eventually they will own. It is too early to judge the results of this experiment, but it is already evident that the bulk of the twenty will make good.

The work which the Legion has done in the past few years would not have been possible unless it had had considerable sums of money at its disposal. Through the institution of Poppy Day, and thanks to the generous response of the public, the Legion has had considerable funds to dispense and with this money has been able to mitigate materially the great distress existing in this country through unemployment.

The success of Poppy Day is well shown by the following figures :—

1921	...	...	...	...	£106,000.
1922	...	...	...	...	£204,000.
1923	...	...	...	...	£259,000.
1924	...	...	...	...	£350,000.
1925	...	...	...	...	£395,000.
1926	...	...	...	...	£435,000.

Digitized by Google

The results of 1927 are not yet to hand, but everything points to the half-million mark being reached.

One of the directions in which the Legion has been highly successful has been in the setting-up of ex-officers and men in small businesses by means of grants or loans free of interest and repayable on easy terms. Every week some twenty men are thus set up, and repayments up to date are over fifty per cent. Here are two typical cases of men set up in this way :—

> A disabled ex-service man of the R.A.S.C., with a wife and six children, required a loan to assist him in a business as a manufacturers' agent. A small loan in this case was approved, which was repaid within ten months, during which time he has made a living for himself and family, and is now self-supporting.
>
> A married ex-service man, with wife and three children, living in Cornwall, who was in business as a farmer, required assistance to assist him in purchasing four cows. A loan of £25 was approved, which was repaid within eighteen months, and we are now assured that the business is self-supporting.

The Legion has not only co-operated with the King's Roll National Council in the work of placing the disabled ex-service man in employment, but is itself quite a large employer of disabled men. At its Poppy factory, where the poppies sold on Remembrance Day are made during the whole year, no less than 240 ex-service men with an average disability of seventy per cent. are employed. The Legion, too, has its own Tubercular Settlement at Preston Hall, near Maidstone, where men who have had the disease arrested in the sanatorium adjoining the Settlement, are enabled to lead an independently economic existence under hygienic conditions without detriment to their recovered health. At the time of writing there are nearly one hundred families living in the cottages of this village and there is not a single case of tuberculosis amongst the children.

In addition to these two institutions the Legion has recently taken over a hand-loom weaving establishment at Llanwrtyd Wells, where the employees are all disabled ex-service men. We hope, by means of our widely extended organization, so to develop the sales of the excellent

Digitized by Google

tweed manufactured by these men that many more may be taken on.

The Legion is linked up with the kindred ex-service organizations throughout the British Empire by means of the British Empire Service League, of which Lord Haig is the Grand President. This linking up not only makes for the integrity and stability of the Empire, but is of real practical help to ex-service men migrating from one part of the great Commonwealth to another.

Again, the Legion is linked up in the cause of peace and goodwill with the allied organizations through the medium of the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants (Fidac). This federation has been, and is, the means of preserving a considerable measure of the comradeship engendered during the war between nations fighting on the same side for a common cause.

But to return nearer home again. The great thought occupying the Legion to-day is employment. We have, through our three thousand odd branches, through our thirteen area headquarters, and through our employment department at National Headquarters, placed many thousands in suitable employment. Carlisle was right when he wrote " In idleness alone is there perpetual despair," and the only real and true relief is to find a job for the unemployed man. Undoubtedly it is difficult to create new work in these days of trade depression, but there is such a thing as preference, and it is only right and proper that if two men of equal capacity are seeking one job, it should go to the man who has been serving in His Majesty's Forces and therefore is at a greater disadvantage to the man who has been free to get work wherever and whenever it was available.

The Legion is developing its Employment Bureaux fast and is getting directly in touch with a steadily growing number of employers of labour. We believe, therefore, that we can be of real service to the man who is about to leave any branch of His Majesty's Forces and we hope that Officers Commanding will bring the Legion to the notice of men who may be about to leave the Service.

The above is a rough enumeration of some of the main activities of the Legion. It is only right and proper to say that in all this work the men have been enormously helped by the Women's Section of the Legion which is open to all ex-service women and to the near relatives of ex-service men.

Digitized by Google

Although of fairly recent formation, compared with the men's side of the movement, the Women's Section already numbers 700 branches. These branches do invaluable work in looking after widows and orphans, in helping the men on the recreational side, in organizing Poppy Day, in investigation of cases for relief, etc., etc.

The Legion has come to stay; it is growing not dwindling; it is gaining members of the right type and losing those who did not appreciate the gospel of work for others. The Legion has done much for the welfare of the ex-service community and the nation as a whole. May those who read this, and are not members, be moved to come in and help to HONOUR THE DEAD, SERVE THE LIVING.

Digitized by Google

THE PUBLIC AND THE AIR ARM

By A. E. Blake.

A NEW star has appeared in the firmament of war. Observers who follow its progress through naval telescopes or military field glasses are prone to accord it only a low degree of magnitude, but for the members of the general public who view it with naked and untrained eyes or through the smoked glass of prejudice, it represents not simply the eclipse of a body of traditional strategy, but appears as a new and terrible portent which may presage the downfall of civilization and the degradation of humanity.

No greater service could be rendered by the organizations which aim at establishing a liaison between the general public and the fighting forces of the air than to undertake the instruction of the people on the subject of air warfare, and to promote clear thinking on a theme about which the mass of the people is sometimes ill-informed and more often misinformed. No one who retains close touch with public opinion, and particularly those sections associated with the middle and lower classes, can fail to notice the concern, not to say the alarm, with which the prospect of future war is regarded. Invariably the terror is inspired by the firmly-grounded belief that the newer weapons of war—the aeroplane, poison gas, the tank and the submarine—have imported into international conflict features of brutality and savagery hitherto absent, or present in a smaller degree.

This conviction is, without doubt, the result of the sudden shock administered by the air raids of the last war to the placid assumption of the Briton that his insularity afforded him immunity to invasion. Those few miles of water enabled him to echo with piety and assurance Shakespeare's boast that :

> This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of the conqueror.

The aeroplane is inducing a less complacent frame of mind and we are growing to appreciate the concern for security which once seemed so contemptible a feature of the national consciousness of continental nations.

Digitized by Google

But a thousand years of comparative freedom from invasion may have made us prone to panic, and it would be a national dishonour if the realization of our lost immunity fostered defeatism instead of stimulating the nation to look Fate squarely in the eyes. No sane man wants a recurrence of war, but it is not the mark of sanity to decline to contemplate or prepare against an eventuality which, however unpleasant, the lesson of history indicates to be highly likely. There is good reason to believe that the pacifism prevalent at the present day is not rooted in any fundamental change in the human heart or in human institutions. The economic causes of previous wars operate as remorselessly to-day ; nationalism is still one of the most potent of psychological forces ; men are still willing to risk death in defending and in imposing on others ideas which to them represent the essential truth ; in fact, a few hundred years of " civilization " has not yet sufficed to eradicate instincts that the human animal found necessary to cultivate in the thousands of years of struggle for existence which preceded them.

But if war is inevitable, there is no inevitable progression in the slaughter and suffering it entails. Lacking an historical sense, the people have generally accepted without question the contention that aircraft and poison gas represent the culmination of a tendency for warfare to grow increasingly bloody and destructive which is alleged to have been evident since the introduction of gunpowder into the western world. But this argument, viewed relatively rather than actually, is not by any means substantiated. Continental Europe was probably impoverished to a much greater degree by the Thirty Years' War than the conflict which ended with the Armistice of 1918, which left, together with its legacy of economic and political problems, an industrial system with a higher productivity than that which obtained at the outbreak of hostilities. The scale and the stage has become greater, but, relatively to the wealth and population of each age, wars even of the magnitude of the last are probably no more destructive than those of the Middle Ages and antiquity.

Wars will certainly not be made less bloody by the abolition—if that were possible—of the new arms which restore mobility to the armed forces. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane has proved to a sceptical and, it is to be feared, not very heedful world, that gas gains many of the ends of war with far less suffering and permanent injury to the combatant

Digitized by Google

than high explosive. It can also be demonstrated that the aeroplane and the tank, by substituting the war of motion for the war of attrition, allow a decision to be reached more quickly and at a smaller sacrifice of human life. Yet the prevailing view of the uninstructed is that it is essentially more brutal to kill a man with a bomb dropped from an aeroplane or to incapacitate him with poison gas than to disembowel him with a bayonet, break his skull with a rifle butt, dissipate his limbs with a shell, or starve him with a blockade. They have yet to hear or to realize the truth of Vice-Admiral Sir William Goodenough's words: "If we are to have a war, do not let us have a humane war, for that is the most terrible thing of all. It is as bad as the humane generals we used to hear about; they lost more lives than anyone else."

Again, there is a profound conviction that warfare is the concern only of the opposing fighting forces, and that the use of aircraft as an independent arm is illegitimate because it must involve, either incidentally or from intention, an attack on civilian life and activities. This objection demands more respectful treatment than the first, since it is less obviously based on fallacy. It involves juridical as well as technical arguments. But it would be wrong to encourage any popular hope that the civilian has any right to, or will in fact receive, immunity from attack in the next war, whether or not preparations are made by this country to repel invasion, and irrespective of any international conventions for the limitation of such action concluded in times of peace. If the civilian not unnaturally shrinks from the prospect, he must end war, not a particular method of waging it. War's picturesqueness, in the past, has resided very largely in the fact that the people were able to experience it vicariously. They shared the glory of "our" heroes' victories without the danger and discomfort of achieving them. The outcome of war depended on the issue of battle because, recognizing the victorious force to be irresistible, the civil government usually made haste to capitulate. Three-dimensional warfare, represented by the aeroplane and the submarine, has, however, complicated the problem by making possible direct attacks on the economic life of the enemy without the preliminary necessity of destroying his armed forces.

But the nature of war is not essentially changed. War remains what it has always been—a struggle between political

Digitized by Google

units to impose the will of each on the other, a struggle in which no limitations are admitted except those of expediency. The nation may take one of three courses. It may determine to maintain its will against all opposing forces ; it may agree in advance, by disarming, to concur in the imposition of the will of other sovereign states more resolutely self-confident ; or it may seek, in co-operation with its neighbours, to settle its disputes by arbitration and to solve the problems which confront them all in a manner that will represent a compromise between the different points of view. The second course is an impossible one except for a people which, both nationally and individually, has become degenerate and has grown tired in the struggle for survival. If the first course is chosen, the choice should be made with a clear understanding of the gravity of the decision in the light of modern developments of war and the existing political and economic world situation. How far the third course is likely to be a practical insurance against war depends on the extent to which natural pugnacity and acquisitiveness has been modified, in the international sphere, by the social virtues of law and justice.

A third widespread opinion on air warfare which is based on ignorance of technical facts is that it is unjustifiable to use aircraft for the maintenance of order in semi-savage regions. It is common to find a profound horror for the employment of aeroplanes for punitive duties usually carried out by ground-operating columns. The belief that air bombing is essentially more cruel than the orthodox methods naturally commends itself to a people which, while remarkably free from land- or sea-borne invasion, has acute recollections of invasion by air. It should be made more widely known that the air arm is much less destructive of human life and property, as well as being more efficient and economical, than the ordinary punitive expedition, with its wholesale burning of villages, confiscation of herds, and the less generally mentioned, but invariably present, accompaniments of letting loose an alien soldiery among the men and women of a semi-civilized race.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Salmond, replying to the question " Is Air Warfare Humane ?" said : " No, because that is a paradox. But it is quicker, more efficient and is accompanied by infinitely less suffering than the older methods of waging war in semi-civilized countries." Another authority states : " Aircraft do not, as a rule, inflict very heavy casualties.

Digitized by Google

Their tremendous moral effect is very largely due to the demoralization engendered in the tribesman by his feeling of helplessness and his inability to reply effectively to the attack."

The distinction between war and the policing of semi-civilized regions is a real one. It is no argument against the use of aircraft for such purposes to contend that it is illegitimate because the tribesmen cannot hit back. The members of our own police force are chosen because their physique gives them an advantage over the malefactor, and no one suggests that their conflicts should take place under strict National Sporting Club Rules in order that the wrongdoer may have a fair chance of laying out his policeman and getting away. How much more necessary it is to invest the law with an overwhelming preponderance of power in regions where wholly different standards of conduct and profound difficulties of administration exist. If it is legitimate at all that we should impose our law and our standards on alien races, it is an obligation on us that we do so with the minimum of suffering and the maximum of efficiency.

The foregoing are some of the doubts respecting the air arm which make the public indisposed to give their attention to considering the relations that ought to exist between the British air forces and those of other world powers on the one hand, and the other British fighting services on the other. Those who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of arousing the public to think on these lines will be well advised, in the first instance, to undertake propaganda with the object of educating the people in the principles of warfare and the nature of the changes which have been wrought by the introduction of the aerial factor.

Digitized by Google

IN THE MIDDLE WATCH

By Stephen King-Hall.

I

"TALKING o' service funerals," observed the Quartermaster, "reminds me of how we lost a very promising young leading seaman wot was coxswain of the second cutter in my last ship."

"I'll buy it," confessed the Corporal of the Watch.

"It's gospel, as true as I'm standing here on watch at two bells and wishing it was eight. Anyhow, this is how Pincher Martin—that was his tally—lost the number of his mess. We was lying at Mudros, or Skyros, or Enos, or one of them blinkin' Greek islands wot figures so prominent in ancient history; cruel sort of a place, not a public in the district. And it 'appened that we runs short of meat, so the Skipper, he said to the Pusser, he said, 'You go ashore and buy two oxes on the 'oof,' meanin' live animals in a manner of speakin'. Well, the Paymaster-Commander he goes ashore with the Paymaster-Lieutenant wot had qualified in a short meat course at Deptford and they buys two oxes in a field.

"When the Pusser come aboard the First Lieutenant he says to The Butch, what was one of the biggest Marines I ever seen afloat, he says: 'Butch, you'll go ashore in the second cutter and slaughter them two naval oxes.'

"So the second cutter goes away with The Butch and a sledge 'ammer what The Butch had drawn from the Central Stores in lieu of a pole-axe, that not being a Service article. Now, these two oxes were on liberty in a fairish-sized field what had a shed with a window in it in one corner, and Pincher Martin and The Butch reckoned as how the best way of handling the situation would be to get one of these oxes in the shed, and using the cutter's main halyards as standing guys round his 'orns, push his head through the window with the cutter's crew round his stern sheets. Meanwhile, The Butch said as how he'd stand outside and pole-axe the ox when his head came through the window.

"Well, they gets an ox in the shed by dragging a turnip in front of his snout, and all the cutter's crew got round his after-part, and The Butch takes up his station outside the

Digitized by Google

shed at one side of the window, so as the ox couldn't sight him. When Martin had everything shipshape in the shed he sings out, 'All ready, Butch?' But The Butch, being on the 'why vivi' and not wanting to frighten the ox, didn't say nothing, he didn't. So Pincher sings out again, 'Got yer 'ammer up, Butch?'

"And still The Butch didn't say nothing, he didn't. So Pincher Martin, poor bloke, what had just been put in the rattle for not having his hair the regulation length, pokes his head out of the window to see if The Butch was at his action station. Down comes the 'ammer and The Butch pole-axed his shipmate a fair treat. My word, he was cut up about it. He gave up being Butch for the rest of the Commish and took on lamp trimmer."

II

"I 'ear," said the Corporal of the Watch to his companion the Quartermaster, "that we're going to 'ave a Paymaster-Captain in this 'ere ship!"

"I 'ates Pussers," declared the Quartermaster.

"Wot, all Pussers, or Pusser-Captains in pertikler?"

"Pusser-Captains special."

"Ah, been unfortunate wiv your pay in barracks, per-haps," suggested the Corporal.

"No more than ordinary," admitted his companion, "but in a manner o' speakin' I 'ave lost a lot o' dollars through a certain Pusser-Captain. He 'aunts me as you might say. I orter be a Chief by rights with three years' time in, sitting in a Commander's office nice and snug adoing clerking instead of flattening me feet on this 'ere deck. Blimme! I must 'ave walked round the blinkin' world on this 'ere deck since we commissioned."

The Quartermaster automatically began to pace the deck.

"Ho, yes!" retorted the Corporal, "and if merit 'ad been recognized by all the raspberry faced majors wot I been batman to, I'd be a Field Marshal at the 'Orse Guard Parade, or more likely behind the bar of a nice little public wiv a sergeant's pension in the till."

"It's gospel I'm telling you," asserted the Quartermaster. "In nineteen 'undred and eleven I was a smart young leading seaman G.L.2 in the *Terpsycore*. We give passage during manœuvres to a Pusser-Captain and we

Digitized by Google

'adn't been at sea two days when the old bird got very queer. Our doctor, 'ee must 'ave 'ad the wind up all along that the Pusser would die on 'is 'ands, for 'ee tried 'ard to get the Skipper to go back into 'arbour and land the perisher before 'ee become a corpse. But the Skipper—wot was a tiger called ' 'Ot-stuff 'Enery '—Capting William 'Enery was 'is tally, 'ee sez to the Doc. ' If you gives me a certificate wot sez that the Paymaster-Captain is in mortal danger, I'll go back to Pompey, but if you can't, well, wot the deuce is the good of 'aving a sick-bay ?'

" Why didn't the Doc. give the Skipper a certificate ?" interrupted the Corporal.

" 'Ow could 'ee," replied the Quartermaster ; " you don't suppose the Doc. knew what the Pusser 'ad, do you ? Don't be so wet ; ain't you ever been in a naval orspital ?"

The Quartermaster lit his pipe, then continued :—

" Any'ow, the Pusser dies and in we goes to the nearest 'arbour to plant 'im. I was de-tailed as the leading 'and of the funeral party and we landed one afternoon in our Number Ones. Pouring with rain it was, and two miles to the cimitry. 'Ot-stuff 'Enery was principal mourner. Big show it was, seeing as 'ow the corpse 'ad carried four stripes on 'is arm. We done the slow march all the way to the cimitry, and the band, they nearly dropped, and the rain soaked us through and through. We gets to the grave and the body comes along and, of course, we gets the order ' Rest on your arms reversed.' You know the para. in the drill wot says ' On the arrival of the corpse from the mort-tewary, dead 'ouse or wot-not, the firing party will rest on their arms reversed, 'ang the 'ead on the breast and hassume a melancholy and mournful haspect.'

" Well, we does the drill all right and I tell you, it didn't need no corpse to make us melancholy in that crool rain, and the coffin was about abreast of me when I shifted the muzzle of me rifle on the toe of me boot and by a misfortune I puts all me weight on me pet bunnion. The blinkin' agony was so crool I lets go of me butt for a second and before I could lay 'old of it again me rifle falls athwart the legs of a petty orficer wot was coffin-bearing party and down 'ee comes with a run.

" ' Still !' roars out the Skipper, ' 'oo dropt that blankety-blank rifle ?'

" ' I did sir,' sez I.

Digitized by Google

"'Ho, did you,' sez 'ee. 'Leading Seaman G.L.2, are you? I'll teach you to make a mock of a religious ceremony. You ain't fit to be a leading seaman if your nerves collapse when a corpse crosses your bows. You're dis-rated to Able Seaman here and now. *Carry on* the funeral!' I never 'ad a chance to tell 'im that it was me bunnion and not me nerves wot give out. Lost me three years' time, that did, and that's why I 'ate Pusser-Captains and that's why I ain't a chief petty officer."

"'Ard cheese," commented the Corporal, "but as my dear mother always said, 'Arry, she said, the rich get all the pleasure and the poor get all the pain.'"

III

The Quartermaster and his companion the Corporal of the Watch paced the quarter-deck at 0300 on December 25th. A cold east wind, blowing steadily across the mud flats of the Thames estuary, flung the rain into their faces.

"Christmas comes but once a year, but when it . . ." began the Corporal.

"Thank 'evings for that; if I've got ter spend part of it walkin' up and down this deck in this kind o' weather," interrupted the Quartermaster.

The Corporal waved his hand in the general direction of a few dreary lights.

"To think that people live 'ere!"

"Comic, ain't it!" agreed his companion.

"Personally," continued the Quartermaster, "I don't 'old with this Christmas idea. It ain't never brought me no joss. I ain't ever noticed any peace and goodwill about it. Only Christmas present I ever had in the Service was ten days' leaf stopped."

"Ah! been celebrating I spose and forgot to look at yer watch in the morning, eh?"

"You're a liar" amicably asserted the Quartermaster. "I never got ashore this Christmas I wos thinking of, though you ain't so far wrong when you guesses it was a question of looking at a watch."

"Wot 'appened?" demanded the Corporal.

The Quartermaster lit his pipe, then observed: "I was in Submarines at the time and our Skipper was a bloke called—well, I misremember his name. Any'ow, he come into money later on and left the Service. We was lying at

Digitized by Google

Harwich at the time and on Christmas Day the Skipper and the Sub. wot 'ad to be on board—and my word, they were a pair, those two—settled down at noon to a Christmas dinner. They 'ad a 'amper down from London from that shop Fort something or other and the Sub. 'ee 'ad a bottle of brandy wot his uncle a Lord 'ad give him. Prime stuff. 'E give me a tot. They finished eating at 'arf past three. . . ."

"Wot! didn't they drink nothing?" exclaimed the Corporal.

"Oh, no! not arf they didn't. They drank the 'ealth of every Lootenant-Commander in the Navy List until they 'adn't any bottles of champagne left. Back bones of the Service the skipper said they was."

"Wot, the champagne bottles?"

"No, the Lootenant-Commanders, o' course, you fat'ead. Anyhow, at four o'clock the Sub. 'ee goes ashore—wonderful 'ow 'ee nipped across the planks between the boats—and the Skipper he lays down on a camp bed in the control room and starts a shut-eye. I 'eard 'im give an order of some kind to the Coxswain, but I didn't pay pertikler attention to it.

"At six o'clock I comes on watch for the last dog and I looks at the signal pad and I sees written down 'Call Skipper 'arf past five; good shake.' I also looks at the Skipper and 'ee was sleeping like a lamb, 'ee was, bar 'is breathing, wot was a little 'eavy. Innocent sort of face 'ee 'ad when he wasn't awake. At 4 a.m. I comes on watch again for the morning and at 5.30 I shakes the Skipper, 'oo was still on 'is camp bed with 'is shirt and trousers on.

"'Five-thirty, sir,' sez I, and I give him a good shake. Up he gits and 'as a shave, then blimme if 'ee don't put on 'is dinner jacket. That struck me as a bit queer, but then orficers *are* queer so I didn't say nothing.

"'Wots the weather like on deck,' sez 'ee.

"'Raining and blowing 'ard, sir,' sez I.

"''Ell,' sez 'ee, 'my young woman will 'ave a cold trip to London. I 'ope she'll be punctual at the rendezvous. I'm going ter motor 'er up to London for a dance, Smith.' Well, it struck me again that it was queer goings on ter motor a skirt up to London for a dance at arf past five in the morning on Boxing Day. 'Owever, I reckoned they must be going to one of these 'ere 'igh life cabarettes wot ain't got no closing hours. Up on deck 'ee goes and scrambles ashore

Digitized by Google

and when I seed 'im disappear inter the night I 'opped down below for a mug of something 'ot and wet. My word, in about ten minutes I 'eard 'is voice using 'orrible language and before I could get up on deck down 'ee comes through the conning tower hatch and then 'ee starts. ' You perishin' arf-baked turnip,' sez 'ee, ' you arf-witted son of gun, wot the blinkin' blazes d'you mean by calling me twelve hours late, you blasted ullage.'

" ' Beggin' your pardon, sir,' sez I, ' I calls you in accordance with these orders,' and I showed 'im the chit saying 'ee was to be called at arf past five. 'Ee nearly wept. 'Ee said as 'ow 'ee 'oped every man in the boat would die sudden; 'ee 'oped every 'orrible thing that could 'appen would 'appen, and if 'ee could 'elp Providence 'ee would. Then 'ee stopped me leaf for ten days for gross dereliction of dooty and criminal stoopidity."

The Quartermaster paused.

" He seems ter have been cut up abaht something," suggested the Corporal.

" 'Ow would you like it, inquired the Quartermaster if you made a date with a skirt to take 'er to the pictures and she stood in the rain for an hour and then you didn't turn up at the rendezvous till eleven hours later, eh ?"

" I'll bet 'ee copped it from 'er," remarked the Corporal.

" No, 'ee didn't ?"

" Why."

" Cos she wouldn't never speak to 'im again."

Digitized by Google

THE WORK OF THE ARMOURED BRIGADE

By H. B. W. S.

IN 1920 the late Sir Henry Wilson established an amorphous formation at Aldershot known as the Experimental Brigade. Its organization was non-existent, as it consisted of an Infantry Brigade to which at odd moments during the training season was added a variety of other units. Colonel H. C. Jackson, an extremely able officer, attempted to command this formation, but what with the rebellion in Ireland and the fact that the Army had scarcely completed demobilization, he was hard put to it to get anything of value accomplished, yet he did show that with a properly organized force much could be done.

It was considered by many that the time was not ripe for experimental work, and that attention should be fixed solely upon reinstating the 1914 discipline and digesting the lessons of the war. But Sir Henry was not so small minded. We are of opinion that he cared very little about the discipline of 1914, or anything else connected with the period before the flood. Further, that he saw quite clearly that no time could have been more propitious to establish something new than at the beginning of a new order of things. Had he continued in office, we feel that he would have placed the Experimental Brigade on a proper footing. Unfortunately, his successor thought otherwise, for one of his earliest acts was to abolish it. The Army then went to sleep for four years.

It must have been very soon after the present C.I.G.S. took up his appointment in February, 1926, that he concerned himself with the recreation of this Brigade, for in the autumn of that year the Secretary of State for War announced in the House of Commons its approaching birth. Shortly after this event it became known unofficially through the Press that Colonel Fuller, G.S.O.1. of the Tank Corps during the war, was to be placed in command of it. Then in the spring of 1927 it was learnt that he had refused it. At the time the reasons for this refusal were not known, but to-day there can be little doubt that the main reason was that the

Digitized by Google

old muddle of 1920 was about to be repeated. In other words, like Colonel Jackson, he was to command an Infantry Brigade, and be loaned a bran-tub full of new and unorganized mechanized units whenever higher authority saw fit. Whether he did himself any good by refusing the chaos offered to him is doubtful, as the hierarchy do not like refusals; besides, they are apt to make use of a BBB pencil in such cases; but that he did the Army the best of turns is certain, for the Press took the matter up with some considerable degree of warmth. Able leading articles, deprecating the nebulous War Office policy, were not without their influence on the Cabinet, who in turn questioned the Secretary of State for War. The result was that on May 1st last year, in place of a monster being born, the long-expected son and heir of the old Army saw daylight, and was hastily christened "The Experimental Force" and handed over to Colonel R. J. Collins to nurse.

Although the position of Colonel Collins is not entirely a happy one, for he still has to command the 7th Infantry Brigade as well as the Experimental Force, yet in spite of all difficulties, the Experimental Force, which has recently been renamed the Armoured Brigade, has proved itself an unqualified success. It has not yet taught the Army a great deal, but it has right royally advertised the fact that we are faced by a complete military reorganization, and that the prophets have for once been right. It has made many a soldier think furiously, and this is the first step towards change of mental attitude.

Its difficulties have been great, and much praise is due to its able Commander that it has accomplished as much as it has. As far as we are aware, he has never as yet been clearly told what the object of his Brigade is. Is it to hold an armoured umbrella over the heads of the older troops, or is it to act as a convoy to them, or is it an independent force like the old independent cavalry, or is it to form a mould wherein the Army is to be recast? If we are right in supposing that this all-important point has not been settled, we would impress upon the authorities the necessity of clearly defining it before the next training season begins. It is not only of importance that the Commander of this Brigade should know his ultimate goal, but that the whole Army should also know it, so that the relationship between the training of the one and the other may be complete. It must be realized that all good work starts with an idea, and the clearer this idea is

Digitized by Google

in the head of the worker, the better will be his work, and the sympathetic, intelligent criticism will be so much the easier.

This year it certainly seems that far too much has been attempted. To ask a child to run before it can crawl is not common sense. To attempt exercises involving higher tactics and strategy is not sound until organization has been settled and officers have cultivated what may be called a sense for mechanized warfare. To prove whether a mechanized force, such as the present Armoured Brigade, can eat up an Infantry Division is waste of time, because it is a problem which needs no proof. Military correspondents may draw up lists of lessons on such operations, but they are lessons which the war has, or should have, already taught us, and the war is now nearly ten years behind us, and, to quote Napoleon, tactics change once every ten years.

We hope that this will have been realized before next training season opens. We hope that the winter will have been spent in an intensive training of the officers, that their old ideas on tactics will be rooted out, that they will be taught that tanks and armoured cars, etc., are not infantry, or cavalry, or artillery, and that their tactics are other than those of the older arms. We suggest that those who have got to teach them should study with care an article published in this Magazine in April last. It was written by Colonel Fuller, and was called "Tactics and Mechanization." In our opinion it strikes the nail on the head.

Further, we hope that this summer's training will be given up to what may be called mechanized drill. That a drill skeleton be built up, upon which tactical muscles can work and strategy become articulate. Lastly, we hope that in the autumn, in place of carrying out combined operations, trials in command, local control and distant inter-communication will be attempted. To improve communication and control is, in our opinion, far more important than assassinating infantry even under peace conditions, and in pursuing cavalry from copse to copse. This year should be an organizing year, and not, like last year, a disorganizing one; if this is done, then in the final year of his appointment the C.I.G.S. will be able to hold a really profitable field day.

The composition of the Brigade was as follows: one tank battalion, two companies of armoured cars, one company of sixteen tankettes, one machine gun battalion, two infantry battalions, one of which was motorized; one brigade of

Digitized by Google

dragon artillery, one battery being equipped with self-propelled guns ; one light battery, and a company of motorized engineers. For purposes of movement these troops were organized into three groups according to their respective speeds. But for fighting purposes the division was in two and not in three parts, the first being the reconnaissance group and the second comprising everything outside it. We shall return to this question of grouping later on ; meanwhile we will concentrate our attention on the work of the first of these groups, not only because we saw more of it in the field, but because tankettes were largely used for reconnaissance work, and they constitute a new weapon of war ; and, further, armoured cars, a weapon we can obtain in large quantities at short notice, proved their value again and again.

The mobility of the armoured cars was quite astonishing, and their power to reconnoitre most marked, nevertheless we do not think that sufficient use was made of them in the attack. This, no doubt, was due to the heresy which has been spread about by certain senior commanders that the armoured car is not an offensive weapon. Though Salisbury Plain is particularly well suited to their use, we fail to see how in open country infantry can possibly defend themselves against these weapons, not uncommonly moving at between twenty and thirty miles an hour. We admit that in broken country their mobility would be slower, but the advent of the six-wheeler armoured car should largely remedy this. One distinct defect is, however, possessed by the present machine : it is not armed to defeat its like, and it certainly should be equipped with a weapon which can put its like out of action. To kill infantry is slaughter, but to be able to knock out armoured cars will in war be a grim necessity.

The work of the tankette (Morris-Martel and Carden-Loyd) was spoilt by paucity in numbers, exaggerated by lack of spare parts. Really the Ordnance Department might have learnt by now that spare parts are as necessary to tanks as bread is to man. That they have not done so shows that they are still unfit to deal with mechanization.

These machines seem to have been used on every possible occasion. This may be all right in peace time, but in war time the crews would rapidly be worn out. In the several engagements we witnessed the need for these machines grew as contact was gained, and this points to the likelihood of large numbers being required in war time, just as at sea no

Digitized by Google

fleet can possess too many destroyers. In the last war the destroyer problem was a nerve-racking one, and so will it be on land unless we are well prepared for it. The tactics of the tankettes appeared to us somewhat chaotic, rather like those of a band of wild Mongol horsemen. We may have a lot to learn from these people and the Parthians, but order was not one of their virtues, and order is useful in modern war. To circle round Romans and Byzantine knights is one thing, but to attempt the same with modern artillery and heavy machine guns is quite another. Order is the foundation of tactics, and mutual support between arms is one of its main props. Certain of the tankettes should be equipped with anti-tank weapons; this subject is one which demands immediate consideration.

Another misuse, so it appeared to us, and this time in the opposite direction, was the overdoing of protection. It is essential that a commander should secure his force, and security will become more and more important when armoured brigade meets armoured brigade. But in all the exercises we witnessed the Armoured Brigade was pitted against infantry. Against infantry such a force has little or nothing to fear, consequently to advance with extreme caution is quite unnecessary. It is not like advancing into the unknown. It is fully known that when the infantry are met with they can be slaughtered. Over-caution wastes time, and is consequently a vice. In the present case audacity should have been the watchword, yet against an armoured force it should be prudence. This shows quite clearly the danger inherent in such exercises as were carried out this year.

We will now turn to work at night time. At first thought it might be considered that night approaches and attacks, and protective work during hours of darkness, are unsuited for a mechanized force. This, however, is not the case, and the work both on Salisbury Plain and in the Oxfordshire manœuvre area has so far shown that the reverse holds good. We do not mean by this that night work is to be considered easier than day work, but that generally speaking, in normally open country, mechanized arms are better suited to this work than the other ones. One reason for this is that smaller forces can be used, and consequently control is facilitated. Another, that their higher mobility enables flanks to be turned more readily, and surprise to be accentuated. At night time it is the rear of the enemy which should be attacked. With

Digitized by Google

marching troops time does not permit of this. A night approach of six miles will probably take six hours. With a small mechanized column, however, thirty to forty miles can be covered in this time, and the eventual attack launched from a direction least expected.

The protection of the Armoured Brigade at night time was a comparatively simple problem. The laager system was tried out and proved effective. It is true that attacks were attempted by infantry and cavalry; but these attacks were valueless, for though in peace time, when the dread of night and bullets are absent, such operations may appear feasible, in war time it is most unlikely that they would be attempted. Though weapons change, human nature remains fairly constant. Throughout the history of war, night operations have been the exception and not the rule; the great captains seldom made use of them because they realized full well the power of the unexpected on the nerves of their men. When mechanized arms are used, the possibility for unexpected action is vastly increased, and the sudden appearance of a tankette or an armoured car might easily reduce a brigade of infantry to panic.

The outpost work of the Armoured Brigade was, we consider, far too normal. Not only has such a force the power of rapidly shifting its position several miles to flank, rear or front during the hours of twilight, when it will be most difficult for hostile aircraft to notice its movements, but all idea of formal outposts should be abandoned when operating against the older arms. The system we advocate is the one made use of by the Boers especially during the earlier portion of the South African War, when the bulk of our men were on foot. In place of surrounding themselves with sentry posts, picquets, etc., they sent forward contact patrols to watch the enemy's movements during the night. In brief, they picqueted their enemy and not themselves. As many an officer will remember, at dawn, or shortly after, these patrols could frequently be seen retiring along the skyline, and not on one particular flank of the British encampment, but on all.

We will now turn to the remaining arms of the Armoured Brigade. Little need be said about the Vickers tanks, save that in our opinion they are neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring. They are too slow for reconnaissance work, and also too bulky. They are not sufficiently well armoured for battle work, and again are distinctly on the slow side. They

Digitized by Google

are uncomfortable to live in, and we hope, if a new machine is to be designed, that comfort will receive full consideration.

Frankly, we do not know the object of the motorized machine gun battalion. Presumably it is to hold ground won by the armoured troops. But this is absurd. If the enemy is infantry, there is no necessity to hold the ground, and if his troops are armoured, unarmoured machine guns will be useless unless they are anti-tank weapons, in which case they would be better placed in armoured vehicles. We can understand that such a unit as this may have some value with a marching division, but with an armoured force our opinion is that it has none, and that it should be replaced by tankettes and armoured cars.

We saw little use made of the infantry of the Brigade. In our opinion battalions are not required, and should be replaced by highly-trained companies of lightly-equipped riflemen. A force such as the one under consideration cannot always expect to operate over Salisbury Plain. A war theatre may be broken, wooded or mountainous, in which case riflemen, true light infantry, will prove of the greatest value. A formation such as an Armoured Brigade might be permanently allotted three such companies, others being added to it as the nature of the theatre of war demands. It may be said that infantry are required for fatigues, the supply of batmen, etc. If so, then their place should be taken by an employment company. As it is unthinkable that in the future marching infantry will be allotted to an Armoured Brigade, within reason it does not matter how old the fatigue men are. Here is a very practical way of employing time-expired soldiers.

There is something wrong with the whole of our mechanized artillery. First, a dragon-drawn gun is neither a pro- nor an anti-tank weapon. The 18-pounder is too heavy a weapon for anti-tank purposes, and its smoke-producing power is indifferent. To haul a gun may be suitable for infantry work, but for co-operative work with tanks it must be carried, and carried in such a manner that it can be fired from its mounting. The self-propelled gun mounting is in idea undoubtedly correct, but the weapon it carries is far from being the type required. In our opinion two weapons should be carried, but not necessarily in the same vehicle: a 3-pounder gun for anti-tank work, and a 4.5 howitzer, or possibly a 6-inch mortar, for pro-tank work—that is, to fire

Digitized by Google

smoke shell. We recommend designers to consider the question of such a mortar; the range need not be great—say, 1,500 yards—since tanks are at present unlikely to be able to destroy each other, or be destroyed by field guns over this range.

One problem was well accentuated during last year's training. The Armoured Brigade was insufficiently supported by aircraft. Observation is essential to rapidly moving armoured forces, and generally speaking it can only be obtained by means of aircraft. We are of opinion that the commander of such a brigade should be supplied with a machine of his own, a comfortable machine, in which at any moment he can rise in the air and have a look round. To facilitate landing, it might perhaps be of the helicopter type. We do not suggest that it is his duty to reconnoitre, but we do consider that on many occasions it would be extremely useful for him, before he decides on a plan, to gain a bird's-eye view of the area of operations. We also consider that an Armoured Brigade should be provided with a certain number of armoured aeroplanes. The enemy of the tank is the gun, and to put guns out of action aeroplanes must fly low. As this will entail risk from machine guns protecting the guns, aeroplanes used for this work should be protected by armour.

As regards Command and Signals, we saw too little to warrant a judgment. One change must, however, be made. With so rapidly moving a force, written operation orders are normally impossible. Command must be direct—that is, by voice; plans will consequently have to be very precise and simple, and communications in clear, or by code, and by R/T, very good. Subordinate commanders will have to be quick witted and men of high initiative; they will be given an idea rather than a plan, and this idea they will have to carry out as conditions change, and with what they have got on the spot, and not with what it is possible for them to get if they wait for an hour or so. In mechanized warfare time is more than ever the gift of the gods.

We will now turn to what has been learnt this year. The lessons, true lessons, have been few, but their fewness makes them all the more important. To say that the Armoured Brigade has been able to paralyse the older arms, and that infantry are impotent against tanks, cannot be acclaimed as lessons, for they belonged to the war period. Perhaps we

Digitized by Google

were unfortunate, but we learnt only two: namely, the highness of the residual energy of an Armoured Brigade when on its objective, and the necessity for careful organization.

As regards the first, it is well known how seldom can marching columns be brought fresh onto the battle-field; frequently their residual energy on arriving is not more than 5 per cent. of what they possessed on leaving their starting-point. The old war tanks rapidly exhausted their crews, but during last year's work it was surprising to find how fresh the crews of tanks, tankettes and armoured cars were after covering distances which could not have been looked at by infantry. This is a most important lesson, for to-day machines are still crude and comfortless; in the near future we see no reason why an Armoured Brigade should not move a hundred miles, and at the end of the journey go into action with crews no more exhausted than infantry are after a three miles' march.

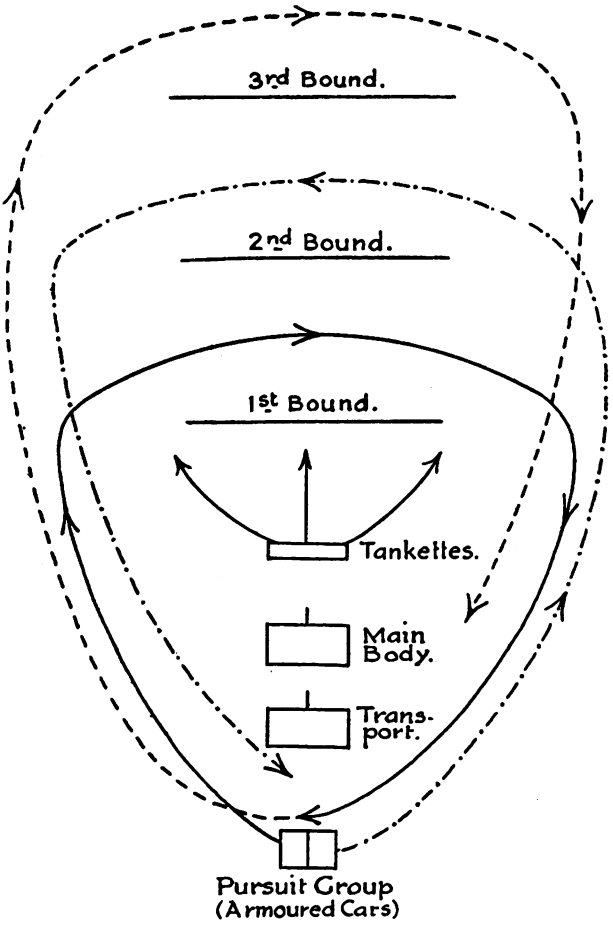
As regards the necessity for an economical as well as a tactical organization, it is altogether beside the mark to criticize what was arranged this year, for nothing was arranged to meet the birth of the Brigade. It was born like a gipsy child in a ditch, and all praise is due to its commander that out of complete chaos he did produce a cosmos, however imperfect. It appears to us, if Colonel Fuller's suggestions made in the *Artillery Journal* of October, 1926, are in any way correct in idea, that to start with there should be three definite echelons of troops—namely, a reconnaissance group, a main body, and a pursuit group. The first we consider should consist of tankettes, carried on six-wheeled vehicles, as Colonel Fuller has recently suggested in the *Journal of the United Service Institution of India* (see issue for October, 1927). One reason in our opinion for mounting the tankette is the importance of keeping the cost of this vehicle at a low figure. If it is carried its life is immensely prolonged; if not it will have to be more strongly built, it will then grow in size and become a tank proper. This may be a necessary evolution in the future, but we do not consider it to be so as yet.

The main body should consist of tanks and mechanized artillery, preferably self-propelled guns equipped with the weapons we have already suggested, and the pursuit force should consist of armoured cars, to which later on should be added a specially designed pursuit tank.

Digitized by Google

The tankettes, we suggest, should be organized in sections of seven machines: one section commander's machine, two equipped with .303 machine guns, two with anti-tank machine guns, and two with mortars for smoke shell.

Against a similarly equipped force—and this, after all, is the real problem—we visualize the approach towards the enemy as follows :—



The aeroplanes will locate the enemy's force, if possible. Frequently this will not be possible. Until the enemy is definitely located, the armoured cars of the pursuit group, which should be well in rear of the main body, should circle round the main body and each bound selected for the main body to move to, as shown in the diagram. It may seem an

Digitized by Google

anachronism to use pursuit machines for this purpose, and we agree if two more companies of armoured cars can be added to the Brigade this year, when they should be combined with the tankettes. These armoured cars, it should be noted, reconnoitre areas. The tankette, relieved of this work, for which they are not sufficiently mobile, should in place reconnoitre positions—that is to say, they should advance on the axis of each bound decided on, and report whether the position is held or not, and, if held, which approaches to it are the best. Behind this tankette screen should advance the main body with its transport in rear of it, and the pursuit group in rear of the transport.

When the enemy is definitely located, the main duty of the armoured cars will be observation of his movements; the tankettes will engage him and hold him by restricting his movement; the main body will strike him; and, when broken, the pursuit group will exploit the success gained. From this it will be seen that both armoured cars and tankettes (at least, a number of them) should be equipped with anti-tank weapons.

We hope that this article will not be considered as an attack on the work of the Armoured Brigade. We have not the local knowledge its commander has, and on some points we may be wrong in detail. We feel, however, that until it has found its feet outside suggestions may be of assistance to it, and we also are firmly of opinion that the work it has already carried out would justify the authorities persuading India to form a replica of it in that country, preferably in the Quetta area, for it is of vital importance that the Home and the Indian Armies should be reorganized on similar lines.

Digitized by Google

THE AMALGAMATION OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES

By Brevet Major B. C. Dening, M.C., R.E., *p.s.c.*

FOR some time past the chief suggestions from the many advocates of economy have either been based upon, or closely related to, some form of amalgamation of the Fighting Services. Ideas have varied from the complete unification of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, under one Ministry of Defence, down to mere co-operative working of the smallest of the administrative branches of the Government departments concerned. Exhaustive inquiries have been made. In February, 1922, the Mond-Weir Committee was appointed " to make definite proposals for amalgamating, as far as possible, the common services of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, such as Intelligence, Supply, Transport, Education, Medical, Chaplain's and any other overlapping departments, in order to reduce the cost of the present triplification," and its report was finally published in 1926.* On July 28th, 1926, the " Second Report from the Select Committee on Estimates (Co-ordination of Common Services) " was issued.† The subject of the desirability of one Ministry of Defence has been the subject of debates in both Houses of Parliament. It is apparent, therefore, that this aspect of the question of improving the Army has already been widely considered and pronounced upon.

The present position is briefly as follows :—

The first of the committees referred to above has reported that, broadly speaking, amalgamation of the common administrative services is impracticable until a form of unified control for the three Services is created. The Select Committee on Estimates has shown up a number of cases of overlapping and extravagance resultant upon the existing triplification of services. The Government, in its pronouncement upon National Defence‡ in the House of Lords last summer, made it clear that it is satisfied that the formation of a Ministry of Defence is not possible at the present time, and that to

* See Comd. 2649, His Majesty's Stationery Office.
† See 119, His Majesty's Stationery Office.
‡ See Parliamentary Debates, House of Lords, Vol. 64, No. 43.

Digitized by Google

achieve the principal ends which might be expected from such a ministry, it is proposed to arrange for :—

(i) A joint debate in Parliament on defence before the consideration of Service Estimates.
(ii) The existing joint responsibilities of the Chiefs of Staff to be confirmed by a special warrant.
(iii) A continuation of the existing system of preventing overlapping of expenditure in the administrative services by the action of co-ordinating committees.
(iv) The creation of the Imperial Defence College.

From the point of view of the military requirements of the Empire, it is obvious that any developments tending to increased efficiency and economy at the point of control in London will assist the arrangements throughout the world for meeting these requirements. It is desirable, therefore, to revert to this now rather old question of amalgamation of the Services, and to come to a decision as to whether any change in policy is feasible.

In view of the very recent and definite nature of the pronouncements on this subject quoted above, it is necessary to search for a solution which takes those conclusions into account.

With regard, firstly, to the main contention of the Mond-Weir Committee that amalgamation of Services is not possible without implied coercive action by higher authority, it is to be noted that higher authority over the individual Fighting Services already exists in the Cabinet, though in matters of detail it is questionable whether reference to this busy authority is practicable. Advised as the Cabinet now can be by the collectively responsible Chiefs of Staff, however, it should be possible for the Cabinet to find time to consider and authorize changes in the organization of the Services which can lead to the all-important economy.

The report of the Select Committee on Estimates infers that the co-ordinating committees formed to prevent waste due to overlapping in the administrative services are not effective, confirming an opinion of the Mond-Weir Committee. As these co-ordinating committees are to continue in operation, some improvement in their method of working appears necessary.

It would seem that, until one or other of the Fighting Services is made responsible for the whole supply of chaplains,

Digitized by Google

medical officers, or whatever the particular administrative service concerned is intended to supply, the best co-ordination possible will not save the cost of the triplification of staffs, etc., at present employed. There are already certain services* undertaken on behalf of all the Government departments, by the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry. The responsibility in these cases has been allotted to the department most concerned, though others have been partially affected. The system has worked efficiently and saved money. It may be argued that the different conditions of service in the three Fighting Services make it impossible for one department to understand and meet the wants, in possibly works, mechanical transport, medical supplies, to cite only a few examples, in the other Fighting Services. This would appear to be, however, a difficulty that can be overcome. Recently, within the domain of the War Department the control of the Signal Corps, Chaplains' Department, and Nursing Service, in the Indian and British Armies have been amalgamated, saving overhead charges. The variations in the conditions of service in these cases are probably just as great as any existing between the administrative services of the three Fighting departments.

The writer suggests that each of certain common services agreed upon be allotted to one or other of the Ministries, something in the following manner :—

Supplies (Food, Clothing, Materials) ...	War Office.
Transport (Mechanical)	War Office.
Medical	War Office.
Chaplains	Admiralty.
Signal Stores	Air Ministry.
Intelligence—Some aspects ...	Admiralty.
Some aspects ...	War Office.
Recruiting	War Office.
Works and Buildings	War Office.
Pensions and non-effective Services, etc.	Admiralty.

(*Note.*—Educational services have been omitted, as it is clear that training for the three Services can never be similarized.

* Examples of these are :—

Certain aspects of intelligence ...	Admiralty.
Certain aspects of intelligence ...	War Office.
Map Production	War Office.
Meteorology	Air Ministry.

Digitized by Google

The allotment of responsibility to one department for the provision of the requirements of the three Services need not lead to any disregarding of the interests of the departments not responsible, for it is suggested that the department responsible should include in its staff members of the other Services. Thus, taking at random, the supply of food and clothing, which might conceivably be made the responsibility of the War Office, it should not prove unworkable for the branches at present allotted this duty in the Air Ministry and Admiralty to close down their offices and amalgamate in the War Office, at the same time reducing their staffs and clerks, which would not all be necessary when combined. A similar arrangement is surely practicable in the case of many services. In fact, such an arrangement is already exemplified in the Inter-Service Wireless Board and the Air Survey Committee. The former with its chairman and clerks at the Admiralty, has representatives of the Army and Air Force, and decides, harmoniously and efficiently, all wireless questions of joint interest to two or more of the Services. The Air Survey Committee, with a War Office chairman, has members from the three Fighting Services and the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and comes to joint decisions on matters of air survey. The effect of the system of working suggested would not be to supersede the existing co-ordinating committees, but to turn those committees into practical bodies that could take action, with definite responsibilities as a committee to one Minister.

The recommendation made can apply, of course, only to certain administrative services and not to such questions as training, supply of officers to combatant corps, etc. Once the principle is understood, and *initial departmental prejudice overcome*, its application to many services will follow easily.

The creation of such a working arrangement would lead not only to some economy in staffs, but to one department submitting in its estimates the requirements for all the Fighting Services, which should also lead to savings—*i.e.*, for 1926-27, under Works Services, instead of three figures of £2,375,300, £3,944,000 and £2,347,000,* one figure, one hopes somewhat less than the total of £8,666,300, would be submitted. The system proposed will also make it possible to frame joint estimates for the Fighting Services, a proper

* See Appendix A attached.

Digitized by Google

corollary to a joint debate on defence, prepared by a collectively responsible Committee of Chiefs of Staff.

In the attached Appendix A is a table to show the possible effect of the limited amalgamation upon the estimates of the three Services.

Appendix A.

TABLE SHOWING PRINCIPAL ITEMS IN THE ANNUAL COST OF THE FIGHTING SERVICES.

(*Based upon the Parliamentary Estimates for* 1926-27.)

ITEM.	NAVY.	ARMY.	AIR FORCE.	TOTAL.
Numbers	103,125	159,400*	35,500	—
	£	£	£	£
1. Pay, etc., of Active Forces	14,718,000†	9,474,000	3,405,000	27,597,000
2. Quartering, Stores (except Technical) Supplies, Transport and Clothing	4,423,200	9,581,000	1,507,000	15,511,200
3. Medical Services	452,900	986,000	209,000	1,647,900
4. Educational Services ...	326,800	932,000	432,000	1,690,800
5. Warlike Stores, Armaments and Research ...	3,871,700	2,345,000	6,091,000	12,307,700
6. Reserves, Reserve Forces and Civil Aviation ...	445,500	5,392,000	868,000	6,705,500
7. Works, Buildings, etc. ...	2,375,300	3,944,000	2,347,000	8,666,300
8. Ships (building and repairs)	20,394,600	—	—	20,394,600
9. Fleet Air Arm	681,000	—	—	681,000
10. Whitehall Offices	1,220,000	879,000	761,000	2,860,000
11. Miscellaneous Effective Services	971,400	1,044,000	135,000	2,150,400
12. Non-effective Services ...	8,219,600	7,923,000	245,000	16,387,600
GRAND TOTALS	58,100,000	42,500,000	16,000,000	116,600,000

* Exclusive of those serving in India.

† Includes pay of civilians employed on Fleet services.

Note.—Amalgamated control of Navy, Army and Air Force is suitable for the major portion of Items 2, 3, 5, 7, 10, and 11, totalling about £43,000,000. Assuming amalgamation results in two per cent.‡ of saving, the savings annually would amount to some £860,000, to which the Army's contribution would be about £380,000.

‡ What this percentage will actually be can only be obtained by trial.

Digitized by Google

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

By OBSERVER.

THE trade of observing from the air is a queer and chancy business, and those who have not flown in that capacity cannot by any stretch of imagination realize its annoyances, its terrors, and its joys. It is a veritable galaxy of sensations.

I have had ten years' experience of this sort of work and in the story I propose to relate no better example could I give of the dangers and difficulties which beset the air observer. That I escaped with my life was a matter of pure luck, and looking back on the incident now I am more than ever convinced that Fate is in charge of all of us and that what must be, must be.

Firstly, I must try to show you the conditions under which the air observer works. He lives always in a hurricane of wind caused by the propeller ; always in a most evil temper, at least, as far as I am concerned. There is a peculiar form of childish and impotent rage which possesses the air observer at work. One's pencil is either fastened round the neck by a lanyard or loose in one's pocket. If the first method is employed the result is that the infernal thing takes about four turns about one's neck and about two turns round the gun mounting where one is held half strangled and speechless with rage. The second method gives full scope to that clever pickpocket the wind, and many a time have I seen my pencils one by one disappearing over my left shoulder. Once I remember in Russia seeing three One Pound Notes going over the side in this manner and watched them in silent grief as they fluttered out of sight downwards among the virgin forests of that poor unhappy country. I hope that they did somebody some good. Then there is the sudden lurch of the aeroplane which throws one off one's balance. One clutches at the nearest thing to steady oneself. The nearest thing is always a red hot machine-gun barrel, and as one seizes it with bare hands one's imprecations rise to heaven.

Then there is the soul-destroying anger which grips the observer when the pilot carefully covers up the enemy battery with a wing so that he can no longer see his target.

Digitized by Google

His goggles are covered with oil, his eyes streaming with tears, his feet dead with cold, his carefully written report blown away and hanging fluttering on the tail bracing wires as it is arrested for one brief moment in its departure earthwards. All this is the everyday condition under which the air observer works. Pity his lot—it is a rotten life.

And now to my story. The adventure I am relating occurred on October 1st, 1921, on the east coast of Scotland, or rather it commenced there and extended over the entire north of that forbidding landing ground. My crew, which consisted of my pilot, my W./T. operator and myself, were dispatched to carry out spotting duties for H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, which was doing a shoot off Helmsdale. The weather when we left the aerodrome was perfect, a little on the windy side perhaps, but otherwise excellent. We climbed quickly to 7,000 feet and there settled ourselves as comfortably as possible for the two hours' exercise for which we were detailed. After half an hour or so a somewhat formidable array of clouds came up from the south-east and we watched them with interest but with no apprehension as they made their stately way between our machine and the ship with which we were working. There was no gap in their continuity and they stretched below us like an immense icefield dazzlingly white in the unveiled sunlight. Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the ramparts of the air, our wireless communication with the ship failed, so we decided to come down through the clouds and establish visual communication. We entered the clouds at 6,500 feet and I estimated that we were about ten miles off the coast at that moment. To those who may be unused to flying in cloud, I had better explain that a cloud is a most uncomfortable medium to fly through; it is wet and dark and full of eddies and wind currents of varying temperatures which make the pilot quite uncertain at times as to whether he is flying sideways, upsidedown or for that matter tail first. Having nothing better to do I kept my eyes as clear of water as possible and carefully watched the altimeter which had been set at sea-level before we left the aerodrome. It faithfully registered our descent—6,000 feet, 5,000, 4,000, 3,000, 2,000, 1,500—and still we were in cloud, thick black and cold as the space between the worlds. At 1,000 feet I saw below us rushing upward at incredible speed what I took to be the sea and at the same moment I felt the machine give a slight shudder and the

Digitized by Google

dexine tube, which formed a fair lead for our 50-foot of wireless aerial, flew to pieces with a loud crack. My brain automatically decided that one does not find any sea at 1,000 feet of altitude, so I leaned forward and seized the pilot's hair, pulled his head back and shouted at the top of my voice in his ear " Climb, for God's sake, climb."

He realized that I was in deadly earnest and instantly elevated the nose of the machine. Up we went on our weary climb through 7,000 feet of cloud back into the sunlight, having escaped by a few feet from crashing into the rocky moss-covered cap of one of the smaller mountains of the north of Scotland. After some half-hour of laboured ascent through the clouds, we saw once more the sun shining through the murk like a large Dutch cheese—a welcome sight for us after our narrow shave. In the space of a few seconds we were back in that beautiful world of which the landsman knows so little—a world carpeted with fleece arched with blue, and tenanted only by ourselves and the sunshine. When we had reached safety again we realized that we were up against something in the way of weather and held a short consultation as to the best thing to be done. We were all right where we were, but the petrol would not last for ever, and when we had to come down we had no idea as to the type of country our forced landing would have to take place in. After due deliberation we decided to shape a course south-west, hoping to strike the Lowlands of Scotland and finding a hole in the clouds, make a landing in country more hospitable than that over which we were then flying. I may mention that we were contending with an equinoctial gale of seventy miles an hour blowing up from the south-east.

After flying for some half-hour on our course of 210° we began to think seriously about our chances of arriving in mid-Atlantic with no fuel. Suddenly, however, we observed a mountain peak jutting through the clouds at about 4,500 feet, and a little later a break in the clouds providentially showed us a very rugged coast line immediately below us. We switched off our engine and glided down a funnel 6,000 feet long to the coast line, along which we flew just below the clouds at 500 feet in a northerly direction with the coast on our right hand. The cliffs below looked like cheeses of the Gods of Olympus which had been gnawed by Olympian rats and scooped out with giant cheese cutters. The mountains on our right hand were black-green for 700 feet and then

Digitized by Google

disappeared into cloud. We were quite at a loss as to our whereabouts with this flying north with the coast on our right hand and still more bewildered were we when we were compelled to turn east by reason of the cessation of our friendly coast line. We held another consultation. I was air sick for the first time in my life, but my wits were, I think, sharpened by adversity. My pilot gave his opinion that we were flying round an island and I realized that he was right, but that the island was the Island of Britain. What had happened was that the gale had pushed us crab fashion across the land of "brown heath and shaggy wood," and consequently we were speeding along the north coast of Scotland. Despairingly my eye followed the hopeless nature of this rugged coast looking for a landing ground and my heart gave a jump as I suddenly spied a field, the only one, I firmly believe, we had passed in the last fifty miles of flight. Down we came and my pilot cleverly made a perfect landing and there we were by God's grace once more with the green grass under our feet. The smell of the earth came to our nostrils; we heard the cry of the sea birds in place of the stink of castor oil and the fumes of petrol. Lord, how we loved that field! The first human being we had seen since leaving the aerodrome was a Highland shepherd who was tending his sheep in the field. We asked him where we were, and his reply, "D'ye no ken? In the Garden of Eden," we were more than ready to believe. However, he explained later that the place was Durness, Cape Wrath, and that the local name for our landing-place was "The Garden of Eden."

For five days we were weatherbound, the gale never letting up for a moment, but on the sixth we decided to try and get home by flying a coast-line course east and south to Cromarty Firth, where our aerodrome lay. The local children had a holiday and the shops closed, and our departure was watched by the inhabitants for miles around; many of them had never seen an aeroplane before. Away we went amid the cheers of the populace, and, climbing to 4,000 feet. before long arrived over Thurso. Here we saw fog ahead of us, but as it did not appear to be very thick we decided to round the point Duncansby Head by coming down to fifty feet and keeping the breakers in sight on our left hand. For a while we were able to do so, but only for a while, as the fog got thicker and thicker—so thick, indeed, that our wing tips were barely visible. This, then, was our position. On

Digitized by Google

our right hand were cliffs 200 feet high; on our left the North Atlantic; in front of us a dense opaque wall of fog; while behind us were the friendly sunlit fields of Thurso, which lived in our memory as a heavenly vision. In the circumstances there was only one thing to be done, so we turned in a great left-handed circle to make for safety. Half-way round something happened; we felt the heavy hand of centrifugal force pressing us firmly into our seats—always a bad sign—and I realized that we were in a spin. There was a momentary sensation of falling, a swift vision of a very green sea, an enormous splash, a rending of wood and fabric, many bruises and small cuts, followed by an uncanny stillness. Gone was the roar of the engine, stilled were the ripples and the splashes which our arrival at ninety miles per hour in the sea, nose first, had caused. The pilot was unconscious sitting in his broken cockpit, looking for all the world like the birds one shoots in the autumn, head hanging forward with blood streaming from a deep hole in his face where the petrol cock had got him as he went forward on impact.

Can you realize the hopelessness I felt when I gazed round on our condition? A range of vision of less than fifty yards, a broken aeroplane now quickly sinking as the torn fabric filled with water, the heavy engine steadily taking her down by the nose, a sixteen-foot sea left by the recent gale, a tide rip of ten knots, and no likelihood of any passing ship. I thought to myself "this, then, is the end," and I confess to a heavy heart and a particularly "gone" feeling. If there had seemed to be any hope of salvation I suppose that a panic of desire to live would have ensued, but in this case I realized that we were "for it." I was not particularly frightened; my main feeling was one of regret that the end of my life had come so early. However, I was soon stirred out of my passivity. Gradually the water rose to the waist of the unconscious pilot, who sleepily recovered partial consciousness, stood up and made to walk across the water, convinced that the sea was his own aerodrome. With the greatest difficulty my W./T. operator and I persuaded him of his error and got him aft on to the tail of the machine, which was then the only part above water and here we were able to maintain a precarious foothold for some ten minutes. During this time we spoke very little—I suppose our thoughts were already tending towards that unknown for which we

Digitized by Google

seemed so inevitably booked. Eventually as the heavy swell rocked our half-submerged bodies, it became evident that we should very shortly have to swim for it if we were to avoid getting entangled in the tail wires. The machine was rapidly sinking and there was nothing for it but to take to the water and make the best fight we could with the odds a million to one against us. Luckily we were all equipped with life-saving waistcoats. Mine, I had already inflated, but like a fool I had omitted to close the release valve, so I had to blow it up again in the water. This operation I found difficult, but I managed it in the end, although swallowing a good deal of salt water in the process, a proceeding which almost caused me to panic. However, I pulled myself together and after I had been in the water about ten minutes a blessed shape loomed up through the fog, slowly materializing into a trawler. My heart gave a bound and we all yelled in unison at the top of our voices, but the next moment she sheered off and disappeared once more into the fog. Never, if I live to be a hundred, shall I forget the despair into which I was thrown when she disappeared from sight. Up to then I had not really had any hope of rescue and was more or less resigned to my fate. From the depths of despair suddenly the hope of life had been given me only for my hopes to be dashed again. In my disappointment I could have deflated my jacket and let myself sink, and this I might have done had not the trawler a few moments later hove in sight again. Again we yelled, and this time she evidently saw us, for she came straight in our direction as we rose and fell on the rollers. I was swimming on the side of the formation nearest the ship and it was with mingled joy and pain that I felt a boat hook pierce the seat of my trousers, and my flesh as well; since that day I have felt a great deal of sympathy with the gaffed salmon. One by one we were hoisted inboard. Up went the pilot first, then the sergeant and I made a most undignified third raised from the ditch to the trawler's deck still with the boat hook through my pants. If you wish to know first hand what it feels like, try being raised from your tennis court to your first story window. On my arrival on board my first impulse was to stand up and speak to the skipper, who was conning the ship and looking down on me with a smile on his kindly face, but to my amazement I found myself quite unable to do this and instead I was suddenly and violently sick. After this I felt a bit better. Then they

Digitized by Google

carried me below, stripped me of my clothes and rubbed me down and very soon I fell into a deep sleep, from which, after some hours, I was awakened by the Captain who, after giving me a mug of hot rum—how good it was—told me that we had been picked up in the Boars of Duncansby, so called by reason of the swinish nature of the seas at this disturbed juncture of the North Sea and Atlantic Ocean.

He also said that, although he was not a very religious man, yet the hand of Providence was very plain to him in the rescue of myself and my companions. He estimated that the trawler was three or four miles out of her course, and also, he said, that in five years of plying on the Iceland—Hull route he had never been so far to the southward as he was on this occasion, and never would be again. He had not heard us shouting, but actually saw us struggling in the water, which was an extraordinary thing, considering the thickness of the fog and the fact that a sixteen-foot sea was running.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the Skipper and his crew towards us during the time we were on board; everything possible they could do for our benefit they did, and I shall always remember the Captain of the trawler *Sea Searcher* with the deepest feelings of gratitude and affection. It took us, as far as I remember, three and a half days to reach Hull, the fog persisting the whole time. Arriving there our troubles began again. News travels quickly in these seaport towns, and it was soon known that the *Sea Searcher* had picked some one up. A large crowd collected, mostly women and embarrassingly solicitous for our welfare. However, they had to be faced, and blithely we stepped ashore once more. Here we were at once pounced upon by the Customs Officials who, perhaps justly enough, looked upon us with grave suspicion. Truly, we were an ungodly sight. Our tattered uniforms supplemented with articles of clothing supplied by the trawler's crew, salt-stained and filthy, might have belonged to any nationality, no caps, no collars, grimy faces and unshaven chins; any magistrate would have been justified in locking us up as rogues and vagabonds. At length we succeeded in convincing the officials of our identity, and we pushed off in a taxi to the Senior Naval Officer of Hull, where we hoped to get an advance of money and to break the news of our salvation to our bereaved squadron in the north. I have often thought

Digitized by Google

what a brick the S.N.O. was ; he did everything in his power to help us and best of all personally piloted us wild-looking scarecrows to the railway station, where he stood us tea in the 1st Class Refreshment Room, where I am quite sure, from the outraged looks of the ladies behind the counter, we should not have been permitted to remain but for his respectable appearance.

This seemed to mollify them and I suppose they must have thought that we were some weird specimens of aliens who had fallen into the hands of a paternal Admiralty.

Very little more remains to be told of our adventures. We travelled back to our aerodrome where news of our escape had preceded us. They had quite given us up for lost, and the welcome we received is one of my happiest recollections. It was indeed a night. Thus ended the most exciting experience of my career, and I for one, and I am sure my companions agree with me, have no wish to go through such a fortnight a second time.

Digitized by Google

A SUBALTERN'S GRIEVANCE

By Neil Gow.

I HAVE a grievance against my father. I only became aware of my grievance this afternoon, otherwise it might easily have rankled for many years. It concerns a great wrong which was done to me at my birth, and which I have only just realized at the age of——well, the thirties, say.

Now, my father is an amiable sort of cove who, since retiring on half-pay, spends his time alternately contemplating Chaucer, the Theory of Ballistics, and East Rand Consolidated. As a civilian, he is now able to indulge an inherent inclination towards what I might term "cultured Bohemianism." For instance, he is a member of the Aborigines Club. For my own part, I prefer the more disciplined atmosphere of the Senior and Junior Services—popularly known as "The Fire-Eaters'"—Club.

My father likes the note of genial humanity which pervades the comfortable precincts of the "Aborigines" and comments unfavourably upon the frosty aloofness of the "Fire-Eaters."

My reply is that although the members of the Senior and Junior Services Club are a trifle stodgy and old-fashioned, nevertheless they always comport themselves with an air of dignity and a meticulous compliance with the demands of "good form"—qualities conspicuously lacking among the lofty browed literary gentlemen who frequent the Aborigines Club.

It's a matter of taste, of course. On the question of clubs we agree to differ. He is perfectly happy at the "Aborigines," surrounded by three or four cheery intellectuals, discussing over their Burgundy the interior values of Chaucer, the Theory of Ballistics, and the fluctuations of the Stock Markets. I, for my part, am serenely content in the tomblike atmosphere of the "Senior and Junior Services," among retired naval and military officers of silent habit and chilly demeanour. I mean to say, *they* like to be left severely alone by their fellow members—and so do *I*.

Had my father belonged to my club, he might have overheard a conversation which would have shown him that

Digitized by Google

although he lavished a good deal of money upon my education (most of it a dead loss, I fear) and always behaved towards me as a kind, indulgent parent, nevertheless he has fallen short of perfect fatherhood in at least one respect.

I was dozing in front of the lounge fire at my club this afternoon, when the arrival of two fellow members, who sat down in chairs adjacent to mine, awoke me from my nap. I recognized them both. One is an aged major-general of the old school, belonging to an ancient and exclusive family. The other is a mature cavalry colonel, now on the retired list, and also of the old school.

Now, these two are—well, not exactly *cronies*. I should hesitate to describe a relationship between two members of the " Fire-Eaters " by such a highly coloured word. I have observed, however, that whenever they meet in the club premises, one of them will say : " Ah !" and the other will then give a friendly snort. After which they both seek adjacent arm-chairs, and sit side by side in majestic silence.

Now, please don't think that I am disparaging these fellow members of mine, who are both so typical of my club. I love 'em. They are—Heaven knows !—better men than I in most respects. Nevertheless, they are a trifle—— Exactly !

Well, on this occasion, they both sat together, according to a habit of such long duration that I am disposed to infer the existence between them of a pallid something, which might be called friendship. After a long silence I felt, rather than saw, a kind of convulsive movement on the part of the major-general, something like the faint quiver of a car immediately after starting the engine. I knew from experience that he was about to emerge from the Silences, and express himself in speech. I had no desire whatever to listen, but both these dear old things—on the rare occasions when they speak—address each other in a penetrating boom, and I could not avoid hearing their conversation.

Apropos of nothing in particular. so far as I could see, the major-general said : " When I was born my father laid down fifty dozen of port. I came into it when I was twenty-one."

The cavalry colonel said nothing, but I gathered from a hitch of the shoulders, accompanied by a muffled grunt, that he was profoundly moved.

They both retired into the depths for some moments.

Digitized by Google

Then the speaker appeared to discover another thought which demanded expression. He added, " When my boy was born, *I* laid down fifty dozen of port for *him*. When he reached twenty-one, he had something worth drinking."

I could see the cavalry colonel was impressed. " Quite, quite !" he said.

They again retired into a happy trance, while I settled myself in my arm-chair and prepared for slumber. But again the major-general rose to the surface, and this time he said, " *Every* father ought to lay down fifty dozen of port when his son is born. Then, when the boy is twenty-one, he's got . . ."

" . . .Something worth drinking, what ?" broke in the other, with emotion.

" Quite, quite !" said the first speaker. After which all three of us dozed in silence.

And there is my grievance. I realize, for the first time, that when I was born, *my* father didn't lay down fifty dozen of port for *me*. He didn't lay down even a single bottle. When I reached the age of twenty-one, *I* didn't come into something worth drinking.

* * * * *

When I next see the " Old Man " I shall ask him what he proposes to do about it.

Digitized by Google

REGIMENTAL COLOURS:
THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS.

THE generic term "flag" covers standards, banners, colours, pennons, and all similar devices, and their initial employment appears to spring from the same root idea—*i.e.*, to call attention to the person or body of people to whom it applies. In ancient days the kings and nobles, being superior in social status to their subjects, used a device in the form of a Standard to call the attention of the people to their presence in order to secure the respect due to their dignity. Evidence exemplifying this idea may be seen in the sculptures unearthed at Nineveh which show two designs of standards which were attached to the yoke of the chariot of Darius. The continuity of the idea is seen in the Royal Standard of His Majesty the King, and, in a lesser degree, in the flags used to denote the higher Commanders of the fighting services. Although this aspect of the flag is founded upon dignity, the flag itself soon came to have a practical meaning when the king took the field and when flags of lesser quality were employed to indicate persons of lesser degree.

Although the foregoing indicates that the flag had its birth in the desire of the individual, it seems probable that in the earliest times, concurrently with this, the desire of a corporate body to be represented in a symbol was also partly responsible. In fact, many authorities consider this to be the chief reason. Hulme says: "So soon as man passes from the lowest stage of barbarism the necessity for some special sign, distinguishing man from man (*i.e.*, individual desire), tribe from tribe, nation from nation, makes itself felt; and this prime necessity once met, around the chosen symbol spirit-stirring memories quickly gather that endear it, and make it the emblem of the power and dignity of those by whom it is borne."

From these twin desires, that of the individual and that of the corporate people, we are able to trace the kind of military standards, flags and colours used, and it will be observed that where the army is national in character, the colours, too, are national and of a uniform pattern, but, on the other hand, where the army is of the feudal type—*i.e.*,

Digitized by Google

OLD COLOURS OF THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.

PRESENTED BY LADY ROBINSON, WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON, JUNE 18th, 1868.

RECEIVED BAPTISM OF FIRE AT AHMED KHEL, 1880.

TROOPED FOR THE LAST TIME AT BORDON, JUNE 23rd, 1924.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

service rendered to the local Knight, as in the Middle Ages, the flags are purely personal and varied in type, bearing the arms of the Knights.

British Military Flags.

Our present-day colours have a long ancestry, for there is evidence that the Egyptian army of antiquity had banners for the unit corresponding to our company. The children of Israel had banners for each tribe. When they halted in their marches they usually formed a square, three tribes to each face, and these three tribes were under a common standard.* In the Chinese Army of 500 B.C., standards, banners, and flags were employed both for rallying points and as signals of formation.

The parent of our modern military colours is the standard of the Roman Army of the first century, B.C. At this time the Roman Army was professional and national in character and its standards were of a uniform type.

Although the Roman standards are the ancestors of our present-day Colours we did not adopt the Roman pattern of having a general and uniform standard from the first, simply because our military system was not of a national character at the outset, but was based upon service to the immediate overlord, consequently our military flags before the Commonwealth were of a personal nature, bearing the personal arms of the individual who provided the king with troops. The " personal " nature of the colour was maintained long after the inauguration of the standing army, for, although the Army was certainly national in character, each regiment was to a large extent the private property of its Commanding Officer, and the regiment bore his arms on its flags.

This lack of system, however, was not without its disadvantages, for we find Ward,† writing in 1639 on the " Office of the Colonel over a Regiment " that, " hee ought

* This practice of having a common standard for higher formations with particular banners for smaller units has persisted through the ages as exemplified in the standards and banners of the legions and maniples of the Roman Army, the Regimental and Company Colours of our own army in earlier times, and still maintained in the Regimental and Company Colours of the Foot Guards to-day.

† " A Militaire Magazine of the Truest Rules, etc., for the Managing of Warre," published 1639.

Digitized by Google

to have all the Colours of his Regiment to be alike both in colour and in fashion to avoid confusion, so that the souldiers may discerne their owne Regiment from the other Troopes; Likewise every particular Captaine of his Regiment may have some small distinction in their Colours, as their Armes, or some Emblems, or the like, so that the one Company may be discerned from another."

During the Civil War cavalry of the opposing forces were raised by each captain, who displayed his own standard. With the infantry the case was widely different; from the very commencement of the Civil War this arm of the Service appears to have been raised by regiments, each company having its own flag, but the whole practically of one pattern slightly different. Soon after the Restoration, Charles II issued a Royal Warrant, dated February 13th, 1661, which marks the first official step towards uniformity. The Warrant runs as follows:—

> "Our Will and Pleasure is and we do hereby require you forthwith to cause to be made and provided, twelve colours or ensigns for our Regiment of Foot Guards, of white and red taffeta, of the usual largeness, with stands, heads, and tassels, each of which to have such distinctions of some of our Royal Badges, painted in oil, as our trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir Edward Walker, Knight, Garter Principal King-at-Arms, shall direct."

A similar warrant was signed by the King the following month, authorizing the delivery to Colonel Wheeler of the King's Own Regiment of Foot Guards in Dunkirk, "twelve colours of the same sort as those of Colonel Russell's" for the use of that regiment.

These warrants are of interest in that we learn from them that the early standards were painted and not embroidered, that they were made of white or red material, and that the Guards were to display the Royal badges, which they do to this day.

The Buffs, or Holland Regiment as it was formerly designated, was brought upon the English establishment in 1665 and the earliest reference to its colours appears to be a Royal Warrant dated November 6th, 1676, wherein the hand of state-control can be seen, thus preventing the Commanding Officer from expressing any personal whims he may have had upon such matters.

Digitized by Google

The uniformity of pattern introduced by these Royal Warrants set up a period of transition in which standardized and unstandardized colours co-existed in the Service. This state was maintained until 1743, when a further Royal Warrant finally abolished the " personal " or unstandardized colours and inaugurated the impersonal or regimental colours. Extracts from this Warrant are as follows :—

> " The Union colour is the first stand of colours in all regiments, royal or not, except the Foot Guards. With them the King's Standard is the first as a particular distinction.
>
> " No Colonel to put his arms, crest, device, or livery in any part of the appointments of his regiment.
>
> " The first colour of every marching regiment of foot to be the great Union ; the second colour is to be the colour of the facing of the regiment, with the Union in the upper canton ; except those regiments faced with white or red, whose second colour is to be the Red Cross of St. George, in a white field and a Union in the upper canton. In the centre of each colour is to be painted, in Gold Roman figures, the number of the rank of the regiment, within a wreath of roses and thistles on one stalk, except those regiments which are allowed to wear royal devices or ancient badges ; the number of their rank is to be painted towards the upper corner. The length of the pike and colours to be the same size as those of the Foot Guards ; the cord and tassels of all colours to be crimson and gold."*

This warrant, therefore, swept aside many of the regimental customs and traditions which had been gradually built up since the inception of the standing army in 1660, and brought all regiments into line with the exception of certain regiments for whom special instructions were issued. With slight modifications these instructions are in force to-day. Uniformity in design of standards and colours was further secured by the appointment, in 1806, of an " Inspector

* The warrant goes on to give specific details concerning the Colours of particular regiments, and the Standards and Guidons of the Cavalry.

Digitized by Google

of Regimental Colours "* who is always an official of the College of Arms (Heralds).

In 1820 the "Vellum Colour Book" was drawn up consisting of hand paintings of stands of colours for all infantry units of the Army. The approved design, including the battle honours, were painted in detail. and on July 11th, 1821, George IV was "graciously pleased to approve of the Badges, Devices and Inscriptions borne on the Colours of the several regiments of our Regiments of Foot as the same are depicted in the paintings hereunto annexed."

In January, 1822, an order was published to the effect that "No addition or alteration is to be made in the Colours of any Regiment of Infantry without His Majesty's special permission and authority."

In 1855 the colours were reduced in size from 6 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. flying and from 6 ft. to 5 ft. 6 in. in depth. A further reduction was ordered in 1858 to 4 ft. 6 in. flying and 4 ft. in depth.

The present dimensions of infantry regimental colours are 3 ft. 9 in. flying and 3 ft. deep on the pike, exclusive of the fringe, which is about two inches in depth. The length of the pike, including the Royal Crest, is 8 ft. 7½ in.

Number of Colours Carried.

In the Roman Army about 100 B.C., each company (*maniple*) had its colour (*signa*), as also did each legion, and this custom appears to have been carried into our military system of the Middle Ages, for not only did the head of the regiment have a colour, but the heads of lesser formations had their colours also. At the Battle of Edgehill (1642) King Charles's Royal Regiment of Foot Guards lost eleven out of thirteen colours. We also saw that the Army of the Commonwealth had squadron and company colours. The Royal Warrant of 1661 orders "*twelve* colours or ensigns for our *Regt.* of Foot Guards," while that of 1676 orders "*Two* colours for *each* of ye five *companys* of Foot," and again "For Captn. William Meoles Company . . .Two Colours." Nathan Brook's Army Lists, 1684, in addition to standards for each Commanding Officer and Second-in-Command, shows a standard to each troop of the Horse Guards and

* Mr. George Naylor was appointed to this post under Horse Guards letter, June 4th, 1806.

Digitized by Google

1st Dragoons and one each to the twenty companies of the Royal Regiment of Foot Guards (Grenadier Guards).

(It may be stated here that as regards the number of colours carried and their designation (King's or Regimental) the Foot Guards are not subject to the regulations applicable to the Army generally.)

" It has been suggested that, as the professional Captain gradually ousted the nobleman from the command of the drilled and organized companies of foot, the leaders of such bodies, no longer possessing coat-armour and individual banners, had recourse to small flags of distinctive colour instead." As colours of some sort had to be provided, the circumstance just quoted was probably that which caused the Crown to provide them, evidence of which we see in the early Royal Warrants already cited. In this connection it will be noted that the birth of our present standing army dates from the Restoration, 1660, and the first Royal Warrant is dated 1661. Although the Royal Warrant of 1676 allots " Two colours for each of the five Companys," that dated 1743 makes no mention of company colours and simply states that " The Union Colour is the first stand of Colours . . . the second colour is to be," etc. These are the King's and Regimental Colours as we know them to-day, and the language used in our present regulations* is very similar to that in this warrant of nearly two hundred years ago, from which date to the present day only two colours have been issued to each regiment of cavalry and infantry with the exception of the Household Cavalry, Foot Guards, and those corps which do not carry colours, viz. : the Corps of Hussars and Lancers, King's Royal Rifle Corps and Rifle Brigade.

In the case of the Hussars and Lancers their honours are placed on the kettle-drum banners and in the case of the rifle regiments they are painted on their drums.

A third colour was granted to certain regiments† under a General Order by the Governor-General of India dated October 30th, 1803, for service at the Battle of Assaye, 1803.

During the eighteenth century several regiments carried three colours, but this practice was abruptly stopped by a decision of William IV, in 1835, embodied in a letter from the

* See Regulations for the Clothing of the Army, Part I, Appendix XI, para. 5.

† 19th Dragoons and 74th and 78th Foot.

Digitized by Google

Adjutant-General to the Colonel of the Queen's Royal Regiment, dated Horse Guards, August 14th, 1835. This decision found its way into the King's Regulations for 1837 in the following terms :—

> " No regiment is henceforth to display a third stand of Colours. Any Regiment now having a third colour, as a mark of distinction, is hereby ordered to abandon such claim, as being by the King deemed inadmissible. The King alone has the power of conferring distinctions of this nature upon the Army. No officer, is therefore, justified in assuming any distinction in the shape of either Colour, Banner, or Badge, upon any but His Majesty's authority, signified through the General Commanding-in-Chief."

The Queen's were unfortunate in the circumstances under which they lost their third colour, as it was only due to an application of the 5th Regiment to have a third colour replaced that brought the whole matter to notice. The authorities refused the 5th their third colour and then discovered the Queen's had a third also, so they promptly ordered the regiment to cease carrying it.

Placing Battle Honours on Colours.

The colours of a regiment form an epitome of its history, and in no way is this more clearly indicated than in the names of the battles in which it has fought. A certain amount of mystery is inherent in badges, devices and mottoes, but the name of a battle conveys only one meaning, and that is, the regiments which bear it on their colours took part in the operations.

From the beginning of our standing army colours bore " some of our Royal Badges " (*vide* Warrant of 1661) and later other additions were authorized under the Warrant of 1743, such as " the number of the regiment in the centre," " all the Royal Regts.," etc., " are distinguished by particular devices," etc., but it took just over one hundred years to get the first battle honour on to a colour.

A Clothing Warrant was issued in December, 1768, with a schedule giving details of the various devices and badges, four new regiments of cavalry having been raised since the issue of the 1751 Warrant (viz. : the 15th, 16th, 17th and

Digitized by Google

18th Light Dragoons) and a few new badges in the older regiments changed, but the most important addition was in the case of the recently raised 15th Light Dragoons, now permitted to wear " Emsdorf " on its standard, this regiment having distinguished itself at the Battle of Emsdorf in 1760. This regiment (later the 15th Hussars) was therefore the very first to carry a battle honour on its standard and appointments.

One would have thought that the grant of this honour to one of the then youngest regiments would have set in motion some procedure leading to similar grants to those regiments which had taken part in campaigns during the previous century—*e.g.*, Tangier, 1662-80; Namur, 1695; Gibraltar, 1704-05; Marlborough's Wars, 1704-09; Dettingen, 1743; and Louisburg, 1758*; but whatever took place no further grant of a battle honour to be borne on colours and appointments was authorized until 1784 when King George III was " graciously pleased, in commemoration of the glorious defence made by those regiments which comprised the garrison of Gibraltar during the late memorable siege of that important fortress (1779-83) under Sir George Eliott, to permit the 12th, 39th, 56th and 58th Regiments, which made a part of it, to have the word " Gibraltar " placed upon their Grenadier and light infantry caps, their accoutrements and drums, as likewise upon the *second colour* of each of those regiments, just underneath their respective numbers."†

It will be noted that the battle honour was to be placed on " the second " or regimental colour, a practice which has been maintained to the present day with the following exceptions :—

(*a*) The Foot Guards, who place their battle honours on *both* colours.

(*b*) The Honourable Artillery Company who place their honours on the King's Colour only.

(*c*) The ten selected Great War battle honours of battalions of the line, Special Reserve, and Territorial Army, which are placed on the King's Colours in accordance with Army Order 470 of 1922.

* All these honours were, however, granted later on.

† *Vide* letter from the Adjutant-General dated Horse Guards, April 28th, 1784.

Digitized by Google

The next grant of a battle honour was on January 1st, 1801, when some regiments were granted "Minden." This was followed the next year by the grant of an honour in commemoration of the Egyptian Campaign, 1801. The honour took the form of a badge—a sphinx, within a wreath of laurel, with the word "Egypt" over—"to be worn on the Colours of the several regiments which served during the late campaign in Egypt."

On February 17th, 1807, the 76th Regiment were granted "Hindoostan" and the "Elephant" in commemoration of their services in India.

Following the precedent established by granting "Gibraltar" and "Egypt" almost immediately on the conclusion of the campaigns, we find that a battle honour—"Maida" (July 4th, 1806)—was granted on February 24th, 1807.

The grant of these honours appears to have set regiments thinking about previous successful campaigns in which they had taken part, but of which their colours did not reflect any record, for we find that "Lincelles" (1793), was granted to the Foot Guards in 1811, "Corunna" (1809), to the 59th Regiment (2nd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment), and "Tarifa" (1811), to the 87th Regiment (Royal Irish Fusiliers) in 1812, and "Douro" (1809), to The Buffs in 1813. It will be noticed that the three latter honours refer to the Peninsular Campaign, which was still raging, and indicates that battle honours appear to have been awarded under the same considerations as were the Peninsula Gold Medals and Gold Crosses which were first authorized in 1810.*

The practice of granting battle honours was now firmly established and since Waterloo the practice has been maintained.

Although an Inspector of Regimental Colours had been appointed in 1806 to help to preserve some uniformity in the matter of design, etc., the instruction of 1784 that the battle honour "Gibraltar" was to be placed on the "second" colour, does not appear to have been followed generally with the other honours granted, for we find a General Order issued in January, 1844, stating that "the practice of placing any regimental record . . . on the Royal Colour (*i.e.*, the first) is to be discontinued."

* *Vide* Horse Guards letter dated September 9th, 1810.

Digitized by Google

There is one Peninsula honour which is unique, not because it is borne by a single regiment, nor because a gold medal was not granted for the action, but because of the circumstances under which it was granted as a battle honour. The honour referred to is " Arroyo dos Molinos " borne by the 34th (now Border) Regiment only. The fight at Arroyo dos Molinos took place on October 28th, 1811, during which the 34th distinguished itself by capturing most of the French 34th Regiment. As a distinction for its gallantry on this occasion it was permitted to wear a red and white tuft in the shako, the remainder of the infantry wearing a white ball tuft. In 1845, however, a red and white tuft was ordered to be worn by the whole of the infantry, except the Grenadier and light infantry companies. This order robbed the 34th Regiment of its distinction, in consequence of which it was granted the honour " Arroyo dos Molinos," thereby regaining distinction.

In the German Army the battle honours are not placed upon the colours, but are inscribed on silver rings round the pole of the colour.

In the American Army battle honours are not embroidered on Colours but are placed on streamers, which are attached to the pole of the Regimental Colour. The colour of the streamer is that of the medal ribbon for the particular campaign in question. The colour of the streamer for the Great War honours is that of the Victory Medal ribbon.

A curious case of continuity in the matter of bearing battle honours has just come to the writer's notice. During Eliott's defence of Gibraltar, 1779-83, some Hanoverian regiments served with the British. These regiments (three) were awarded the honour " Gibraltar " in a similar manner to our own troops and their successors wore, until the dissolution of the old army and the formation of the Reichswehr, the word " Gibraltar " in worsted on the left forearm of their tunics.

(*Note.*—" Consecration of Colours " will be dealt with in the next issue.)

Digitized by Google

A MEDIÆVAL SPORT IN MODERN MALLORCA

By FOREBRIDGE.

IT is many years now since cockfighting was declared illegal in Great Britain, though it is common knowledge that in the more remote country districts the sport still flourishes.

Cruel though it undoubtedly is—albeit probably no more inhumane than some other forms of "sport" still tolerated in England—it nevertheless has a terrific fascination for its followers; and nowhere is this more evident than in Palma, the quaint old-world capital of the Balearic Islands, one of the few, if not the only, remaining cities within forty-eight hours' journey of Piccadilly Circus where cockfighting still goes on more or less openly.

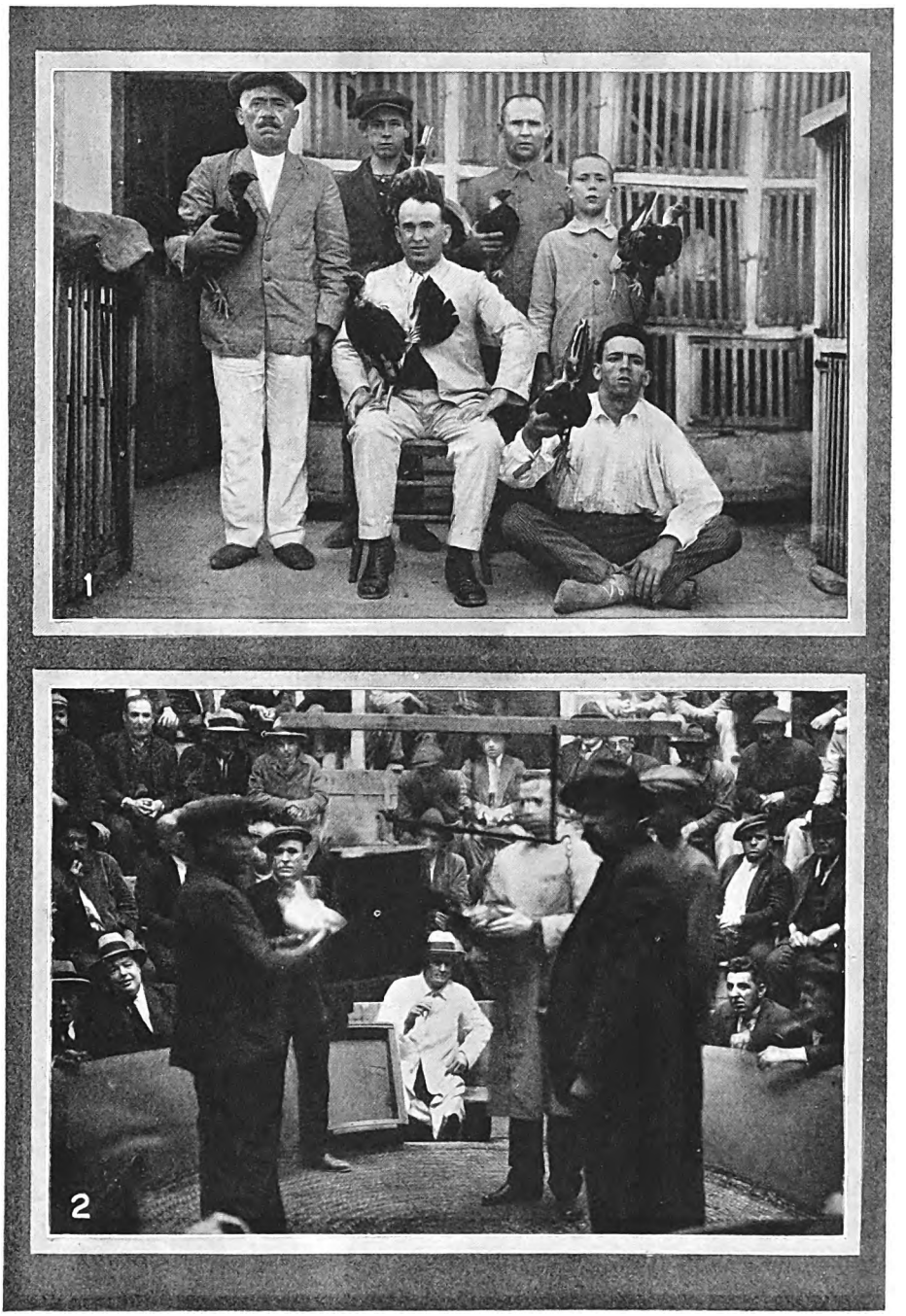
As in England, the sport is officially banned; indeed, a bye-law was passed only last year prohibiting it. But so strong is the hold which cockfighting has on all classes of Mallorcan sportsmen, so ancient and deep-rooted are the customs and traditions which surround it, that the local authorities—having made their gesture—have, perhaps wisely, refrained from enforcing too stringently such an unpopular decree.

On their part, the sporting community have also behaved very sensibly; though continuing with their pet diversion they are reasonably careful not to flaunt it unnecessarily in the public eye.

For instance, the Mayor of Palma, a member of the old nobility and one of the largest gamecock owners in the island, who was admittedly placed in a rather embarrassing predicament, discreetly disposed of his valuable stud. And this is the more praiseworthy because he was one of the most ardent devotees of the sport.

At the same time, the "Centro Gallistico," or Cockfighting Club, of Palma quietly dismantled the old wooden cockpit which had stood for generations in the central Plaza de Alcazar, and erected it piecemeal in the rather more inconvenient, but less frequented, Calle de los Huertos. And, as a final sop to Cerberus, the club even went to the length of postponing the official opening of the 1927 cock-

Digitized by Google



1.—Mallorcans with their Gamecocks in "La Gallera," the "Cockery" where the birds are kept in Palma.

2.—The Cockpit in Palma. Weighing the birds before a fight.

Digitized by Google

3.—A fight in progress.

4.—Down—and nearly out.

Digitized by Google

fighting season, which should have occurred on January 2nd, until the first Sunday in February; though it is more than probable that this extravagant concession to municipal prejudice was in reality due to the fact that the cockpit had not been completely re-erected on its new site by the earlier date.

Though it is not quite accurate to aver, therefore, that cockfighting is still allowed in Mallorca, it may truthfully be said that the authorities wink at it, and it is a fact that the season just past was one of the most successful ever known in the island.

Until about ten years ago the Mallorcans had their own special breed of gamecock, a light wiry bird, much sought after by fanciers on the mainland. But about this time the sport had become so popular in the islands that native cocks grew scarce, and consequently several young birds were imported from the Argentine, the Canary Islands, Spain, and even England. These were mostly of a heavier class than the Mallorcan breed, and as local custom decrees that birds may only fight between certain limits of weight—from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ tercias*—it was found necessary to cross the foreign birds with the native strain. In this manner a cross-breed, peculiar to the Balearic Islands, has latterly been evolved.

"La Gallera," the cockery in which the gamecocks are kept, is a remarkable institution, quite distinct from the cockpit itself. Situated on the roof of a five-storied building in the Calle de Bobians, at the back of the market-place, it is the home of more than two hundred fighting cocks, and serves also as a combined training establishment and hospital.

The reasons for hoisting the "cockery" so near to heaven are, of course, twofold. In the first place it is healthier and more hygienic; and secondly, the incessant crowing is not quite so noticeable as it would be if the birds were on the ground floor.

The cocks are housed in roomy wooden cages ranged in tiers on the flat roof. A small staff of salaried attendants skilled in the art of preparing the birds for the arena are specially retained by the club, and under the direction of the superintendent these experts spend their entire life training, grooming, and vetting their strange charges.

* A tercia=400 grammes, or approximately 14 ounces.

Digitized by Google

As is only to be expected in a country where even the meanest hovels are neat and tidy, the whole establishment is a model of cleanliness and efficiency. One end of the roof is covered in, and a miniature *reñidero*, or arena, similar to the one in the cockpit itself, has been installed. Here the birds are thoroughly trained and put through their paces before being allowed to appear in public.

The methods employed are many and various, though the general scheme of preparation is ludicrously reminiscent of that usually in vogue in the training quarters of professional pugilists at home. Massage, skipping, and even " sparring partners " are all used in preparing the cocks for their contests.

Grasping the bird firmly by the stern in one hand, the trainer kneels on the matting and with a scythe-like motion of his arm swings the cock to and fro along the ground. In trying to keep pace the bird naturally moves his legs very rapidly, and in this way his thigh muscles are greatly strengthened.

Budding champions are also exercised by being made to jump or skip. The trainer kneels with the cock in front of him, and holding the bird gently by the body lifts him about eighteen inches off the ground, when he then lets go. This operation repeated in quick succession for several minutes a day is a great flesh reducer and wind improver.

But the favourite method of training is by means of mock fights. These are staged in the model arena, and are much like the real thing, except that the two cocks wear small leather protectors over their deadly spurs. By this means they get practice and exercise without unduly damaging each other.

Though steel spurs are generally used in the clandestine cockfights which still take place in England, these instruments are prohibited in Mallorcan cockfighting circles. The birds fight with their natural weapons, though in the case of an otherwise healthy cock whose spurs are poorly developed, it is permitted to graft the spurs of a dead bird on to those of the live one. To anyone who knows Mallorca well—where every shrub and tree in the island seems to have been grafted—this ultimate manifestation of a racial passion is not without piquancy.

When a cock is about nine months old his crest is removed and his training begins in earnest. All unnecessary feathers are plucked and the bird is carefully dieted. One

Digitized by Google

meal a day is the rule, but it is a very substantial one, and usually consists of a liberal allowance of strong heavy wheat, eggs, and a little maize. Drinks are strictly rationed, only a very small quantity of water being given to each cock daily, whilst immediately before a fight even this allowance is curtailed.

One of the chief arts in preparing a fighting cock for the cockpit consists in so training and dieting him that he enters the *reñidero* only a fraction below the maximum weight allowed for his class. Every gramme makes a difference, and great skill is often required to accomplish such a nice adjustment, especially when it is remembered that a milligramme overweight on the day will disqualify the bird.

About a week before a cock is due to fight he is placed in a darkened room, and bedded down at night in a special straw-filled coop. This is done to soothe his nerves, and also to prevent him catching a chill, a not unlikely contingency when it is realized that the unfortunate bird has probably been denuded of more than half his feathers in order to assist in getting him down to the desired weight.

The best fighting age is considered to be from two to three years, though many cocks go into the ring when only eighteen months old. Towards the end of the season, which normally lasts from the New Year until the middle of May, the heat in Palma is often considerable; youth fights better than age in the hot weather, and so the youngsters often come into their own then.

Attached to the "cockery" is the hospital, in which those cocks—both victors and vanquished—who have survived their fights are carefully tended and nursed for a future occasion. About seventy per cent. of the losers and about forty per cent. of the winners either succumb to their wounds in the arena or have to be destroyed after a contest, but by skilful vetting many an apparently dead bird is often saved.

The loss of an eye, which is not at all uncommon, does not by any means finish a bird's career. In fact, many owners rather favour one-eyed cocks, for they get a handicap allowance of 60 grammes in their favour; moreover, it is popularly supposed that this physical disability makes them mentally more alert, and that in consequence they develop a superior ring-craft.

Cockfighting, at any rate in Mallorca, is not at all an inexpensive pastime. No money prizes are given by the

Digitized by Google

club, and if an owner wishes to recoup himself he can only do so by means of private wagers. The cost of keeping a cock in training is considerable, and the initial outlay may be heavy. The wastage is enormous, and though an untried cockerel might sometimes be obtained for thirty or forty pesetas, a champion that has won half a dozen fights will fetch 1,000 pesetas or more—if the owner can be induced to part with him, which is very unlikely.

* * * * *

At three o'clock on every Sunday and Monday afternoon throughout the cockfighting season contests are staged in the cockpit of the "Centro Gallistico" in Palma. The programme usually consists of five fights and the public are admitted at a charge of one peseta. Women seldom, if ever, attend—though many of them take a great interest in the sport, especially if their menfolk happen to own birds.

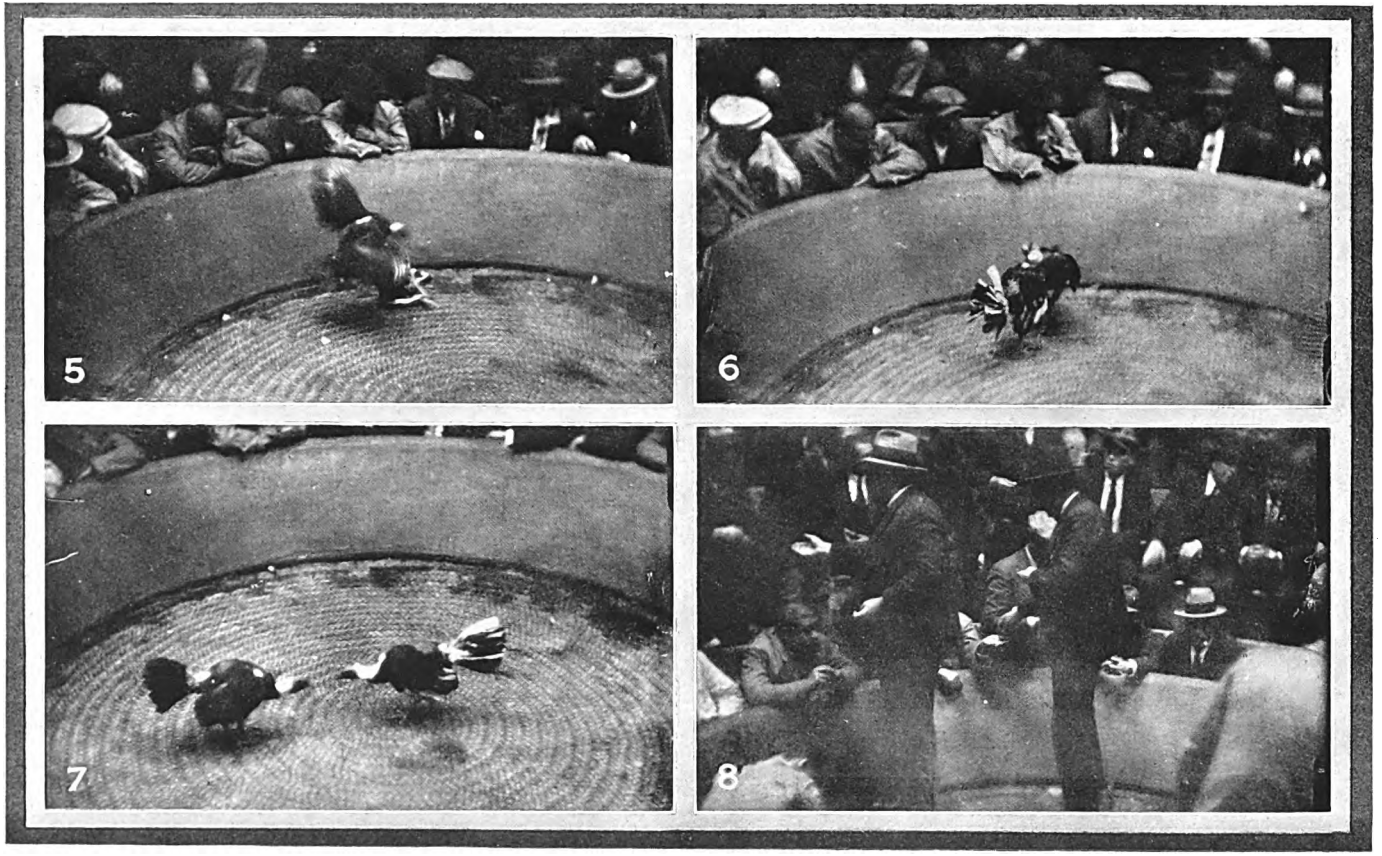
The cockpit is situated in a narrow side street in the lower part of the town, just off the Rambla—that spacious new promenade upon which the city fathers have lately lavished so much money and attention, but along which the conservative inhabitants of Palma stubbornly refuse to "ramble." A covered alley-way, well concealed from the vulgar gaze, leads through the backyard of a carpenter's workshop; at the end of this cul-de-sac is a door which gives entrance into the cockpit itself.

Few stranger relics of mediævalism than this quaint little structure exist in a land still redolent of the Middle Ages. Circular in shape and constructed entirely of wood, the cockpit is little larger than an ordinary provincial band-stand in England, yet so compactly is it arranged that it will seat more than two hundred people.

Immediately in front of the door, which provides the sole means of entry and exit, is the arena, in which the cocks fight. Raised a few inches above the ground, this arena is about twelve feet in diameter. It is carpeted with coco-nut matting to provide a good foothold for the combatants, and round the edge runs a grim crimson-painted barrier two feet high. This perimeter, which is pierced by two doors opposite each other, is cambered slightly outwards, thus giving the whole *reñidero* very much the appearance of a vast and night-marish soup plate.

Rising steeply one above the other and completely

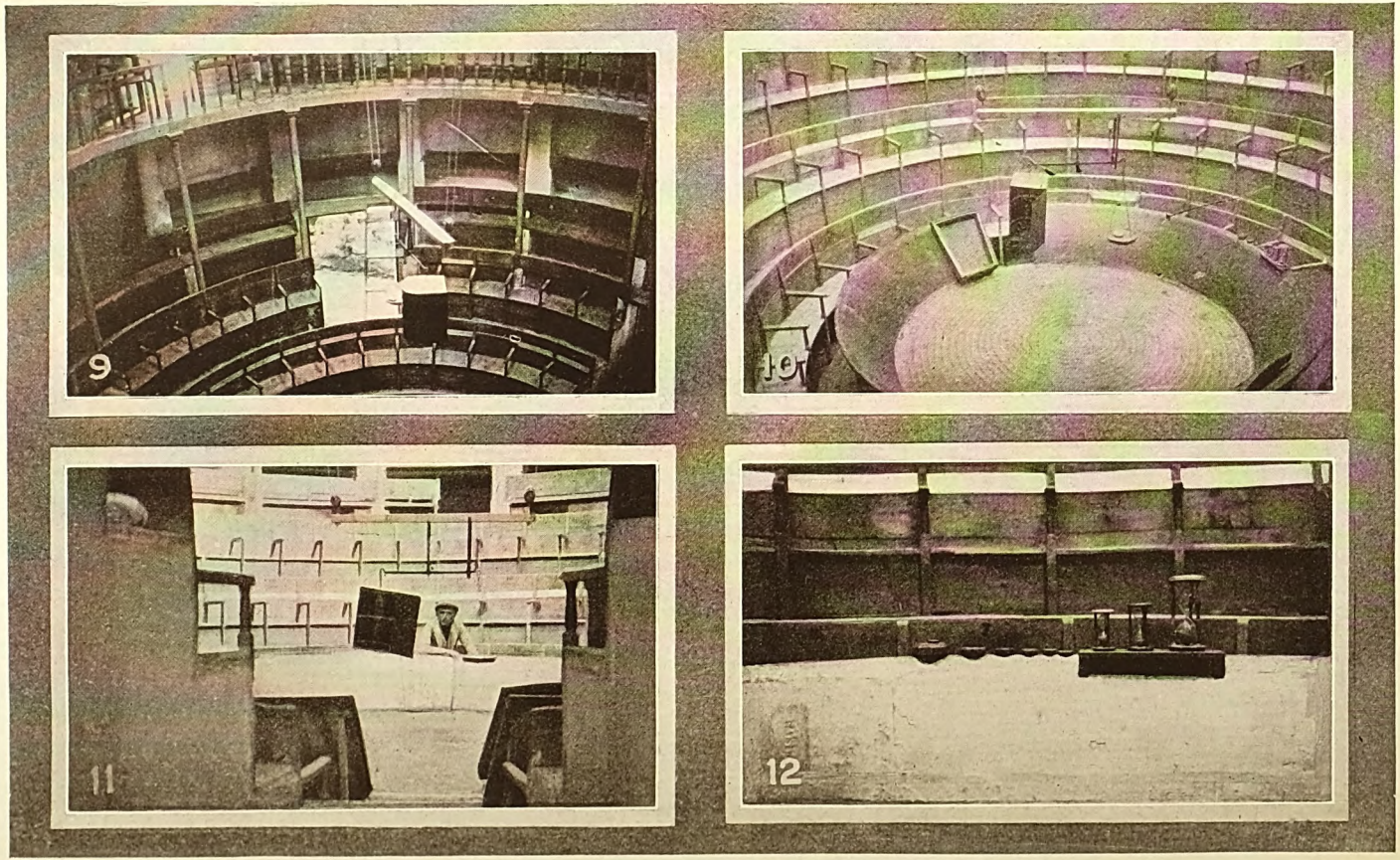
Digitized by Google



5 and 6.—A ding-dong Battle.

7.—The beginning of a fight. Two cocks about to attack. 8.—Settling up in the *reñidero* after a fight.

Digitized by Google



9.—Part of the Cockpit, showing the old gallery and the appliance for weighing the cocks before a fight.

10.—A view of the Cockpit, showing the *reñidero*—or arena in which the cocks fight—with the scales suspended from the roof in readiness for weighing the birds. Note the weights and old-fashioned hour glasses in front of the President's seat on the right of the picture.

11.—Another view of the *reñidero* and portion of the cockpit, with Pedro, the old caretaker, in the background.

12.—The weights and the old-fashioned hour glasses, the latter being used for timing the contests.

Digitized by Google

surrounding the arena are half a dozen tiers of seats, and above these, and immediately below the domed roof, is a diminutive gallery.

When the door is closed, as it is during a fight, the only ventilation is by means of two small glass skylights in the roof. As these are frequently closed too, and practically everyone in the audience smokes acrid *picadura* incessantly, the atmosphere in the crowded cockpit towards the end of a hot May afternoon becomes rather overpowering.

As three o'clock approaches the cockpit starts to fill up, and it soon becomes apparent that though the majority of the arrivals are of the artisan and small tradesman class, every grade of society is represented. Moreover, the presence of a grey-uniformed Guardia Civilia in the third row, complete with sword and patent leather hat, animatedly discussing the prospects of the afternoon's sport with his next door neighbour, seems to indicate that the official ban need not be taken too seriously.

Suddenly the babel of voices is hushed to a sibilant whisper as two men with gamecocks under their arms enter the *reñidero*. At the same time a large pair of scales, from one arm of which hangs a cage, descends from the roof, from which it is suspended on pulleys, and comes to rest with a jerk a few feet above the centre of the arena. Two officials of the club, one arrayed in a long white coat like an umpire at a cricket match, and the other mysteriously equipped with an ordinary face towel and half a lemon, join the two others, and an expectant silence pervades the cockpit.

In the presence of the spectators—and particularly of the President and the members of the Committee, who occupy ringside seats—both birds are carefully weighed like boxers before a fight. Their spurs are then thrust into the cut lemon and thoroughly cleaned and dried, after which they are carried over to the President who personally sponges their necks with a wet rag.

These precautions are, of course, in order to safeguard against foul play. Cases are not unknown of an unscrupulous owner deliberately applying poison to his cock's spurs and neck feathers before a fight. Though gamecocks always do all the real execution with their spurs, in the intervals of a bout they constantly peck at each other's neck. Indeed, towards the end of a prolonged battle the necks and shoulders of both birds have usually been plucked bare, each combatant

Digitized by Google

having swallowed many of his opponent's feathers. It can readily be understood therefore, that by smearing some deadly posion on his own cock's neck a blackguardly owner would probably kill the other bird.

Before a fight in the old days each owner was expected to lick his finger, and after rubbing it on his cock's neck, lick it again as infallible proof of fair play. No such drastic demands are made nowadays, but nevertheless reasonable precautions are still taken.

On a small ledge in front of the President—a sad little man in a black suit and cravat, a master barber by trade, who owes his exalted position to a thoroughly deserved reputation for honour and integrity—are three old-fashioned time-glasses. One is a half-hour glass, and the other two are five-minute glasses.

Immediately a fight commences the President, who is the sole umpire, turns the half-hour glass. If neither cock has proved victorious at the end of thirty minutes the fight is declared a draw—though this rarely happens.

The five-minute glasses are used in much the same way as a stop-watch in a boxing match. Each cock has one glass assigned to it, and in the course of the fight immediately either cock, through wounds or exhaustion, falls down, the President turns that cock's glass and the sand starts to run out. The glass remains turned as long as that particular bird remains down, though directly he gets up again the glass is turned once more and the sand ceases to run. The first bird to stay down, with both thighs touching the ground, for an *aggregate* period of five minutes loses the fight.

* * * * *

Throughout all these preliminary ceremonies both the cocks—one a glossy black and red youngster, and the other, a pure white fellow—behave with singular docility. In fact, to an uninitiated observer it seems incredible that two such gentlemanly, well-behaved birds should ever really fight to the death. But such doubts are soon dispelled.

The ring is cleared, and the doors in the barrier closed ; the heavy scales are still creaking their way aloft as the " seconds " place the two fighting cocks *vis-a-vis* in the *reñidero*. The fight is on.

For the space of five seconds nothing happens. Neither bird seems to be aware of the other, and both appear slightly

Digitized by Google

dazed. But suddenly " Black and Red " stiffens . . . and then " White " does the same. Almost simultaneously they sight each other, and their eyes gleam with concentrated malevolence. . . . Cautiously they advance, long necks stretched forward to the utmost, hatred and ferocity in every feather. . . . And then the clash. . . .

With the first furious onslaught of the two gamecocks, pandemonium breaks loose in the crowded cockpit. Regardless of the fact that neither combatant can understand Mallorquin, advice and abuse are hurled at both birds in the local patois. On every side bets are freely made—often for considerable sums. Cries of " Una par 'una " (evens) or " Dos par 'una " (2 to 1) are answered by shouts of " Va, va " (taken); and as first one cock and then the other appears to hold the advantage the " hedging " and " covering " wagers of the bigger punters become more and more complicated.

During the course of a single fight one man may make twenty bets with twenty different people. These bets may all vary in amount; the odds may be different in each case; and, if the bout has been a very up-and-down one, half of them may be in favour of one cock and half in favour of the other. Yet nobody ever makes a single written note of all these complicated transactions—and more remarkable still, there is practically never any disagreement when settling time comes. It is small wonder that the Mallorcans have a great reputation as mathematicians.

Most of the larger bets are usually made sometime before a fight. With the help of his friends an owner forms a syndicate, and possibly backs his cock to the extent of 3,000 or 4,000 pesetas; this sum is then " covered " by the opposite camp. In the old days the " ounce gold " was the basis of all financial operations in the islands, and it is an interesting fact that even to-day the " ounce gold "—or its equivalent in silver *duros*—is a favourite bet with the more old-fashioned punters.*

In the midst of all the noise and excitement the two cocks in the ring below continue to fight on with unabated zeal. Peck, flutter, kick; the cycle is repeated with almost monotonous regularity as each bird tries for a knock-out with his death-dealing spurs.

But gradually " White " begins to weaken. His move-

* The " ounce gold " 16 duros, or approximately £3 sterling.

Digitized by Google

ments become slower and his kicks more feeble. The betting goes 3 to 1 against him.

"Black and Red" seizes his advantage like a veteran prize-fighter. With redoubled vigour he attacks his now staggering rival, stabbing "White's" head and neck repeatedly with vicious lunges of his bloody spurs. "White" reels like a drunken man . . . and then goes down. The President turns "White's" glass. . . .

Nonplussed, "Black and Red" stands over his prostrate enemy, and pecks savagely at his head. At last "White" totters to his feet—but not before nearly half the sand in his glass has run out.

Odds of 8 and even 10 to 1 are now freely laid against "White," but there are few takers.

And then suddenly it happens. In a flash "White" recovers, and with amazing power and speed he strikes . . . and strikes again. There is a squawk—a flutter of wings—and "Black and Red" turns two complete somersaults.

Exclamations of surprise and disgust resound on all sides, for with his brain pierced, and his legs aimlessly beating the air, the favourite that only a moment ago seemed so sure of victory lies on his back in the centre of the *reñidero*—dead.

* * * * *

Not long ago I was discussing cockfighting with an educated and much-travelled Mallorcan friend.

"Of course, it's cruel," he conceded blandly, "we all acknowledge that, but we like it; it has a terrible fascination for us." He paused for a moment. "And there is this to be said in its favour," he continued, "It is like a gladiatorial contest. Each cock has an equal chance, and furthermore, if either bird wishes to run away he merely has to leap out of the *reñidero* over the low barrier, and the fight is immediately awarded to the other fellow. But not once in a hundred bouts does that happen. The fact is that the birds naturally like fighting; it is instinctive in them, and as we also like watching them fight it seems a pity to let such an instinct run to waste."

He dexterously rolled himself a cigarette.

"You know," he said presently, "it always amuses foreigners like myself when we hear you English expatiating on cruelty to animals. In your own country well-born men and delicately nurtured women pretend to see no cruelty

Digitized by Google

in chasing a fox over half a county with a pack of hounds, and when the wretched brute at last finds sanctuary in a hole, they stand eagerly round while a terrier is sent down to dig him out. With the disgusting details—to a Mallorcan—of what follows I will not weary you; you know them too well. . . . And is it any crueller to rear fighting cocks for fighting than to preserve pheasants for shooting? When our cocks get mortally wounded in combat we do at least finish them off. We don't leave them to die in agony, possibly with a broken wing or a lacerated leg. . . . But the truth is, that you English like fox-hunting and shooting driven game, and because you like them they simply cannot be cruel or barbarous; you have bestowed the accolade of your national approval on these sports, so they must be perfect. In reality, of course, they are no less cruel than our cockfighting—or so it seems to us. The only difference is that we honestly admit cockfighting is cruel, whereas you, as a nation, refuse to acknowledge the same about any of your favourite sports."

I make no comment on these views; I merely set them down as they were given to me. It is sometimes as well for us to see ourselves as others see us. . . .

Digitized by Google

JANDAR, ORDERLY

By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion, C.I.E.

A TRIFLING question had arisen between the Indian Authorities and the "God-granted Government of Afghanistan," as the Amir, Abdur-Rahman Khan, elected to call himself. Strife between the herdsmen of this and that tribe, flocks raided, a few men killed. The Political Officer of the frontier district of Kohat was to trek far in among the purple mountains of Yaghistan, "the land of the unruly," to meet the Amir's representative, taking with him a suitable escort, 150 rifles of one hard-bitten frontier regiment, the writer's proud charge, 150 of another, a section of a mountain battery, a troop of Indian Cavalry.

The romance of a first march beyond the frontier is a thing that marks an epoch in the life of an officer of the Indian Army. Each morning, long before light, out of a diminutive tent, in a camp sparkling with fires, to meet a bitter wind, "the wind of Hangu," and inhale a pungent air laden with dust more apparent to taste than to sight. A confused din of shouting men, yelling camels, whinnying mules. Hot tea, eggs and chuppatties, with a proportion of wholesome earth, are to be had within range of a noble fire. Out of the turmoil troopers emerge, trot by and disappear in the gloom; then an infantry advance guard muffled up in sheepskin poshtins. Following them the mountain guns, clickety-clack, and soon the whole column is on the move towards the mountains, where dark valleys mysteriously open. Every day brings infinite possibilities of adventure. As a matter of fact, the march up the Kurram Valley—I am speaking of the days before its occupation—except for a few shots exchanged with the gang of a noted outlaw known as Chikai, was blank from a soldier's point of view, though otherwise not without incident. Notably, after reaching camp each day was there not the blue Kurram river a-calling? C., who in a previous phase of his career as a gunner had achieved fame by his rendering of the "Byle Battery" at the station gaffs—

> With a hainya, hainya, hainya, hainya,
> Twist their tails and go—

was a fisherman, and if my catching a fish a pound heavier than his biggest was any criterion, he nearly made me one.

Digitized by Google

At some camps the Mess Secretary was insistent about birds for the pot. Jandar, my pathan orderly, was clever at mimicking the call of the chakor partridge—and, with the exception of a cock grouse, there is no bird with a gamier call than he—his efforts often eliciting a chorus from a bare, brown and apparently birdless hillside. Then there was the affair of the porcupine. One bright morning, as the column was winding along a path crossing the broad bosom of a mountain, my native officer came up and saluted. " Presence," said he, " a *sahi* has been seen. If the order is given, a few of the young men will go." For all I knew to the contrary, a *sahi* might be the mad mullah himself, but the order was given. Four lithe young Sikhs in full marching order dash down the hillside fixing bayonets as they go and disappear from sight. Far below, a small black object crosses a bare spur and is gone. Then four figures running, and the glint of a bayonet. The small black dot emerges again and is again lost, the men following. They appear and disappear like a scene in a cinema; then the hunt is gone. They brought the poor old porcupine into camp all right and it was cooked and eaten by the Sikh company. " Sahib," Jandar remarked somewhat untruthfully, " these Sikhs will eat anything!"

How much a young officer in the East often owes to some brown-skinned henchman who, nominally filling a humble role, is to him at once a guide, a servant, and a friend—a debt too often carried very light-heartedly. My orderly, a trans-border Yusafzai, enlisted in the Frontier Force, was such a one. He was a typical Pathan. Lean and wiry in build, with keen features, a love curl down each cheek from under his tightly bound *safa*—even as copied with no bad effect by the modern young woman of the West—he was a picture to fill the eye. Indeed he did no discredit to that far-distant fellow-tribesman of his, one Saul the son of Kish—" a choice young man and a goodly. There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he."

Sometimes after a long march, which I did riding and he on his feet carrying pack and rifle, I tried to get down to the river unknown to him. But it was no good. His duty was to guard his *sahib*, and sure enough I would have barely started spinning before a glance round would show me Jandar sitting on a boulder, his rifle across his knees, looking, looking. His, too, the task of teaching me Pushtu, a tongue wild and

Digitized by Google

rough as the land in which it is spoken. Consider the lingual gymnastics demanded in a sentence such as this: *Har yo sari khapal khaza sara pakhpal takhtawala.* Translated: "Every man ran off with his own wife." The sentence, besides being a sort of pronunciation test, a shibboleth, constituted for a Pathan—a stress being laid on the word *own*—a jest of infinite humour. In spite of the serious consequences that usually follow, Pathans *are* addicted to running off with wives, but not their own.

In this country of savage vendettas there is a saying that trouble comes from one of three things—*zar*, *zamin*, *zan* (gold, land, women), and somehow Satan seems to find the latter the most useful of the three. Jandar had never run off with anyone else's wife, but he was nevertheless born to a vendetta, the story of which is worth telling. A man named Mohammed Jan had come to believe that his wife was engaged in an intrigue with a neighbour called Hussein. So one fine day he stalked him from behind a wall as he was working in his fields and shot him dead. This was quite proper and justifiable according to the Pathan code, if only he had completed the job and killed the lady too. The idea is that if there were no such condition, a man might, alleging an intrigue, safely kill anybody. A wife, however, is a valuable commodity, worth perhaps 200 rupees, and no man in his senses would destroy his own property without cause. But Mohammed Jan's wife was fair to look on; in short, he omitted to finish off the matter. His village Jirga—we may call it the "parish council"—accordingly pronounced Mohammed Jan a murderer, and to avoid more killing, which in this happy land tends to have a snowball character, told him to go and live elsewhere. So he betook himself to the Buner country. After the lapse of some time, tidings reached him that Hussein's son, now of age, purposed to revenge his father's death by slaying the little son of Mohammed Jan's daughter. This was not "cricket." Mohammed Jan hied him to the nearest scribe and dictated a petition to the Jirga praying them to prevent such a wicked action, as he alone was the *Dushmandar* (enemy). Much wagging of beards in the parish council resulted in an award which was strictly in accordance with the Pathan law and may be set forth. The son of the deceased Hussein, it ran, might lawfully kill either the murderer Mohammed Jan or Mohammed Jan's son, but not his daughter or her child—Pathan vendettas descend

Digitized by Google

in tail male. If Mohammed Jan's son and Mohammed Jan himself both died natural deaths, Hussein's heir was to be paid 360 rupees as blood money by Mohammed Jan's heir. If, however, in spite of the award, Hussein's son did kill Mohammed Jan's daughter, or her child, he would have to pay 200 rupees—to the parish council! The award thus provided suitably and equitably for all contingencies and at the same time vindicated the majesty of the law. Now Mohammed Jan had died and my Jandar happened to be his son. Hussein's son, on whom devolved the duty of slaying Jandar was also enlisted in the Sirkai's army. They might meet in uniform and part peaceably, but in mufti it would be another business. So Jandar lived in the expectation that sooner or later his fate would be a bullet from the unseen, from behind a rock, from a smoke hole in a house where he slept, from a roof in a bazaar, but almost certainly a bullet.

In due course we arrived at the place where our Political was to meet the Afghan. The last camp was pitched on a broad boulder-strewn plain, far from rising ground or walled villages which might tempt snipers, and round it in frontier fashion sprang bastioned breastworks. The meeting with the Afghan, whose camp was a little distance away, was to be a full-dress affair. A *shamiana* tent, carpets, red cloth, flags, chairs, a guard of honour and a crowd of onlookers made a splash of colour on the stark khaki waste. C., the gunner, had gone out half-way with a few troopers to escort the Amir's representative. The Political would meet him no farther than the edge of the carpet. We, the smaller fry, were already in the durbar when the cavalcade arrived. The great man dismounted and proceeded with Sir R. up the human rectangle, the while arms were presented and mountain guns roared as loud as they were able. The Afghan Sirdar was a fine upstanding figure, with a bushy black beard, the aquiline features of a Durrani and a haughty expression. Unfortunately for the dignity of his appearance, before leaving Kabul he must have visited one of those shops that sell uniforms exported by second-hand dealers in European capitals. The uniform, with helmet complete, worn by the Sirdar was in a previous existence that of our well-known and esteemed friend Robert, the London policeman! The officer commanding our escort, who was of plethoric habit and humorous, nearly had a fit, but it need not be said that when the time

Digitized by Google

came for the Sirdar to leave the durbar, he did so not less satisfied with his appearance than when he entered it.

For many days after the opening interview, diplomatic conversations continued, and we settled down and made the time pass happily with shooting and fishing. Most often, however, C. and I used to look north, towards the purple mountains that rose some eight miles away, their tops white with an early snowfall, and pictured to ourselves the mighty markhor that haply might be found among their gloomy precipices. But it was agreed that before asking the Political for leave to sleep out of camp, a psychological moment would have to be awaited or created. Sir R. was one who did not like incidents, and small blame to him.

Patience brought us the opportunity we wanted. One evening in our Mess of five, the Political laid me a wager, half a dozen of champagne to a pencil case, that I would not hit a man's figure with a Service revolver at a hundred yards once in six rounds. The figure was marked out by C. in charcoal on a white target—a good large figure—we were all interested in the champagne—and it must be said it bore some resemblance to the Sirdar in his levee costume. The last bullet found the bobby's helmet and the self-appointed judges, consisting of the remainder of the Mess, unanimously declared that though I had lost the pencil case, the Political must also be held to have lost the champagne, a decision that was worthy of a frontier Jirga. It was during the good feeling that prevailed after the debt had been liquidated, that we took a promise from Sir R. that he would arrange for a safe conduct for us from the Maliks of a big village at the foot of the mountains for two days.

The stars were paling one morning when C. and I got on our horses and we reached the village before sunrise. There we waited in an orchard till our loads arrived, talked to the Maliks, drank their sweet tea and ate their delicious grapes. It was rather late when we started up a gorge, C. and I, our two orderlies, two shikaris from the village who knew the recesses of the mountains and the haunts of the wild goats, and a couple of men with blankets and grub. We had far to go to make our bivouac before dark and we climbed solidly for two hours, keeping our breath for the work ahead. Presently the gorge narrowed, with beetling crags on either side. Our eyes were on the ground in front of us picking our steps over the water-worn stones when Jandar challenged

Digitized by Google

" Stand." Voices echoing among the cliffs came in reply and we looked up to see three men of the mountains, their rifles slung on their backs, long Afghan knives at their waists, dingy red skull-caps on their heads, stepping in their grass sandals lightly as cats down the track we were ascending. Salutations were exchanged, " May you never be tired," " May you never be poor." Then from Jandar, " Who are you? Of what tribe? Where are you going? Where did you sleep last night?" and more. It seems they were Ghilzais going to buy cloth in Kurram. Others, they said, with an indicative movement of the head, were following. I think it was the late Lord Curzon who, writing of the Lurs or some such villainous tribe of Persia, hit the nail with his customary exactitude when he remarked that travellers had described them either as " strikingly handsome " or " repulsively ugly," according to the circumstances under which they met them. The remark is vividly true of many of the wild Highlanders of Asia, and, it may be added, would not less be true if applied to a panther. These men had brick-red faces that had felt the sun off the snow, hard grey eyes and rugged features. Their manners were free, like those of hillmen generally, and when their turn came to question us they spoke as equals. I think we should have described them as " strikingly handsome." They seemed very interested about our rifles, in what country they were made, how much they cost, how far they would carry. One put out his hand to take C's. rifle, a new sporting Martini, but it was intercepted by Jandar, an exhibition of suspicion that seemed to us rather unnecessary. A reminder by a shikari that we had far to go brought the talk to an end and we parted on our respective roads. The sun had set when, pretty tired, we came to a place where the gorge opened to form a little plateau bounded on the one side by high rocks, on the other by the stream which gurgled along below a cliff. There were deodars in plenty and wood for a camp fire. This was our inn for the night. Some shepherd had built a lean-to shelter against the rock cliff in which we put our blankets and rifles. Having deposited their loads, the porters hurried back to the village. Lying before a blaze of pine logs after we had eaten and drunk, we lit our pipes and felt very satisfied with the world and our particular position in the Continent of Asia. It was a perfect night, not a breath of wind and no sound except the murmur of the stream :—

Digitized by Google

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran—
What need was there for maid or man?

We fell to discussing with the shikaris the programme for the morrow, which must surely end in our each bagging a markhor with horns resembling the gnarled branches of trees. "We shall all go together," the elder of the two was saying, "up the *tangi* to where it divides, and that spot we shall reach about cockcrow. From there——"

But he never finished his sentence, for crack, crack, there was the flash of rifles in the dark and in a moment the picture had been changed. The shikari who had been speaking sprang to his feet and pitched forward into the fire.

Across the channel I believe they have a test for taxi drivers based on the personal equation, the promptness with which an individual responds to a stimulus. It is intended to ascertain whether or no the examinee would do the right thing in a sudden emergency such as must often confront the tornado drivers of Paris. In such a test Jandar would have done well. Before C. and I had realized that we had struck a "frontier incident," he was on his feet and in almost one movement had pulled the fallen man out of the fire and kicked the blazing logs right and left. For us the first thing was a wild search for rifles and cartridges in the darkness of the shelter, while the two orderlies who had already fixed bayonets, were firing through the branches. Next moment we were choked with dust as an avalanche of stones came down. The shelter was clearly unhealthy, so hugging the rock face we crawled out, and after going a few yards found the cliff overhung slightly, giving cover from falling stones. Looking up, for one moment, I thought I saw a figure against the sky on the top of the cliff and let him have the contents of my double barrel—at least, I hoped he had it—but with this exception our assailants were invisible.

Half an hour later, the rush we had expected had not come. Shots had been fired but as we could not see our attackers, so they could not see us, and in the dark a flash is a poor mark to aim at. The wounded man was lying in the arms of the other shikari who was repeating the *Kalma* in a monotonous murmur. Judging from the shots, we supposed the gang to number a dozen or more. Leisure then to think over our position and to realize the feelings of rats in a trap,

Digitized by Google

for it seemed that whether they rushed us now or did things in a more leisurely manner at dawn, the end must be the same. How about the moon? We faced a little north of east and could see a few stars of the Great Bear rising above the crags opposite. The moon was in its second quarter and somewhere about two in the morning we should be in full illumination. C. was lately married. A sheet out of his pocket book with a pencilled note put under a stone, was his effort at farewell. We discussed schemes. C. favoured the idea of charging out; there would at any rate be a chance of one or two of the party getting away. This was a plan I liked not, for the good reason that I had kicked off my shoes while lying by the fire and the ground was covered with sharp stones. In that condition defence was more in my line than attack. As the loss of my shoes worried me not a little, presently I crawled to where the fire had been and groped about. One shoe I found and a good many hot cinders, but the other shoe I must have. I struck a match. Bang, bang, bang, the bullets sang away off the ground round me. "You blank fool," said C., with the emphasis on the blank. But when I crawled back, both shoes were in my hand. We were talking again of the chances of a rush out, when a voice came. "Jandar," it said, "are you a Mussalman?" "Yes," he returned, "I am a Mussalman." "Bring your rifle and join us; what are you, a Mussalman, doing with these Faranghis?" No reply. "Are you a Mussalman," the voice began again, "we are twenty men, come and join us or if not we will send you to hell with the infidels." "We are six good rifles here" Jandar lied, "the porters have gone to show the escort the way from camp. I am a servant of the Sirkar, but if it were otherwise, it is not good to make friends with thieves. Please God we shall see you hanged at Thall." A volley was the answer to this. Their knowledge of Jandar's name seemed to connect the gang with the men we had met on the road. It had got very cold; I could hear someone's teeth chattering. The muttering of the shikari over the wounded man had ceased. He was dead. The voice began again, "Jandar, te Mussalman ye?" It seemed to have come nearer. We waited, but nothing happened. "Jandar," C. suddenly said, "where are you going?" My orderly was worming himself along the ground, rifle in hand. "To spy," he said, and disappeared in the darkness. For the life of me I could neither tell him not to go, nor to leave his rifle behind.

Digitized by Google

Though neither C. nor I had spoken, each knew what was in the other's mind. There are some classes of men in the Indian Army about whose behaviour in given circumstances it would be safe to bet. A Pathan is not of that kind. He has his code of honour and a certain nobility that enables one in rags to stride down the bazaar with the air of a king, but he is capable of ignoble deeds. The atmosphere of the Frontier engenders a carelessness about human life, but a Pathan is not reckless with his own. Self-sacrificing bravery is not for him. Yet he will risk his skin for a rifle or a woman, while for his faith he will court death—do not the shining eyes of the houris of Paradise beckon? "Faithful to their salt" is a tribute that has been paid to many thousands of Pathans that have died for their foreign paymasters, but it is a tribute that cannot always be paid. It was near where we were now that a shot fired by a trans-border Sepoy in one of our regiments warned the Afghans of Lord Roberts' night attack on the Paiwar Kotal. That must be accounted a brave deed too, when one considers that summary execution was the almost certain sequence.

Ten minutes passed, our eyes straining into the darkness. Something moved, there was a chink of a stone. Again another movement. "Who comes there?"said C. in a low voice. "Don't shoot, Sahib, it's me," said Jandar, and he crawled in. I felt beyond measure proud of my man and ashamed of my doubts. "Sahib," he said, "I think there may be sixteen or eighteen men. There is one path out, they have lighted a fire on that path and they sit in the dark. We cannot get through, but if God wills they will hear our shots at the village and send a *chigah* party." We knew well enough, however, that it was hardly possible that the shots would be heard, and that even if they were, men would not be likely to come out before dawn, and then only to save their faces.

There was not much talk after this. We made what scanty cover we could with our hands. The gang evidently did not intend to lose men over a rush and would wait for the moon to show us up.

It was *shoma kalar*, the "still of night," as Pathans call the hours between one and three. We had watched the Great Bear swing round like the hands of a giant clock, dipping its stars one by one behind the black ridge on the far side of the gorge. A line of moonlight crept slowly down

Digitized by Google

a prominent rock face. Then, quite suddenly, as it seemed, the point of a silver horn showed itself above the dark mass of mountain and next moment we were in bright moonlight. The time had come. We waited tensely for perhaps a quarter of an hour—it seemed long. Then from somewhere up the valley there came the sound of a falling stone.

Jandar said, " Praise to God, they have gone !" He fired a shot, and for the first time there was no response. It was as he had said. We waited on, our rifles across our knees, till with the first glimmer of dawn a party came up from the village. They had heard the shots after all. Then we had tea. Marks were found showing that a wounded or dead man had been carried off. " Please God," said the orderly, " it is a life for a life."

The affair was gone into by the Political, who knew the Frontier better than any man living. Piecing evidence together, it seems that it was a raiding gang whose original idea had been rifle stealing from the camp or attacks on solitary sentries, followed perhaps by a little night firing. When they came across our small party everything went as might have been expected—except our escape. Jandar, to whose staunchness and brave bluff we probably owed our lives, was promoted to non-commissioned rank on our return to cantonments. In time he would have risen higher, but shortly afterwards he took leave to go to his country, and he never came back. Nor did he send any message. It was said by some in the regiment that being a religious man he had repented not having taken the chance offered him, religious merit and booty, and that he now had made the amend possible by joining the " fanatics " beyond the border, but this was unthinkable. It is more likely his end was the bullet from the unseen he expected. This, too, I never heard. As the Yusafzai officer in charge of his company remarked, " For a Pathan, from this world there are many doors of exit."

Digitized by Google

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF KELIA, 1922–3

By "Koja Chai."

KELIA was the child of the Chanak crisis. In September, 1922, the Kemalist forces in Asia Minor swept the Greek Army into the sea at Smyrna and moved north towards the Dardanelles, threatening the small Allied garrison of Chanak. Kemalist cavalry, followed by infantry, were in contact with our patrols. War seemed imminent. But the situation was dealt with vigorously; a line of defence came into being—virtually a bridgehead round Nagara Point. Reinforcements were hurried out from Home and Mediterranean stations, the Navy provided strong landing parties, and the Royal Air Force arrived in strange-looking craft, the most arresting of which was H.M.S. *Argus*.

Among other measures was the formation of an advanced base on the European side of the Straits—the Gallipoli Peninsula. The site chosen was Kelia Bay, where the Imperial War Graves Commission in the Near East had its headquarters. There was no village of Kelia, the tin-roofed mess and quarters of the Commission, mainly composed of officers of the Australian and New Zealand Forces, being built on a ridge above the bay, with the offices and contractors' establishments situated along the shore. The little bay is square, with sides about three-quarters of a mile long, lying opposite Nagara Point, where the Straits are about a mile and a half broad. The sides of the bay are flanked by two blunt-nosed promontories that reach into the Dardanelles and separate the Kelia Valley from that of Boghali on the north and Maidos on the south. Westward to the Ægean at Gaba Tepe, the country is fairly flat, and the distance across the peninsula is four and a half miles. Two miles north of Gaba Tepe stands the immortal headland of Anzac.

Myself, I landed at Kelia in the dark on the evening of September 26th, having been ferried over from a transport lying off Chanak by a small coasting steamer. A few had preceded my detachment, and one tent only was visible—a marquee, around which a large hospital grew up in a few days. The earliest troops to arrive were Royal Engineers, Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps, and

Digitized by Google

Royal Army Ordnance Corps. The Royal Air Force were soon established. Then came batteries of heavy artillery, which moved out to positions along the coast.

Everything that an army could require in the way of stores was poured into Kelia from the depots at Constantinople or from home, in unending procession that ceased neither day nor night for weeks and months. The little wooden pier of the Graves Commission was piled high with stores, only to be cleared as fast as they came. How it stood up to its work was a mystery, but it never let us down. Though two additional piers were built, it remained our mainstay to the end.

A month of settling in, unloading, and organizing depots and hospital, saw the definition of a policy (fluctuating on account of the daily changing political situation), regarding our new-born base. Hutted camps were to be built forthwith. The huts began to arrive in sections, and our energies were directed towards unloading and sorting out the components as quickly as possible. They were new patterns of our old friends the Nissen huts, a small and a large type, the latter being sixty feet long. Both were improvements on the original patterns, but they required more skill in erecting. They were higher and wider, allowing of more head-room, with an inner lining of corrugated iron instead of wood. The Engineers gave demonstrations and taught us how to put them up. Soon a distinctive hutting "offensive" began; we called it "Hutting Time" and the "National Hut Week," though it carried on for a long time. We started Nissen teams; officers worked with the men, and each individual had a definite task to perform. Lucky was the team that could find one or two men over six feet—they made all the difference in fixing the higher parts. A team numbered ten men. Rivalry led to a great acceleration in the hutting programme, and there was talk of holding an inter-unit hutting competition, but it never materialized on account of the difficulty experienced in carrying out the details.

Actually, we were attempting to race the weather. The objective was to get the troops into huts and out of tents before we were overtaken by a blizzard, and we won. Ere the full force of the Turkish winter was upon us, the men were sleeping on mattresses and spring beds, in huts warmed by Canadian stoves. We had "got a move on."

Digitized by Google

The Russians of the Labour Corps were interesting. They had served in Wrangel's Army, and many were ex-officers of the Imperial *régime*. Some possessed British decorations—a C.M.G. and two Military Crosses, for example. One had been educated at an English public school. It was pathetic to hear what they and their relatives suffered in the calamity which befel their nation. Their fortitude was admirable; in adversity and poverty they maintained those delightful qualities which grace the well-bred Russian in prosperity. Charming and courtly, it was strange to see an apparently ill-kempt labourer sit down at the piano and play divinely. They had a fine choir, but their singing was best heard marching to work in the morning; the whole sang like larks, as if they had not a care in the world. They had not. Possessing that useful quality of living for the day, caring naught for yesterday or to-morrow, perfect optimists and fatalists, they accepted their lot and never murmured. And they worked like beavers.

Weather conditions on the Peninsula were very varied. Landing in beautiful summer weather, we bathed as late as November 2nd. Then the weather broke suddenly; in a few days we passed into winter, and the hard, dry country became a mass of mud. Raging gales and heavy rainstorms were common, but we were fortunate enough to escape the blizzards until December, when we were better housed. Several had been in the blizzards during the campaign of 1915, and we were thus alive to the importance of making ourselves snug as soon as possible. Rain usually came up from the south-east—heavy, continuous downpours, with the thermometer not too low. We soon learnt what to expect, as the same performance was constantly repeated; the rain lessened as the wind veered to the north, and within a few hours the storm was back upon us as a fierce, icy hurricane of driving snow.

Life at this time was like a severe winter in France, in a hutted camp behind the line. We lived in gumboots and British warms, with all the winter clothing we could lay our hands on. The troops kept surprisingly fit; the men were not affected by the cold weather and they had plenty to do—not soldiering, but steady manual work. We had much to occupy our minds.

Spring merged into early summer, and we were still at Kelia, with less to do, as the place had been completed.

Digitized by Google

The huts kept cool with a through current of air, and it was an agreeable surprise to find that a hut of two linings of corrugated iron could be cool in summer and snug in winter. Kelia is one of the windy places of this earth. Winter or summer, day or night, it is the exception to find the air still and quiet. It was frequently impossible to cross the Straits in a motor launch, but there were two ex-minesweepers—the *John Haile* and the *Walter Burke* (of a class of craft that was honoured with the names of seamen who served in the *Victory* with Nelson at Trafalgar)—which carried out a regular ferry service between Kelia, Nagara and Chanak. They were seldom stormbound, although occasionally delayed by fog.

The battlefields of the Peninsula interested us intensely. The maze of trenches and underground systems at Anzac was remarkable. Here, and at Helles, every trench was visible, though dug-outs had begun to fall in. The ground was littered with remnants of equipment, helmets, water-bottles, entrenching tools, shrapnel bullets, cartridge cases, and rusted tins. Chocolate and sweet tins appeared as fresh as when sent out, as the enamelled exteriors had not deteriorated.

The campaign was studied by many; Masefield and Nevinson were the books obtainable in Constantinople. Much discussion went on, and tactical schemes based on the campaign were arranged. After a year's sojourn on the Peninsula, with frequent visits to the battlefields, the immortal problem of Gallipoli came no nearer to solution, but some impressions of our discussions may interest the reader. We had not studied the campaign in textbooks, and the following are points that emerged from our talks. I give them with some diffidence.

Undertaken immediately after the Turks entered the war, it is possible that the seizure of Gallipoli Peninsula might have been a simple military undertaking. Assuming that we held it up to the Bulair Lines, could this have enabled us to pass a fleet up the Dardanelles, where it would have been within easy range of hostile artillery on the Asiatic shore for a distance of about twenty-five miles? And if the fleet had got through, could it have maintained its communications? Had our ships obtained free and undisputed passage of the Dardanelles, would their presence off Constantinople have driven Turkey out of the war?

Most authorities assume that it would. But "the

Digitized by Google

Navy "—our naval friends at Kelia—seemed to think otherwise. They knew Constantinople, several acres of which are frequently burnt out by fires in a single night, and not always built over again. If Constantinople had been bombarded—a doubtful eventuality—the result might not have been much greater than a succession of peace-time conflagrations. The impression was that the opening of the Straits to our fleet would not have been attended with the complete success that the public expected. Very few people appear to have read of Admiral Duckworth's expedition to Constantinople in 1807, yet his experiences might have been repeated had our fleet reached the Sea of Marmora and the Golden Horn. Incidentally, I may add, James (the naval historian) appears to me to be too severe in his criticism of Duckworth.

The salient feature of the Dardanelles Campaign, overlooked time and again, is that the military operations were subsidiary to the naval. The question is one for the Navy to discuss, not the Army. The Army was brought in to assist the Navy in forcing the Straits—the main issue was far removed from the operations at Anzac and Helles.

Our " tactical schemers " at Kelia were inclined to throw the bulk of their paper forces ashore at Gaba Tepe, and ignore Helles. They argued that a successful advance from Helles of a few miles beyond the line actually reached by our troops in the campaign would not have materially helped. The country is too broken and difficult.

I think everyone agreed that the Turkish defence of the Gallipoli Peninsula was a remarkably fine military exploit. Give the old Turk his due ; he hung on by his eyebrows and put up a rattling good fight. Costly as the campaign was to us, it was probably more so to the Turkish Army. There is a distinct " asset " side to Gallipoli which has not yet been fully reckoned up. A large Turkish force was locked up in containing us and prevented from causing trouble elsewhere. And there was probably a big asset to us in *moral*. However, we are too close up as yet to establish a competent viewpoint ; those deeply in the know are better critics, but it must be left to the cold and clear judgment of History to say whether the campaign was a complete failure, or whether in part it was worth while.

We discovered that many brother officers were ardent naturalists, hiding a zoological light under the military

Digitized by Google

bushel. They made collections of butterflies, beetles, tarantulas, centipedes, and other creatures, including among their domestic pets golden eagles, ravens, civet cats, and snakes. Tortoises were everywhere—one at Anzac bore scars of the campaign.

The classically minded found much interest in a land teeming with classic memories. Nagara Mound is the site of Abydos. Three miles up the coast from Kelia lay Sestos, where dwelt the mythological Hero, to whom Leander swam nightly from Abydos, guided by her light. Many were fortunate enough to visit the site of ancient Troy, twenty miles from Chanak, at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Cape Helles, opposite, has archæological centres which our French comrades excavated, following the inspiration of Bonaparte and his *savants* in the Army of the Orient; many beautiful specimens of pottery were discovered. Then Xerxes built his two bridges of boats from Nagara Point to the European shore at Boghali, two miles above Kelia, when he crossed into Europe on the campaign which included the battles of Thermopylae, Salamis, and Platæa. Alexander the Great crossed here also, when setting out for the conquest of Asia; so did the Turks when they first set foot in Europe—a century before they entered Constantinople as conquerors, in 1453. In youth the classics may seem devoid of real interest compared with a Ford or an aeroplane, yet when one is living amid classical surroundings, the refinements, achievements, and the beauty of these marvellous civilizations of the past appeal forcibly to the imagination.

Our Australasian comrades of the Graves Commission were extremely hospitable. Their wives and the Nursing Sisters from the Stationary Hospital were partners at the jolly little dances which the members of the Commission used to give in their Mess. With the advent of summer the ban on officers' wives was removed, and several came to see the Peninsula. The Nursing Sisters bravely endured the excessive discomforts of the winter months; they never complained, and their presence was much appreciated. To many, perhaps, they " made " Kelia, and they may have had a good time after all. They certainly deserved it.

The Royal Army Service Corps organized an excellent Horse Show, which brought to mind similar events in an Indian station. And the Buffs trooped their Colour on " Albuhera Day." In the next camp lay the Royal Fusiliers,

Digitized by Google

the regiment which had the distinction of recapturing and restoring the Colours of the Buffs during the varying fortunes of that sanguinary battle, where both regiments earned undying glory. So this particular anniversary was of special interest. The Regimental Colour of the Buffs was in the custody of a Royal Fusilier, with a guard from that regiment. The first part of the ceremony was the handing over of the Colour from the Fusiliers to the Buffs.

More solemn occasion was the memorial service at Anzac and Helles on April 25th—the anniversary of the landings in 1915. It was surprising how many survivors were serving, one battalion having thirteen officers and men who fought at Helles. The service at Anzac was held near the water-distilling station, where the first troops gained the shore. Among the large assembly were at least three individuals who landed on the first day. H.M.S. *Emperor of India* furnished the guard of honour and band. As the last volley was fired and the salute of the warship's guns boomed out to sea, one felt it a privilege to be present and do honour to those thousands of the Empire's sons who nobly upheld the traditions of the Army in an ill-fated campaign, that appears to have been dogged by persistent bad luck from start to finish.

Spring was beautiful. The wild flowers of the Peninsula are marvellous in their varieties. The country was lighted up in a blaze of colour, varying according to the type of flower that happened to be in the hey-day of its glory. The most effective was the red poppy, growing everywhere and transforming the countryside into a land of flaming, scarlet patches. Views from the hills are superb. Looking down from the top of the Sari Bair Ridge above Anzac, one sees Suvla Bay and its Salt Lake, Chocolate Hill with its brown slopes, and the country round the two villages of Anafarta spread out at one's feet like a gaudily painted child's picture book. The coastline from Anzac to Suvla Point forms a regularly curved sweep that might have been traced out by a celestial compass. Out of a sea of deepest blue rise the mountainous islands of Imbros and Samothrace—purple masses touched with white patches of snow. Southward in the foreground lies the tongue-shaped mass of Gaba Tepe, with the headlands of the Peninsula stretching beyond, and the summit of Achi Baba standing over Cape Helles. Eastward is a series of flower-clad hills and valleys merging into

Digitized by Google

the purple mountains of Anatolia, backed by snow-clad members of the Mount Ida range. A small patch of deep blue in the middle distance marks the line of the Hellespont, where Europe ends and Asia begins. Everywhere is a riot of colour; scarlet poppy fields, amber coastlines, deep blue sea and snow-tipped mountains. The Gallipoli Peninsula in spring is a gorgeous place.

The making of Kelia was a fine effort. Within a few months a small community of British troops, Russians and labourers from Constantinople had laid out a large cantonment, erected huts in hundreds, constructed many miles of roads and decauville railway, unloaded ships, handled several hundred thousand tons of stores, and converted a tract of wilderness into a highly organized base. Piers, workshops, hospitals, institutes, had been constructed. A soldiers' school, an officers' club, post office, library and church were in being. Cricket pitches, football fields, hockey grounds were made, even tennis courts of hard earth that played surprisingly well. The church was a large Nissen on top of the side walls of a Malta hospital hut—late Nissen style with strong Malta influences, as we called it, church on Sunday and cinema for the rest of the week, this building was the virtual Town Hall of Kelia. Spring-boards, raft and high-diving platforms adorned our bathing-place. Lord Byron must have been a stout fellow to swim the Straits early in the summer as he did, when the water is cold. His feat was repeated by a team of the R.A.S.C. Over at Brighton Beach, close to Anzac, is a perfect place for bathing. If the country becomes more civilized, Anzac and the Ægean coast will be studded with up-to-date hotels.

There was one outstanding feature in the organization of this base. *Kelia had no staff.* The appointment of Commandant changed hands no less than five times. The single staff officer, a staff captain, was borne officially on the books of the Constantinople base. Heads of services, if not captains, were majors. Over the way, at Chanak, there was a divisional staff complete with arm-bands and temporary ranks, but Kelia was not under its jurisdiction. The success of our efforts was due to that spirit of co-operation acquired in the Great War—we were all on good terms with each other, we were all friends, and all were out to help. And we possessed that essential in the soldier—the "gift of getting things done."

Digitized by Google

Most of us had the impression that Kelia would develop into a permanent station. It was thought that Constantinople would be evacuated early, but the Allied position astride the Dardanelles would not be given up, partly due to the difficulty of coming to a satisfactory agreement with the Angora Government, and also to the historical precedent that it has not been our custom to withdraw lightly from any of the world's strategical points—the Narrows of the Dardanelles being one. We did not pay sufficient attention, perhaps, to the exodus of " high-ups " from Constantinople to more assured billets at home.

However, the last phase of Kelia came upon us quickly. Transports dropped down the Sea of Marmora during the night and embarked the troops, who departed with technical equipment and personal belongings, leaving camps and depots for the Turkish Red Crescent authorities to take over. By September 26th, just a year after the date of landing, the last British soldier bade farewell to Kelia Bay, and to his Australian comrades left to finish their task amid deserted camps of Nissen huts, over which the Turkish flag was already flying.

Digitized by Google

GENERAL'S INSPECTION: OLD STYLE.

By Lieut.-Colonel Baird Smith, D.S.O. (Retired).

ONLY those whose military careers had their beginning at least thirty-five years ago, can realize how fixed and immutable were certain old forms and ceremonies originating in the Pipeclay Age. Yet, strange as it may now seem, the barrack-square drill, the parade-ground manœuvre, and the minor tactics of our young days were in all essentials the same as those borrowed, one hundred odd years before, from the already venerable regulations of Frederick the Great.

In the eighties of last century, drill was, for the infantry at least, still the Alpha and Omega of the military art. But what a drill! The slap-dash, arm-swinging, head-turning, heel-crashing walk of the soldier of to-day would have given an old-style sergeant-major an apoplexy. As for the officer, he began imbibing the stiff Potsdam tradition as a Sandhurst cadet, and was early initiated into those close-order, mechanical movements that an age of breech-loading, rifled arms had already made hopelessly obsolete.

As the periodical inspection of the Royal Military College by the Commander-in-Chief drew nigh, the Commandant, Adjutant, and Sergeant-Major redoubled their efforts. Cadets of those days can no doubt well remember the dapper, soldierly figure of their C.O., as he sat his bay horse in advance of the line, his grey head rigid to the front, while the battalion practised the Royal Salute; or can yet recall his warning cry, as someone sneezed or shuffled his feet: "What do I hear? Not a *move*!"

The march past was rehearsed for weeks; and indeed, this was a most difficult feat. On the caution "March Past in Quick Time" the rear and supernumerary ranks "locked up," till their noses and chests touched the necks and backs of those in front, and they stood boot to boot. Arms were at the "long shoulder," at once the most awkward and most insecure method of carrying them, at a period when to drop a rifle on parade was almost a guard-room offence. At the command "Quick March," the front rank men were literally

Digitized by Google

propelled forward by those behind; to hesitate, check, lose time or pace, was to be, perhaps, knocked down, or to have the rifle butt bumped from one's grasp. Whispered profanity breathed round the collars, as, tightly glued together, to the strains of "The British Grenadiers," the gentlemen cadets swung past the flag. Perhaps the miraculous result was worth the time spent in attaining it; a good march past had a well-known soothing effect on the C.-in-C., a somewhat fiery veteran.

A still more complicated feat was that known as the "Review Exercise," which constituted the complete art of bayonet fighting in those good old days. Drawn up in four lines opened out and extended, the cadets waited with shouldered arms for the caution—"Review Exercise in Quick Time," and the command "Guard." At this word the lines plunged into a long series of points, guards, points with the lunge, guards and points with the lunge, against an imaginary foe in front, on the right or left, above, behind and even on the ground. Rigid time had to be kept by the right-hand man of the front rank, or of the rear when the lines turned about, and the whole show terminated with a united stamp and clatter, as finally every man closed his heels and threw his rifle up to the shoulder.

At least, that was how the show was meant to end—but it was not always so. What cadet of those days will ever forget the awful scene, when the battalion, tightly buttoned in its scarlet tunics, was launched on this exercise before a Royal C.-in-C., and when some unlucky wight lost his nerve, forgot his place, delivered the wrong point, endangered his right and left-hand man, and thus started hopeless confusion in the swaying rank? Or who cannot remember, in the hush that followed, the terrible voice that came from the saluting base: "*Do it again!*"

Since Frederick's day the British Army had done much mixed fighting, in America, the Peninsula, Burma, Sind, Afghanistan, Central India, Nepal, the Punjab, and the Crimea; it had been through the Mutiny, and had finished several small wars, in New Zealand, Ashanti, Zululand and the Transvaal; yet such was the power of tradition, that regiments continued to be drilled as if their chief business were a Hyde Park review, or a guard-mounting at St. James's Palace. Drill was embodied in a series of small, red books, the bane of the subaltern, the gospel of the Adjutant and

Digitized by Google

Sergeant-Major. If an officer knew his drill book and could recite it by heart, he need have no other serious professional worries. But the drill book makers could never leave well alone, so that the subaltern who excused his ignorance of the book, on the ground that he had had no time to forget two previous editions, had a certain justification. For, though details such as intervals, distances, the positions of officers, and the words of command varied in each new book, yet the main, historic outlines of the Frederickian manœuvre could still be traced. It was undoubtedly the South African War of 1899 that gave the first mortal wound to the old order, but it died hard.

The most painstaking, precise and pedantic of drill-book compilers, to whom, nevertheless, the army of his day owed much, was that Colonel David Dundas, whose "Principles of Military Movements," published in 1788, embodied all the ideas of what might be called the Perpendicular School of the art of war. Dundas himself was a Tory in matters military, to whom the new heresy of a two-deep line at "open files" appeared utterly detestable. As he says: "The old ideas of firmness, compactness, and mutual support, should be restored and held sacred; the formation in three ranks and at close files, but without crowding, should be adhered to, as the fundamental order." Others might cite their American experiences, point to Braddock or Burgoyne, but he was for fighting shoulder to shoulder, no matter what the occasion.

From his pages can be got a clear picture of an old-time inspection. Probably the human aspect of such things has not much altered; there was the same "inspection fever," the same fuss, loss of temper, and asperities of language, as to-day. But there was, in the outward show at least, something much more awe-inspiring and ceremonious. The battalion that awaited the inspecting officer, drawn up in line, with its large cocked hats, powdered hair and queues, pipe-clayed cross-belts, tight, cut-away, red coatees, white breeches and black gaiters, and its buttons, belt-plates, and arms burnished and glittering, was indeed an imposing spectacle. On the flanks of the line were the Grenadier and Light Companies, all picked men; the officers and colours were ranged in front, the three ranks opened to three paces distance, the supernumerary rank to four. Bayonets were fixed and muskets shouldered as the General approached the right of the line.

Digitized by Google

He, too, was very unlike in appearance to a modern General. He wore a white wig under his large hat, a high-collared, lapelled and laced coatee, with epaulettes, white buckskin breeches, and long jackboots. Perhaps a ruddy countenance and fiery eye gave warning of the suppressed irritation of a gouty habit; certainly to the inspected he was a formidable figure.

"Present your arms!" At the Colonel's command the musicians began to play, it may be some inappropriate air, like that soft invitation to "meet me by moonlight alone," which so often echoed across the parade grounds of our youth. The general rides down the line, the officers salute in turn, the regimental staff, chaplain, surgeon, quartermaster and mate, by taking off their hats, the grenadier and light company officers with their "fusils," the others with their swords. As the General turns round the left flank of the line the command is given: "To the left—face"; and again, as he passes up the rear rank; the sergeants salute with their "fusils" and "halberts," and two more "left faces" in succession, carry the eyes of all, along with him, back to the saluting base. Evidently it was not considered seemly that the inspecting officer should view the soldiers' backs!

Of course, the next business is the march past in slow time, usually carried out by four "grand divisions," with the flank companies going past singly.

"By Grand Divisions—to the Right, Wheel, March, Halt."

The battalion is now in open column by the left, ranks closed to one pace, arms at the shoulder. It moves off, makes two quarter wheels to the left in succession, and is on the saluting base, ready to march past by the right.

When the "grand divisions" arrive successively within sixty paces of the General, they prepare to "pass in parade."

"Eyes to the Right; Rear Ranks Take Open Distance."

The spectacle must have been highly impressive—the slow music, the steady advance of the "grand divisions," every man stiff as a ramrod, elbow to elbow, toes pointed—an example of military clockwork to charm the eye and soothe the temper of the sternest martinet.

Apparently it was not etiquette to turn the battalion right about, when it had passed by, so as to do its second march past, as that would have brought the Grenadiers in rear, and the Light Company in front. So it laboriously traversed

Digitized by Google

three sides of the parade ground, and came once more on to the saluting base. Then the march past in quick time was carried out, but the Generals of the period, rightly judging such exercise as only suited to the light infantry, did not demand the march past in double time. Nor would it have accorded with the dignity of the proceedings. If there was a moment when the subaltern of forty years ago was inclined to doubt the seriousness of his chosen profession, it was when he pranced past behind his company to the tune of "Weel May the Keel Row," with the kind of step used by the endless chain of policemen in a pantomime.

What old memories are evoked by this sentence out of Dundas—"The major comes forward in front of the centre—proceeds with the manual as directed by regulation!" For this was still, one hundred years later, the major's yearly test; no "tactical fitness" was demanded of him, but only sufficient knowledge to put the battalion correctly through the manual exercise! Easy enough, but as easy to come to grief—to give any of the commands out of its proper order, through nervousness or fault of memory, was disaster. Some parts of the machine would perform the right motion, others the wrong; the effect produced was terrifying. Happy the major who got it off pat, and could then resume an inconspicuous place, with no frown from his C.O., or glance of scorn from the Sergeant-Major. It was usually this latter who, in smart well-drilled battalions, was the artist behind the scenes. It is easy to imagine the feelings of such an one, after years of unremitting toil of lung and eye, when he had to stand in rear, dumb and motionless, while some absent-minded field officer played wrong notes on his perfect instrument!

Next came the firing exercise, for which the caution was: "Prime and Load." With flint-lock, muzzle-loading weapons and cartridges that had first to be bitten, then poured down the barrel, and then rammed home, this was a much more intricate movement than snapping a clip into a magazine. There followed a variety of firings, battalion, wing, company or platoon volleys, and file-firing at various indicated objects, very much in the same manner as when, instead of the musket with its effective point-blank range of about one hundred yards, the soldier was armed with a rifle sighted to one thousand. No doubt blank ammunition made as brave a noise in one as in the other, and the rattle and roar of musketry

Digitized by Google

from the " thin, red line " equally pleased the Generals of both centuries.

The close-order drill movements next performed were the same stiff, mathematical evolutions that many still remember with regret. Correct dressing on an alignment was considered, in Dundas' day, an indispensable preliminary to engaging an enemy, and extraordinary precautions were taken, with mounted officers, and markers, to ensure this; as though, even on the parade ground, the battalion was in danger of overshooting the edge of a precipice. Deployments, changes of front, advances and retirements in echelon, all these were executed, for the inspecting officers, like the figures of some majestic quadrille; till at length the impressive finale was reached. In a three-deep, serried line, the officers in rear, the C.O. on foot in front of the colours, the battalion advanced towards the saluting base—halted and fired a volley—moved forward again, halted and fired a second volley—again advanced, again halted, fired a third volley; then brought bayonets to the charge, and advanced once more. In just such style, shattering the enemy with their fire, the British infantry moved at Fontenoy, " their measured tread shook the ground " at Albuhera. The spectators of this peace-time show, as the crash of volleys smote their ears, and the drifting powder smoke filled their eyes, must have held their breath with awe; and as the glittering line of bayonets and red coats came nearer, thanked their stars they were not the enemy. Finally the line halted, motionless; at a word arms were shouldered with an inspiring clash, the ranks were opened, and the general salute given.

" Thank you, Colonel—march home to barracks!" With some such curt acknowledgment the General would ride away to his early dinner and bottle of port. With sighs of relief Thomas Atkins of the 1780's regained his quarters, shook the powder out of his hair, loosened the choking leather stock from his parched throat, and went off in search of a mug of ale. Only those unlucky few, whose turn-out or movements had not been up to standard, and who had been marked by the eye of authority, waited fully accoutred to answer for their default.

Digitized by Google

WILD DUCK SHOOTING IN THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES

By "VIVE LE SPORT."

LONDON, Barking, Dartford, Tilbury, Gravesend, Southend, Shoeburyness, Chatham and Sheerness—such are the places that greet our eyes if we study a map of south-east England, calling up visions of crowded industries, railways, dockyards and of great ships steaming to and from the far corners of the world.

Yet a closer inspection of a large scale map will reveal such names as Muck Flat, Shornmead Marshes and Grain, names with a far more hopeful sound to a sportsman.

The writer, in common with practically everybody else, who has ever considered the matter, thought that such a thing as wild fowling twenty-five miles east of London was an impossibility.

However, a cruise down the lower reaches of the Thames east of Tilbury to Grain, is not only an interesting adventure, but is also quite an education. At first the river is about one mile broad increasing to nearly five miles; all along both shores are mud flats and innumerable creeks, the mud flats being, of course, covered at high tide. Countless seagulls will be seen, but mixed up with them will be some black or dark coloured birds; these are the duck, and there are hundreds of them, mostly mallard.

This must be seen to be believed, but it can be seen any time from November to February, and the sight of so many duck will make anyone who likes wild-fowling want to have a go at them. But as soon as the "want" is followed up by active measures, the difficulties will soon become apparent.

Some time ago we became interested in these duck of the Thames estuary, and on many occasions, both by land and water, and by day and night, have tried to shoot them.

These Thames duck must be the most educated of their species in the whole world, and their knowledge of the ways of man is positively uncanny. This is not surprising, for every farmer and farm hand on the Essex and Kent shores carries a gun, as do all the bargees and watermen who ply in

Digitized by Google

these waters. The duck, although existing in hundreds, represent the survival of the fittest educated in a hard school.

Many a prowl over the mud flats at low tide showed the cunning of these birds, who always seemed as though by chance, to be just out of reach of man, whether walking along the shore or cruising about in small motor-boats.

Moonlight nights with frost, dull nights with cold sleet or rain, have found us with a spaniel silently waiting in the marshes for the flighting of these wary creatures. The bag was never very large, but occasional birds were nevertheless gathered from time to time. An artificial quacker and a decoy placed on the ponds that abound in the marshes were ruses which worked sometimes.

The most determined attempt that we can recall was made by day, and although we started at 9.30 in the morning and went on till dusk, the bag was only one mallard.

It was a cold sunny day early in January ; there had been a sharp frost, but this had broken and a cold wind was blowing from the north-east. There were six of us who started out and owing to the cold we had ordered a substantial picnic lunch, which we took in a large hamper.

On arriving at the riverside we were met by W. with his motor-boat in which the expedition was to be made. W. was accompanied by a boy, who unfortunately had brought no lunch. However, we had plenty and said we would fix him up.

Soon after 9.30 we cast off and started down river. It occurred to us that a dinghy might come in useful and said so to W. This appeared to present no difficulties, for shortly afterwards we passed an old hulk—an ammunition ship it was supposed to be. The old watchman was hailed, and after many puffings and blowings he appeared leaning over the gunwale of the hulk. A one-legged old veteran he was, who looked just like one of the illustrations in W. W. Jacobs. W. seemed to know him and told him we wanted to borrow his dinghy. To this the old man consented provided we promised to bring it back that night ; he added that he was short of milk, so we passed him up half a bottle of whisky tied to the end of an oar. This was apparently golden payment for the loan of the dinghy !

With the dinghy in tow we motored slowly down with the tide, all eyes alert for our quarry. Shortly afterwards duck were sighted off our starboard bow. It had been agreed

Digitized by Google

that each attempt was to be made with a different stratagem, in the hope that once during the day our wily friends might be outwitted.

This first attack was in the nature of the second degree. The birds were down stream, so the motor-boat shut off her engine and drifted slowly down towards them. The guns were kept crouching in the bottom of the boat with one on the look-out just peering over the gunwale. Slowly we came towards them, but although there were several other small boats about to which the duck appeared to take no exception, they seemed to get no nearer to us. Soon we realized that they were deliberately not allowing us to get any closer. We then went a little faster with the aid of the engine, with the result that little groups of ten or twenty birds would rise and fly perhaps one hundred yards on and then settle again. This went on for some time until we decided to go fast straight at them. They immediately rose, circled round us at a steadily increasing height, and disappeared.

The day was, however, still young ; we pushed on down stream and, after a while, again sighted duck in considerable numbers, and put our second stratagem into play. Three of the guns got into the dinghy and drifted slowly towards the duck, while the motor-boat with the remaining three guns went ahead about two gun-shots' length on the flank of the birds. Having got three hundred yards ahead, the motor-boat turned up stream and kept her engines going just fast enough to remain about stationary. Meanwhile, the dinghy continued its movement down stream towards the duck. At first it looked as if this was going to meet with success because the quarry began to move slowly towards the motor-boat away from the dinghy, but it was not to be ; when just out of gun-shot the birds seemed to divide into two groups and come down on either side of the motor-boat well to the flank and out of reach. The two boats joined up and again the birds flew away.

We then continued our journey down stream to Grain at the mouth of the river, but saw no more duck. It was bitterly cold and by one o'clock we decided that lunch would be more than welcome. The basket was opened and right at the bottom were a few small packets of sandwiches, which might have been suitable for hunting, but not for a long day in an open boat. Furthermore, we had promised to feed the boy, so a packet was passed to him. Someone had blundered

Digitized by Google

and he who had fixed the " Q " work was not popular. This painful meal was soon over and the sooner it fades from memory the better for all concerned.

The return journey began with the change of the tide, but we met no duck till nearly 3 p.m.

Full of hope and very cold, we carried out our third and last stratagem. We divided up into three parties, each of two guns—a shore party, one in the dinghy, and one in the motor-boat. Two guns were landed a quarter of a mile below the duck and had to walk up level with the birds under cover of the sea wall. The dinghy had to approach direct and the motor-boat to come up on the flank. The two boats had to converge on the duck simultaneously at a steady pace. The object was to try and get the birds over the landing party, whilst we in the boats might get any that broke back. This seemed a possibility, as the wind had died down and it was beginning to get a little foggy.

All went well at first, the boats steadily approached and the duck remained on the water. There must have been two or three hundred of them. When the boats were just out of range the duck began to rise and as we had hoped flew towards the shore. A few broke back and one was shot and subsequently gathered. The land guns were in a good position, well out of sight, and it was no fault of theirs that they did not get a great deal of shooting. As it was, the duck just didn't go right, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had in principle outwitted them, but fortune favours the cunning and their victory was not grudged.

So ended a great day and, as it proved, our last chance of wild fowling in the Thames estuary.

Digitized by Google

AIRCRAFT: AN IMPERIAL NECESSITY

By Capt. C. F. Webb, F.R.G.S.
(1st Bn. The Manchester Regiment.)

OUR great Empire depends for its prosperity and strength upon its commerce, and therefore upon the means of communication, transport, and the necessary armed forces to protect it during peace and war, through which it trades with the outside world.

A country which neglects these arteries of trade will, as history shows, decline, and a country which is always striving to improve these arteries will expand and hold its place among the nations.

It is imperative for the British Empire to-day to find a means whereby her markets at home and abroad can be extended. Our leading statesmen have all agreed that the great remedy for our present difficulties is increased production of merchandise, and for this the necessary markets must be found. Before the Great War, 1914-1918, a large proportion of our trading was done in Europe, but since the war, owing to the collapse in the credit of many nations, Great Britain only regained a minute proportion of trade from certain countries, notably Russia, Germany, and to a fair extent France.

Whichever way this question is faced, there can be no doubt that these casualties must be replaced, so far as possible, by increased trade within the Empire.

The various countries which go to make up the Empire are willing to receive our merchandise provided their needs are studied, and obviously the main difficulty in establishing a vast imperial trading system is the distance separating these countries from Great Britain.

To overcome this difficulty, quicker and better means of communication must be found. The very sound of the words " British Commonwealth of Nations " indicates a form of partnership which in itself can only become a real living fact when we have learnt and understood the ways, customs and individual views of those who inhabit our vast Empire.

How can this be done ?

Digitized by Google

The great shipping experts have, after careful survey of all facts, come to the conclusion that to increase the speed of our present merchant ships would mean an expenditure of millions of pounds, and even then the increase in speed would be relatively small, while passenger fares and, above all, freight charges would have to be increased very considerably.

This would have a very bad effect on our commerce, as carriage by sea, although slow, is the cheapest form of transport at the present time, and it is therefore a most valuable asset to Great Britain to be obliged to send her goods by ships instead of by railways.

This geographical fact demands our maintaining a navy second to none.

How many people realize that it costs forty times as much to send freight from one side of America to the other as it does to send goods the same distances by sea? Therefore, we do not want to alter this mode of transportation so much as to find a quicker way of conveying passengers and postal matter of all kinds from Great Britain to places throughout the British Empire.

An illustration will show, perhaps more clearly, the situation.

X and Y are two individuals producing an identical article; their chief market is Australia. X sends his correspondence by steamship and makes a few journeys to that country during his lifetime. The time taken from England to Melbourne (Australia) is five weeks. Y, on the other hand, decides to use aircraft, which accomplish the same journey in eleven days. Which of these two is likely to get the trade and develop the commerce of the Empire? Surely Y will, because, after all, eleven days is no great time to spend in travelling; and, furthermore, a man can easily make regular journeys to Australia and thereby get to know the ways and ideas of the individual with whom he is trading.

This illustration also applies to journeys to other parts of our Empire: to India, where the journey will be accomplished by air in two and a half days instead of eighteen; to Johannesburg, South Africa, where the journey will be made in five days instead of twenty-one; and so forth, to every corner of the Empire.

But it is not only the transport of goods which has to be considered. The ability of the Mother Country to send help

Digitized by Google

to her outlying Dominions and afford them protection by land, sea and air is another dominant factor in the situation.

How are we to protect Australia in a time of trouble with a nation who elects to attack her? It is clear that the nation who develops her aircraft for commerce will be able to use this method of transport for the necessary concentration of her armed forces, and it is therefore vital for Great Britain to take a foremost part in civil aviation.

It is not overlooked that aircraft action, whether in attack or defence, or in the transport of troops, entails aircraft bases. In this respect the Empire is singularly fortunate, for there are many potential bases for flying boats, at any rate, scattered along our trade routes. The vast potentialities of the flying boat, not only as regards Empire communication, but in the equally important sphere of airwork with the Fleet, are only dimly realized by the nation at large, and it is essential that the public should be fully awake to the importance of this new form of transport.

Aircraft to-day are being used for many purposes. Great Britain has three daily services to the Continent, and also commercial firms are making use of the air transport between the large towns in England, whereby many valuable hours are saved to the traders in England.

In addition, the Royal Air Force has opened an air mail service between Cairo and Baghdad, across the Syrian desert. This service gives up to twenty days in the transmission of letters to and from Iraq and North-West Persia, and breaks down the serious barrier to communication which has existed throughout the ages. One stage of the route crosses 400 miles of desert.

America has created a wonderfully organized postal air service from East to West and West to East; many letters go the whole length of the journey, a distance of well over two thousand miles, entirely by air, and others, when posted too late to catch the ordinary mail trains, leave by express air mail some considerable time afterwards and catch up the train a quarter or half way across.

Canada is utilizing aircraft to protect and survey her wonderful forests. Year after year these great virgin forests are subject to big fires, which sometimes burn for weeks on end, destroying thousands of acres of valuable timber.

In order to detect the very first signs of these fires and to follow the direction in which the fire is spreading, aircraft

Digitized by Google

have been most successfully employed. Vast acres that have never been surveyed are now being flown over, and by the aid of the aerial camera the vacant spaces which a few years ago were to be seen on the maps of these big districts are being slowly filled up.

These are only a few instances of the way in which aircraft are being used to-day, not to mention the urgent business such as Banking documents on which the saving of even one day's interest represents thousands of pounds in the course of a year.

The development of civil aviation, step by step, resembles the evolution of the railways during the last century, and it is obvious that we must foster this development in every possible way if the unity and strength of the Empire are to be firmly maintained. Indeed, it may be stated that on the development of our air power will the Empire's safety depend.

As in the past our great shipping industry has been the bulwark of our commercial activities, so now must the air come into its own place of importance, and thus, and thus only, will the British Empire be linked up and retain its supremacy in the world.

Digitized by Google

WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

13.—SOUTH OKANAGAN VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[By the courtesy of the Migration Sub-Committee of the Overseas League, we are able to publish the following very valuable Report which has been received by the Overseas League from their Advisory Committee in the Okanagan Valley. The Overseas League has now set up a Migration Bureau, where information with regard to various Colonies can be obtained. Their office is at the Overseas Club House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.]

PENTICTON,
BRITISH COLUMBIA,
July 8th, 1927.

To : THE SECRETARY,
SOUTH OKANAGAN SUB-COMMITTEE,
OVERSEAS SETTLEMENT SCHEME.

DEAR SIR,

In compliance with the request of the above committee, I beg to submit a report on the conditions and prospects likely to confront the type of settlers suggested by the London Committee of the Overseas League. The following report is based on personal experience and practical knowledge and may, I hope, prove useful to the prospective settler in this part of Canada.

I will only deal with the south end of the Okanagan Valley (from Summerland and Naramata to the International boundary line). The climatic conditions are so different, and varieties of fruit grown in South Okanagan are so varied compared to those grown in North Okanagan, that it would be impossible to class the two districts as a whole in this report. For example, in the south end of this valley can be grown apricots, cherries, peaches and the better-paying varieties of late apples so desirable in the high-priced markets, whereas in the districts to the north this may not be possible on a commercial scale.

Generally there are two types of settlers who choose this valley as their domicile, and they may be classed as follows :—

Digitized by Google

(1) Those desiring a large house and small fruit farm.
(2) Those taking up fruit farming for purely commercial purposes.

Dealing with the first, usually this type has sufficient capital and assured income to make fruit growing more of a hobby than anything else. They usually purchase a large house, in preference to an orchard, and evidently prefer a nice home with farming as a side line. We will dismiss this type of settler from our report and deal only with the second, but not before venturing a remark that for those wishing a home in delightful surroundings and amongst congenial people of their own class, they could not choose a more beautiful spot than this South Okanagan.

There are three ways in which the prospective settler may purchase a farm :—

(*a*) Buy an established producing orchard.
(*b*) Buy raw land for planting.
(*c*) Buy a young orchard.

In connection with (*a*) the capital required to purchase a full-bearing 10-acre orchard with house and equipment would be about £2,000 to £2,500, or roughly £200 to £250 per acre, and the settler should verify the following :—

(i) Orchard is in an organized irrigation district.
(ii) Has the right paying varieties of fruit.
(iii) Is in good condition for commercial fruit growing.

A good 10-acre orchard should produce an average yield per year of from 3,000 to 5,000 packed boxes of fruit, and the price nett to the grower varies according to variety grown and condition of market, the average price being possibly between 75 cents and $1.00 per box. A 10-acre tract of orchard land is the ideal acreage for one person to handle with the minimum amount of hired help required for certain operations during the season. The work for the year for one man on an orchard of this size is placed as follows :—

February and March	Pruning, spraying.
April	Discing, cultivating.
May	Irrigation, spraying, thinning of fruit.
July	Irrigation, harvesting apricots.
August	Irrigation, harvesting peaches and pears.
September and October	Harvesting apples.

Digitized by Google

November and December ... Holidaying and pruning.
November and December, and perhaps January... ... ... Holidaying and pruning.

The work here outlined is on an average orchard with apples, apricots, pears, peaches. The owner of an orchard planted solidly to any of these varieties would require more help at the harvesting. The idea is to spread the harvesting operations over a long period, so that one man with little help can handle it.

Assistance is necessary, however, during harvesting, spraying, and thinning of fruit. Usually a spraying machine is hired from a nearby neighbour who depends on the spraying of a large acreage to warrant the expenditure on the spraying equipment. The discing and cultivating can be done in the same manner.

The majority of fruit growers sell through a Co-operative Marketing Agency, this relieves the grower from any responsibility after the fruit has left his orchard.

This marketing agency is controlled entirely by the organized growers, who own their own packing houses and equipment of the most modern kind. There are also independent shippers of fruit. Empty boxes are delivered at the orchards for the fruit to be placed in and contracts are entered into for the selling of fruit and also for the hauling of fruit from the orchards to the packing plants.

Irrigation is one of the most important phases of fruit growing in this dry belt, and should be carefully inquired into before purchase. However, the purchase of a fruit farm in a fully organized district and established community is usually sufficient guarantee that the water supply is adequate.

Water for irrigation is obtained from the mountains, where huge reservoirs are built to hold the water during the melting of the winter snows in the spring. During the summer and in the hot periods these reservoirs help to supplement the flow of the creeks to avoid any scarcity. The water is diverted along municipally owned flumes to the various orchards and a municipal employee is in charge of the distribution, and sees to it that the proper supply of water over the right period is available. The fruit grower only takes control of the water when it arrives at his intake valves.

The irrigation taxes vary in the different districts, but run from $6.00 to $12.50 and $18.00 per acre. In Penticton the irrigation tax is $12.50 per acre per year. This is not

Digitized by Google

considered high, provided a fully supply of water is obtainable. There is an assessment tax besides, depending on the value of the property, but averaging from $10.00 to $15.00 per acre per year. So that the actual cash required to operate a 10-acre orchard for one year would amount to the following :—

Assessment Tax	$130.00
Irrigation Tax	125.00
Insurance	15.00
Spraying	150.00
Help, thinning	50.00
Help, harvesting	200.00
Incidentals	100.00
Total	$770.00

This does not include the time or work of the owner, but only the actual cash expenditure apart from his living expenses. The living expenses for a family of three, owning a car and belonging to the various clubs, etc., I would place at $150.00 per month ; if this amount is added to the above sum it will be found that $2,570.00 is required for living and operating expense for one year.

These are the facts that I think might interest the class of settler suggested.

I have not, however, mentioned interest on investment, but will leave this to the prospective settler himself, but I would advise that if possible cash be paid for an established orchard, or at least a very substantial payment, with sufficient cash in hand to meet running expenses, until the crop returns are available, usually by May 1st, for the previous season's crop.

Telephones, electric light, domestic water and all modern conveniences are installed in nearly every farmhouse near the small towns. Roads are excellent and there is bathing, boating, fishing and hunting in season, which includes deer, grouse, pheasant, quail, partridge, for which Government permit is all that is required.

There are various sport and social activities in Penticton, including golf, tennis, Badminton, dancing and amateur theatricals. Many officers of the Army and Navy have already settled here and find the life very congenial. They find that fruit farming can be studied and learned much quicker than diversified farming, which usually requires years of practical experience, and much harder work. However, the new

Digitized by Google

settler will find that concentrated effort and work is essential to success, particularly the first year when he must study to get the proper hang of things. But there is nothing very complicated about fruit farming that one cannot learn in a few months. Pruning is the most difficult and should be taught by an expert.

The Government maintain an experimental farm for the help and information of all fruit growers, besides a district horticulturist, who is always available to give every assistance in his power.

I would advise that the prospective settler spend at least six months in the district he decides to settle in before purchasing a farm.

Automobiles are used almost exclusively for travelling here, and very few farms are without one. Excellent roads and delightful mountain scenery make motoring a real joy.

Dealing with (*b*) *The Buying of Raw Land for Planting*. This has various drawbacks and quite a number of good points. The chief difficulty is the fact that it takes ten years before the orchard is in a state of commercial fruit bearing. The outstanding point in its favour is the fact that the settler with the proper knowledge and instruction will plant only those varieties of fruit that he knows will bring the highest prices in the best markets. Unfortunately most established orchards have not got the highest price-returning varieties of fruit, so that this latter point is worth considering. But sometimes a high-producing orchard will offset the lack of the better-paying varieties and very often return more per year in cash.

Again the first point to consider in the purchase of raw land for development is the water question.

Buy only in an organized district, and I would emphasize a newly organized district, as very few of the older established districts have much acreage left for further development, and what there is probably has not sufficient water to provide for its wants.

Oliver is a district about thirty miles south of Penticton, which is very well adapted for raw land development. The Provincial Government has expended millions of dollars on one of the most modern irrigation systems which carries almost an unlimited supply of water.

The price of the raw land runs around $210.00 an acre, and is to be had on very easy terms.

Digitized by Google

The Agent-General for British Columbia, British Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, England, will, no doubt, give you all information relating to price, terms, acreage, etc., so that there is little need here for all this detail. I would like, however, to point out a few facts from the practical side.

I would call it pioneering under the most modern and favourable conditions.

First, there is the land to be ploughed and harrowed (no clearing of brush is necessary). The acreage fenced; flumes for irrigation water erected; dwelling-house, garage, and out-houses built; plough, disc, harrow, cultivator and seeder purchased; one or two horses and harness bought; acreage planted with fruit trees. I would estimate that, including a payment on the land and placing the acreage at ten acres, that $4,600.00 would be necessary to begin a fruit farm.

List of Expenditure for New Fruit Farm at Oliver.

Initial payment on land	$400.00
Building of dwelling-house	2,500.00
Fencing	80.00
Fluming	200.00
Planting trees	550.00
Ploughing, harrowing, etc.	100.00
Building garage and outbuildings ...	300.00
Irrigation taxes ... ... (per year)	60.00
Taxes	25.00
Water Tank	160.00
Plough	27.50
Harness	15.00
Horse	60.00
Seeder	20.00
Cultivator	25.00
Disc	80.00
Total	$4,602.50

Besides this amount your living expenses must be guaranteed for at least one year.

Having got your new orchard planted and equipped, how are you to make it pay?

1. There is chicken farming, including turkeys. This, so far, has not been found very profitable on a large scale at Oliver, though no doubt, it could be made to pay with the proper methods and work.

Digitized by Google

2. Tomato growing between the young trees. This method requires steady application, and has been found very successful by the new settlers. There is a large cannery plant which contracts for a definite tonnage each year at a fixed price, besides a limited shipment for city markets.

3. There is the most profitable method of all, that of growing canteloups. Oliver is noted already for its wonderful canteloups, and this product can be grown very successfully between the young trees. The market is being expanded, but nevertheless is limited owing to the perishable nature of this product, and just what tonnage can be grown to ensure a good return to the grower in all years, would be difficult to say.

But for a limited tonnage a good price is obtainable, and has been obtained so far. This product is sold through the Co-operative Marketing Agency also.

4. A further method is growing tobacco leaf. This scheme is at present only in the experimental stage, but bids fair to rival all others according to latest information. The Government are lending their assistance in promoting this new industry and already a large acreage is being planted. Should this new industry get thoroughly established, it will, no doubt rival the fruit business, as the soil of South Okanagan is ideally suited to the successful culture of tobacco. However, it is another way for the new settler to make his farm pay until his young fruit trees are bearing commercially.

Oliver is a district suited to the young settler who is not afraid of hard work, and has a capital of at least £1,000. To the older man with a capital of £1,500 to £2,500 I would advise buying an established orchard of good paying varieties and assured producing ability. All these facts can easily be verified at any of the packing houses where records are kept regarding the productions, varieties and cash returns from all orchards within its territory.

Regarding the third plan (*c*), *that of buying a young orchard*. At Oliver there are a few orchards ranging in age from one to six years that may be purchased at a reasonable price. The advantage, of course, is the fact that there is less time to wait until the orchard is bearing, and less cash expenditure than on an established orchard. Usually, these orchards are planted to good varieties and have benefited by the experiences of the older ones.

To give a few details from personal experience on the

Digitized by Google

operation of a fruit farm. The writer operates a 22-acre ranch and in the past five years has harvested an acreage of 10,000 orchard boxes per year. Some five acres of this orchard is not bearing maturity, but this year he hopes to harvest a crop of 15,000 boxes. The orchard cost $24,000.00 including a pumping plant and has an average yearly running expense, including 8% on investment of $4,200.00. This also allows a small salary of $900.00 per year towards the operator.

The orchard is about fourteen years old and should produce 20,000 boxes within the next two years. A box of apples weighs approximately 40 lb., but the fruit grower usually estimates his crop in orchard boxes. An orchard box is the same box that the fruit is packed in at the packing house, except that the fruit is placed in the box loosely in the orchard and when packed it requires approximately the fruit from four orchard boxes to fill three packed boxes.

In computing cash returns the fruit grower or prospective buyer should be careful to do so in the term of packed boxes, as this is the basis on which the fruit is sold from the packing plants, and returned to the grower in cash.

I trust that the information herein may prove useful to the Overseas League's excellent scheme, and if there is anything further I can do, I am yours to command.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) J. T. FLANAGAN.

R. R. DAVIS
(*Acting Secretary*).
R. S. COLLIN,
Oliver, B.C.
W. DEIGHTON.
ROBERT LYON,
Penticton, B.C.

Digitized by Google

THE NEW VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTRE

THE move of the Army Vocational Training Centre from Catterick to Chisledon, mainly caused by the requirements of military training, has one great advantage, in that the new centre can accommodate four times as many men as the old. This is especially valuable because Catterick has been most successful in the training of soldiers for overseas settlement, and there is every reason to believe that at Chisledon the activities of the Centre in this direction will be largely increased in scope and capacity.

During the past twelve months eighty-one single men and forty-four families were accepted at Catterick for settlement overseas. The men receive intensive instruction in handicrafts, animal management and general agricultural work, while their wives are taught the useful arts of butter and cheesemaking, up-to-date poultry farming, and other duties that fall to the lot of the settler's wife.

Both in Western Australia and Canada the record of Catterick-trained men is remarkably good and the able Commandant, Major H. J. Stibbard, has a sheaf of letters testifying to their success and content. We have wholeheartedly advocated the advantages of overseas settlement for the ex-Service man; at the same time we realize that THE FIGHTING FORCES is perhaps more widely read in officers' messes than in sergeants' messes, corporals' rooms and recreation rooms. In any case, if we may say so without encroaching on the prerogative of the military authorities, far and away the best means of bringing home to the men the value of the scheme is the Company Commander and his equivalent. Apart from the advantages to the men themselves, there is also the advantage to the Empire, for the scheme means good, able-bodied well-trained Britishers of a real good type, for the Dominions, instead of the overwhelming influx of nationals from other races, which they are threatened with at present.

The success of Catterick as a training ground for family settlement overseas was undoubtedly largely due, first, to the realism of the training conditions and, secondly, to the fact that the soldier settler was enabled to bring his wife and family to share with him his six months' preparation for farm life overseas.

All these advantages will be found at Chisledon, and under more pleasant climatic conditions.

Digitized by Google

CORRESPONDENCE

To The Editor, " The Fighting Forces."

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
November 4th, 1927.

SIR,

I am very interested to hear that the Air Ministry are giving special facilities to officers of the Royal Air Force to study foreign languages. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of a thorough knowledge of European and Asiatic languages to our air pilots. I also observe with great personal interest that the Air Ministry is supplying gramophones with records of *spoken* French, German, Italian, and Spanish for instructional purposes. Before the late war as a serving officer at sea, I kept my German up-to-date, and, in fact, improved it very much by this method. The student is able to put on the records and then while he reads the text the exact pronunciation is conveyed to him by the phonograph.

The need for linguists is as great in the Navy as in the Air Force. For example, the condition of affairs in China for many years to come will necessitate British warships being stationed in Chinese waters. To learn Chinese as a scholar is the work of a lifetime, but to learn the Chinese vernacular language is comparatively simple and this system can be used to give a great many of our officers, especially those with a natural aptitude for picking up languages, a working knowledge of Chinese. The interpretership examination for any foreign language in the Navy is a stiff one, and to become even a second-class interpreter requires a very wide knowledge. But some financial inducement should be given to officers, petty officers, seamen and marines, for a working knowledge of a useful language even if they cannot pass the literary test for an interpretership. Science has come to the aid of the teacher of languages ; and the adaption of the gramophone for the use of the student removes a handicap on the would-be linguist ashore and afloat.

Yours faithfully,
J. M. KENWORTHY.

Digitized by Google

THE BOOKSHELF

WINE, WOMEN AND WAR.

WINE, WOMEN AND WAR. ANONYMOUS. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Rightly the sub-title is "A Diary of Disillusionment." The author was an American, married, aged 30, who joined up as a subaltern of field artillery. But instead of proceeding direct to the front, after arrival in France, the author found himself involved in courses, then in instructional billets; later as a kind of liaison officer; thereafter as a kind of conductor to congressional Hirams and Sadies who longed to see "the boys" in the front line. And, in the end, in intelligence work at a seaport base. The whole of the author's service was, therefore, in the back areas, some so far back as Bordeaux, and, as he neatly puts it, his was "war from behind a typewriter." Instead of being among fighting soldiers the diarist had perforce to mix with *embusqués*, *limogés*, *dégommes*, prostitutes and hangers-on, and his comments on his surroundings are marked by a Yankee force and "pep" which lose nothing by being given in forcible American slang. The diarist, however, was a shrewd observer all round, and his comments on the French people and army; on the British, and John Bull generally; on Germany; and on his own fellow-countrymen, are well balanced, pungent, and generous even if the button is off the foil all the time. Some of his stories and incidents were obviously jotted down "for private circulation only." It will be an ascetic ward-room or mess that will not rock at the confusion between "rosy" and "Rosie" on page 169: To "jump into bed and feel rosy all over" is liable to misinterpretation in a lecture from an earnest Y.M.C.A. official advocating a cold shower and a brisk rub down before seeking his blameless couch. And, of course, there was "a voice" from the back of the hall asking for "more about Rosie."

NAVIES AND NATIONS. By HECTOR C. BYWATER. Constable. 12s. net.

Mr. Hector Bywater is one of the few non-professional writers on naval subjects whose work is not greeted with derision in the wardrooms of the fleet. Somehow or other he has acquired an inner knowledge of his subject denied to practically all his distinguished brethren; for, however much the great general public may hang on the words of "Our Naval Correspondent," it is an unfortunate fact that in most cases these highly advertised gentlemen seldom visit a man-of-war more than once a year—for a few days during the annual manœuvres—when they are usually handed over to some humorously inclined sub-lieutenant, who fills them up with any sort of fairy tale that occurs to him.

But, as we have said, this is not the case with Mr. Bywater, as this, his latest book, well proves. Described in its sub-title as "A Review of Naval Developments since the Great War," it is exactly

Digitized by Google

what it purports to be; in fact, it would be difficult to imagine a clearer or more impartial analysis of naval affairs amongst the chief maritime nations of the world in the past ten years. This is not to say, of course, that all the author's contentions will meet with general agreement in the Service. For instance, he is no believer in that highly controversial project—the Singapore Base—and though he makes out a very plausible case against it, there will be many who will find themselves unable to agree with his arguments.

Nevertheless, whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. Bywater, one is never irritated by him, for his theories are never fantastic, and his facts always bear examination.

Most decidedly a book for those who take an intelligent interest in naval matters.

———

THE LIFE OF SIR ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM. By M. E. and F. A. MARKHAM. Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.

In his own time Markham was chiefly famous for his work in connection with Polar exploration—and much of this very readable biography is devoted to this part of his life—but to the Service reader of to-day he is chiefly interesting as one of the leading figures in the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* disaster. For the first time, as far as we know, the facts of the case as Admiral Markham himself saw them on that momentous occasion, are here published. Probably no junior admiral, since modern fleets came into existence, has ever been placed in a more unfortunate predicament.

Sir George Tryon, the Commander-in-Chief, was a man of iron character, whose orders were not lightly to be questioned; moreover, he had earned for himself the reputation of being the soundest and most brilliant tactician in the Service. And yet this undoubtedly most able man must suddenly have developed a blind spot in his brain. With his fleet formed in two divisions, line ahead, disposed abeam to port, the intervals between the columns being 1,200 yards, and an established manœuvring arc of 850 yards for all ships in his fleet, Tryon directed both columns to turn inwards, leaders together, the remainder in succession. This was a manœuvre which, as any midshipman could see, must spell disaster—and it did. For, in spite of the protests of the experts on Tryon's own bridge, and of Markham himself—the Second-in-Command "queried" the order, but merely received a rap over the knuckles—the Commander-in-Chief insisted upon having his own way. Though realization came to him at last, perhaps it would have been better had it not done so, for as he stood on the bridge of his sinking ship and surveyed the ruin he had wrought, he hurried to his Navigator and said despairingly: "It is entirely my doing, entirely my fault."

But such a tragedy could not happen in a big fleet to-day. Personally, we do not think that *genuine* discipline has slackened appreciably since those days, but nevertheless we cannot see the Chief-of-Staff, and the highly skilled Master of a modern fleet, to say nothing of all the other experts—or, incidentally, the Second-in-Command—*all*

Digitized by Google

I'm ready
for
THE DAY!
I've got a
Baby Girl's Policy
with Marriage Benefits

Write for particulars to

LEGAL & GENERAL
Assurance Society Limited
10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

General Manager: W. A. WORKMAN, F.I.A.

Digitized by Google

mixture of grave and gay, and a clever course between the Scylla of frivolity and the Charybdis of dullness which marks the really good regimental historian. The get-up and format are excellent. The sketches and maps are adequate and in the latter case distinctly above the average. The book is tastefully bound and from the house of Murray. The Oxfordshire Hussars served throughout in France and Flanders, securing twenty honours beginning as early as Messines, 1914, and totalling more than those gained by any Yeomarry regiment in the Army. The history of the regiment in its first days in France is of particular interest, for it was out in the blue, watching the 4th German Cavalry Division, while the troops from the Aisne were detraining in the so-called race to the sea. Two features in connection with those days are so unique that we could wish that they could be commemorated. The first is that the Oxfordshire Hussars started their war service under the Admiralty—surely an uncommon thing for a cavalry regiment. Secondly, the Oxfordshires were the first Yeomanry—or Territorial unit for that matter—to come under fire in the Great War. Surely these things should not be forgotten. There is precedent in the Army List both for commemorating a naval connection of a regiment and also for priority of action in a theatre of war. For the latter compare the "*Primus in Indis*" of the old 39th Foot. Very gladly should we see after the name of the unit which has now taken the place of the Oxfordshire Hussars, the following little legend: "A naval crown with the date 1914. *Primus sub ictu.*" Our trusty Riddle and Arnold gives a passage from Seneca warranting *sub ictu* in our sense of "under fire." Very respectfully we make this suggestion to the survivors of a gallant regiment of Yeomanry which went through the Great War from September, 1914, to the Sambre four years later.

WHERE CAVALRY STANDS TO-DAY. By LIEUT.-COLONEL H. V. S. CHARRINGTON, M.C. Hugh Rees. 3s. 6d.

"I have made this lytel boke," says Major Charrington, quoting old John Colet, "not thynkynge that I could say ony thynge beter than hath be sayd before. . . . It is alonely that I have put these partes in a more clere ordere and have made them a lytel more easy to yonge wyttes than (me thynketh) they were before." We very warmly commend the result and "yonge wyttes" and others will be well repaid by reading what the author has to say. His little book is divided into three chapters: History of Cavalry prior to the Great War; The Great War; and Conclusions. As regards the last, Major Charrington considers that the outstanding cavalry lessons of the Great War are the value of mounted troops acting in small detachments in close co-operation with other arms, and their limitations when acting independently in large formations. And his views as regards the future may be thus summarized. Aircraft and armoured vehicles may one day reign supreme in the open spaces of the world which were once favourable battle-ground for cavalry. But that day has not yet arrived, and even when it does come other arms will always be essential to operate in thickly wooded and mountainous districts. So long as we have to maintain infantry so long must cavalry exist to co-operate

Digitized by Google

with it. It is to fill this role and to co-operate with armoured fighting vehicles that cavalry should now be organized, trained and equipped. Major Charrington recommends increasing divisional cavalry from a squadron to a regiment, and deprecates any cavalry tactical unit higher than a brigade. The arguments by which the author reaches his conclusions seem to us sound, sober and well arranged.

As regards Chapter I, as the author had to compress over twenty-two centuries into twenty six small pages, naturally a great deal has to be omitted. But we do not think that he is very happy in his necessarily very brief summary of the nineteenth century. The omission of Balaclava is to be regretted. It was almost entirely a cavalry battle, and although the Light Brigade charge was a terrible blunder, the moral effect produced not only on the Russians, but on our French allies as well, was enormous. Even Kinglake, who with his pro-Raglan views, was rather hard on the cavalry generals, goes so far as to say that the sacrifice was perhaps worth while. Again, there is nothing about the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Austrian cavalry at the close of Sadowa, which helped to prevent a defeat becoming a rout. As for the Franco-German War, we do not know what the author means when he talks of French and German cavalry being "hurled to destruction at Gravelotte." Curiously enough, he omits Mars-la-Tour, altogether. Many people now reckon this the decisive battle of 1870, and certainly it was von Bredow's charge which saved the day for the Germans. Had that brigade not been sacrificed so as to gain time for German reinforcements to come up, it is difficult to imagine that Bazaine could have been prevented from continuing his retreat westward to join MacMahon. And had that happened the whole subsequent course of the war would have been entirely different from what actually happened. It is certainly odd to omit a battle in which eight cavalry charges took place and in which cavalry charged cavalry, infantry and artillery at different times.

COMMAND AND DISCIPLINE. By VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND, K.C.B. Edward Stanford, Ltd. 5s.

Somewhere about this time last year the writer attended a lecture given by Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond at the Royal College of Science. The lecture had as its intriguing title, "The Co-operation of the Fighting Services," and the fact that it was to be given by the Commandant of the recently inaugurated Imperial Defence College, filled the audience with high hopes. Sad to relate, the audience came away disappointed, for the lecture, admirable though it was, consisted of one hour's history, seventeenth and eighteenth century, and only the last few were minutes devoted to service co-operation questions of the present day.

Now, another disappointment meets us, for "Command and Discipline" is merely a collection of quotations from, for the most part, old-time naval and military commanders. From the academic point of view the little book is excellent, and the extracts make most interesting reading but, to put it bluntly, "we want Admiral Richmond." We trust he will forgive us if we express a hope that in the future he

Digitized by Google

PRUDENTIAL BONUS INCREASED

THE Directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., have declared in respect of the year 1926 an increased Reversionary Bonus payable on all participating Policies in the Ordinary (Life) Branch of the Company.

The new rate of Bonus is

£2 4s. 0d.
PER CENT.

This represents an addition of £22 to the amount of every £1,000 (with-profit) Prudential life policy.

To young men who assure their lives before age 28, this represents more than the amount of the annual premium for a whole life with-profit policy. Or, put in another way, the representatives of the man who assures in the Prudential before age 28 will, assuming this rate of bonus be maintained, *receive* £1,000 *in addition to* the amount paid by way of premium.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Representatives everywhere *Mention this magazine*

P.P. 107

Digitized by Google

HUMPHREYS & CROOK
LIMITED

3 HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

COMPLETE

COLONIAL OUTFITTERS

AND

TAXIDERMISTS

WHO ARE

MILITARY TAILORS

Tropical Kit supplied by us
1926

Uniform made by us
1850

By

Special Appointment

— to the —

Nigeria Regiment

W. A. F. F.

SERVICE
UNIFORM
MESS KIT
PROVISIONS
SHIPPING
INSURANCE

DRESS CLOTHES
HOSIERY
SPORTS CLOTHES

TROPICAL
OUTFITS
EQUIPMENT
GUNS . RIFLES
CARTRIDGES
TAXIDERMY

Nearly
100 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE
AS MILITARY AND CIVIL TAILORS

Suppliers of Equipment, Chop, etc., to Officials in Africa for over 25 years

No connection with any other firm

All Departments on same premises

Albert Edwin Crook
Governing Director
Telephone:
6266 REGENT
Cables:
HUMPOOK, LONDON

Liverpool Agents
Ralph H. Baker & Co
(Mr. Bryde)
Colonial House
20 Water Street
Liverpool

HUMPHREYS & CROOK
LIMITED

Digitized by Google

preface " that it will not be imagined that ' Bridle Wise ' is a mere text-book for horse-breakers as such," we predict that in future no one who has much to do with schooling young horses will neglect to have Colonel Goldschmidt's work in his library. In fact, no one who takes an interest in horses at all can afford to be without it, for within a comparatively short space the author has packed an amount of practical information which is indeed rare.

To the average reader the chapter entitled " The Psychology of the Horse " will probably prove most interesting. The author has very definite views on this subject, and, as we have hinted, he belongs to the hard-hearted but hard-headed school which does not believe that the horse can be ruled by mere love and affection. " There is nothing in a horse's mental equipment to which we can appeal in order to teach him to obey, other than the ' instinct of self-preservation,' and no other medium through which we can make this appeal than ' association of ideas.' One wishes it were not so, as it would be much pleasanter and would produce a feeling of being more humane if we could appeal to a horse's affection for us or to a love of approval, and persuade ourselves that he does not mind his schooling and that he is enjoying his work."

Mr. Lionel Edwards' spirited illustrations help to make this book a thoroughly sound investment at the price.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF FREDERICK BARON TRENCK. Edited by PHILIP MURRAY. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d. net.

Personally we were entranced with this book, being so ill-educated as never to have read Trenck's life before.

When Frederick the Great took a dislike to anyone it would appear that he did it wholeheartedly, and the subject of this memoir, who was serving in Frederick's own personal bodyguard, was unfortunate enough to incur his displeasure when quite a young man. A Prussian of the Prussians, always on the lookout for trouble—and incidentally quite ready to accept the responsibilities of his actions—the young aristocrat was most certainly a " hard case," though probably not a very likeable one.

According to Mr. Philip Murray, who edits Trenck's original manuscript, the reason for Frederick's dislike which later developed into such implacable hatred, was due to a *liaison*, discovered by the Emperor between the latter's own sister, Princess Amelia, and Trenck. But as Mr. Murray states, it was characteristic of Trenck and his astonishing mentality that throughout all the years that followed, this reason for his persecution apparently never occurred to him.

Beginning with quite a mild form of open arrest Trenck's manner of imprisonment became more and more rigorous as the Emperor's wrath increased, until finally the latter had a special dungeon constructed for him at Magdeburg, where, in spite of the most heroic attempts to gain his freedom against incredible odds, he was forced to remain until Frederick's death.

Of his arrival at Magdeburg Trenck writes: " The carriage at length stopped and I was led into my new cell. The bandage was taken from my eyes. God in heaven! What were my feelings when

Digitized by Google

GUNN & MOORE, Ltd.

The Leading House

FOR ALL REQUISITES

for

CRICKET
TENNIS
FOOTBALL

(ASSOCIATION & RUGBY)

HOCKEY, BADMINTON

GOLF, BOWLS, FIVES, BOXING, &c.

OVER 40 YEARS' REPUTATION

BUY BRITISH

SEND FOR SUMMER OR WINTER CATALOGUES, POST FREE

49 Carrington St.
NOTTINGHAM

ENGLAND

Works : CASTLE BOULEVARD Telephone 714 Telegrams : AUTOGRAPH, NOTTINGHAM

Digitized by Google

Gre
R
Plat

£

S
Enam
18-c
Per pai

1

Go

ONLY
ADDRESS 1

Digitized by Google

BRITISH LEGION

(Incorporated by Royal Charter)

Patron—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES
President—FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG

The National Organization for ex-Service men of all ranks and ratings of the

NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE

This great organization exists for the purpose of looking after the interests of all who have served in any part of His Majesty's Forces, and their dependants.

The British Legion helps men leaving the Services to find employment; aids in setting them up in business; trains them for settlement in the Dominions; assists them in migration; cares for them when sick; and relieves their anxieties in many other ways on their return to civil life.

All now serving become eligible for membership on the termination of their service with the Colours.

All ranks should make arrangements during their last months of service to ensure that they can join the local Branch of the Legion immediately they return home, and their name and address should be forwarded to Legion Headquarters *in good time*. It is hoped that Commanding Officers may see their way to assist in this direction. A suggested notification to Legion Headquarters is attached. It will be helpful if particulars with regard to the men are given—*i.e.*, whether they are married or single, age, nature of employment required, etc. If desired, the registration fee (1/-) can be forwarded to the General Secretary prior to the date of discharge.

"BRITISH LEGION" JOURNAL

A monthly review of ex-Service activities with articles specially written by well-known writers of the day. Of all Branches and Bookstalls, 2d. monthly. Annual Subscribers: 2/6 a year, post free.

Full particulars of all Legion matters may be obtained from
COLONEL E. C. HEATH, D.S.O., General Secretary,
Headquarters: 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.
Telephone: Victoria 9620.

SUGGESTED NOTIFICATION TO LEGION HEADQUARTERS

To THE GENERAL SECRETARY,
BRITISH LEGION,
26, ECCLESTON SQUARE,
LONDON, S.W.1.

Herewith please find nominal roll, home addresses and particulars of Warrant Officers, N.C.Os. and men belonging to

due for discharge on the dates given.

It is requested that facilities may be given to these men to join the Branch of the British Legion nearest their homes on completion of their Service.

.....
Commanding

Date..... .....

Digitized by Google

ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers over 1,500 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependents.

Aiming as it does to bring together all commissioned officers, after retirement, for the purpose of mutual help, it appeals naturally both to those whose circumstances are straitened, and to their more prosperous brothers.

The Association is fortunate in having secured the generous assistance of several eminent surgeons and physicians who as honorary officers grant consultations and carry out operations either free of charge or at greatly reduced fees according to the means of their patients. Other honorary officers include the auditor, solicitor and architect, all of whom are prepared to advise members in their several capacities. That these advantages are appreciated by the members goes without saying.

Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

Being in close touch with various established charitable funds, A.R.N.O. is able to render financial assistance to those in sore need.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependents.

The annual subscription is £1, and full particulars will be sent on application to the offices at Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, W.1.

Digitized by Google

Naval and Military Outfitting

THE HOUSE OF ANDERSON, Edinburgh and Glasgow, has half a century's record of outfitting His Majesty's fighting forces on sea and land (and latterly also in the air).

Officers considering renewal of any part of their equipment are invited to write stating their requirements. A comprehensive List, giving details and prices, will be sent to any address at home or abroad.

MUFTI Civilian Tailoring in all its branches is carried out, like the Naval & Military Outfitting Departments, on the firm's own premises.

—

Write for list of Overcoats, High-grade Ready-to-Wear Suits, Hosiery, etc.

HIGHLAND REGIMENTS. While Anderson & Sons do not confine their services to any particular branch they have a highly specialised department dealing with Kit for the Highland and other Scottish Regiments. Their knowledge of the various tartans and their proper use, a subject of considerable intricacy, is probably unique.

Wm. ANDERSON & SONS LTD.

14 & 16 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

157 HOPE STREET GLASGOW

Digitized by Google

The Sign of Excellence

Gale & Polden Ltd.

2, AMEN CORNER
· LONDON · E.C.4

Specialists in
FINE COLOUR PRINTING
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES
BOOKLETS · FOLDERS *and*
Good Printing for Progressive
Advertisers. The Distinctive
Quality of our Work and
Service will please you

PHONE:—0397 *Central.*

LONDON ALDERSHOT PORTSMOUTH CHATHAM

Digitized by Google

I'm ready
for
THE DAY!
I've got a
Baby Girl's Policy
with Marriage Benefits
Write for particulars to
LEGAL & GENERAL
Assurance Society Limited
10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
General Manager: W. A. WORKMAN, F.I.A.

Digitized by Google

OFFICERS
ON THE
ACTIVE LIST

will cordially endorse the old saying of Confucius, printed in the margin:—

"TO SEE THE RIGHT THING
"AND NOT TO DO IT
"IS WANT OF COURAGE."

Faced with the risk of Retirement in middle life, the Right Thing is to effect an

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE

affording Unconditional Cover ...ist Service Risks with a provisi... ...inst reduction of pay w...n Family Expenses are at their heaviest.

An Officer aged 25 can secure £2,000 at Death or Retirement at age 50 for a yearly outlay of £62 2s. 0d., allowing for Rebate of Income Tax and including a

World-Wide Service License

見義不爲無勇也

Write for Officers' Brochure to the

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO. Ltd.

61 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2. 64 Princes Street, Edinburgh

Printed and Published by GALE & POLDEN, Ltd., Wellington Works, Aldershot, for the Proprietors, "Fighting Forces, Ltd." 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4. Overseas Agents:—INDIA: Thacker, Spink & Co. Calcutta and Simla: Thacker & Co., Ltd., Bombay: Higginbothams, Ltd., Madras and Bangalore. CANADA: Imperial News Co., Ltd. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND: Angus & Robertson, Ltd. SOUTH AFRICA: W. Dawson & Son (S.A.), Ltd., 29 and 31 Long Street, Cape Town.

JL13 '27 H

Vol. IV. No. 2. *July, 1927*

The FIGHTING FORCES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

GALE & POLDEN, LIMITED
LONDON, ALDERSHOT & PORTSMOUTH

Price Five Shillings (Net)

VWA

Digitized by Google

PRUDENTIAL BONUS INCREASED

THE Directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., have declared in respect of the year 1926 an increased Reversionary Bonus payable on all participating Policies in the Ordinary (Life) Branch of the Company.

The new rate of Bonus is

£2 4s. 0d.
PER CENT.

This represents an addition of £22 to the amount of every £1,000 (with-profit) Prudential life policy.

To young men who assure their lives before age 28, this represents more than the amount of the annual premium for a whole life with-profit policy. Or, put in another way, the representatives of the man who assures in the Prudential before age 28 will, assuming this rate of bonus be maintained, *receive* £1,000 *in addition to* the amount paid by way of premium.

THE

PRUDENTIAL

ASSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Representatives everywhere ***Mention this magazine***

P.P. 107

Digitized by Google

10 28

Vol. IV. No. 4. *January, 1928*

The FIGHTING FORCES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

GALE & POLDEN, LIMITED
LONDON, ALDERSHOT & PORTSMOUTH

Price Five Shillings (Net)

Digitized by Google

PRUDENTIAL BONUS INCREASED

THE Directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., have declared in respect of the year 1926 an increased Reversionary Bonus payable on all participating Policies in the Ordinary (Life) Branch of the Company.

The new rate of Bonus is

£2 4s. 0d.
PER CENT.

This represents an addition of £22 to the amount of every £1,000 (with-profit) Prudential life policy.

To young men who assure their lives before age 28, this represents more than the amount of the annual premium for a whole life with-profit policy. Or, put in another way, the representatives of the man who assures in the Prudential before age 28 will, assuming this rate of bonus be maintained, *receive* £1,000 *in addition to* the amount paid by way of premium.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
ASSURANCE COMPANY Ltd.
HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Representatives everywhere *Mention this magazine*

P.P. 107

Digitized by Google

HUMPHREYS & CROOK
LIMITED

3 HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

COMPLETE

COLONIAL OUTFITTERS

AND

TAXIDERMISTS

WHO ARE

MILITARY TAILORS

Tropical Kit supplied by us
1926

By

Special Appointment

— to the —

Nigeria Regiment

W. A. F. F.

Uniform made by us
1850

SERVICE
UNIFORM
MESS KIT
PROVISIONS
SHIPPING
INSURANCE

DRESS CLOTHES
HOSIERY
SPORTS CLOTHES

Nearly
100 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE
AS MILITARY AND CIVIL TAILORS

TROPICAL
OUTFITS
EQUIPMENT
GUNS . RIFLES
CARTRIDGES
TAXIDERMY

Albert Edwin Crook
Governing Director
Telephone:
6266 REGENT
Cables:
HUMPOOK, LONDON

Suppliers of Equipment, Chop, etc., to Officials in Africa for over 25 years

No connection with any other firm

All Departments on same premises

Liverpool Agents
Ralph H. Baker & Co
(Mr. Bryde)

Colonial House
20 Water Street
Liverpool

HUMPHREYS & CROOK
LIMITED

Digitized by Google

BOLLINGER'S

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

CHAMPAGNE

SPECIAL CUVÉE RECOMMENDED

Telephone: 0060 Woolwich *Established over 60 years*

SHIRLEY BROOKS Ltd.

Military Tailors and Outfitters

41-42 ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH, S.E.18

MINIATURE MEDALS

G.S. and Victory, complete with riband on brooch, 4/6

1914, G.S. and Victory, complete with riband on brooch, 6/6

Special list of all Miniature Orders on application.

SERVICE DRESS CLOTHING
MESS DRESS CLOTHING
FOREIGN SERVICE CLOTHING

SERVICE CAPS.—Whipcord, 16/-; Serge, 12/-; Badges, 2/6
Haversacks, Leather bottom, 9/6 and 12/6
Swords, Puttees, Spurs, etc. Gilt Rank Stars and Crowns, 1/- pr.

Patterns & Price List—post free *Old Uniforms—Bought & Sold*

KHAKI CASHMERE BUSH SHIRTS with pockets and collar, 8/11 each

Digitized by Google

The Crossley SIX

The SIX at its best

THIS Crossley is the six-cylinder car at its best. Its design is advanced, yet proved by every test. It is rightly regarded as the finest car of its type ever placed on the British market.

It makes light of a mile-a-minute yet is perfectly safe to drive at all speeds. Its acceleration is a revelation of smoothly balanced power. It maintains a high average speed without apparent effort.

Smoothness, power, silence, ease of control—in each of these the Crossley Six excels. No other car of similar rating offers these features in so marked a degree.

The Crossley Six is creating tremendous interest. We will gladly arrange a trial run or send you a catalogue.

5-str. Touring Car	**£675**
Fabric Saloon	**£720**
Saloon (Coachbuilt)	**£795**
Enclosed Limousine	**£875**
Enclosed Landaulette	**£895**

Ask also for details of the

CROSSLEY 14 - £350

Touring Car **£350** Fabric Saloon **£425**
Saloon de Luxe **£495**

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER, & 20 Conduit St., LONDON

Digitized by Google

F. PHILLIPS

Medallist & Silversmith

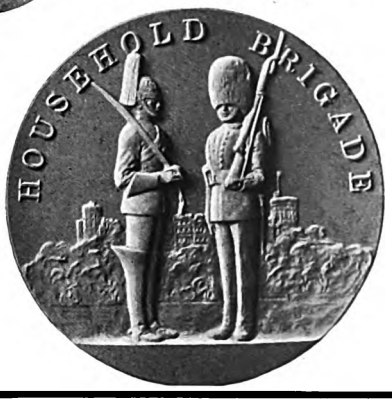
WELLINGTON STREET

ALDERSHOT

Telephone: 160
Telegrams: "Medallist, Aldershot"

MEDALS OF HIGHEST ARTISTIC MERIT MANUFACTURED BY US FOR THE ROYAL NAVY, THE ARMY AND ROYAL AIR FORCE

CHALLENGE CUPS, TROPHIES, ETC.



ESTABLISHED OVER 140 YEARS.

H. & G. SIMONDS, LTD.

Brewers, Wine & Spirit Merchants,

READING

AND THE TAMAR BREWERY, DEVONPORT.

UNDER SAME CONTROL AND MANAGEMENT:

Mackeson & Co., Ltd., Hythe, Kent. South Berks Brewery Co., Ltd., Newbury

Unrivalled for the Supply of Naval, Military and Air Force Canteens and Messes.

Branch Stores and Offices:

ALDERSHOT (Military Branch)—Farnborough Street, Farnborough, Hants.
BRIGHTON—(and for Worthing, Lewes, Seaford, etc.) 4 Castle Square, Brighton.
DEVONPORT—The Tamar Brewery, Devonport.
FARNBOROUGH—(and for Royal Military and Staff Colleges, Sandhurst)—Farnborough Street, Farnborough, Hants.
HASTINGS—Mackeson & Co., Ltd., The Brewery Hythe, Kent.
LONDON—The Plough Brewery, 516, Wandsworth Road, S.W. 8.
LUDGERSHALL (and for Andover and Salisbury Plain)—Tidworth Road, Ludgershall.
OXFORD—67 & 68, High Street, Oxford.
PLYMOUTH—(and for Exeter and Western District)—The Tamar Brewery, Devonport.
PORTSMOUTH—(and for Gosport, Isle of Wight, Southern District and Channel Islands)—33 Marmion Road, Southsea; and 69 Hyde Park Road, Southsea.
SALISBURY—Fisherton Brewery Stores, Salisbury.
SHORNCLIFFE—(and for Chatham, Sheerness, Dover, Sandgate, Hastings and South-Eastern District)—Mackeson & Co., Ltd., The Brewery, Hythe, Kent.
SLOUGH (and for Halton Camp, Windsor, Northolt, Uxbridge, etc.)—High Street, Slough.
SWANSEA—43 Orchard Street, Swansea.
WOKING—(and for Chertsey, Weybridge, Walton-on-Thames, Cobham, Guildford, Bisley Camp, etc.)—88 Chertsey Road, Woking.
WOOLWICH—(and for Colchester, Gravesend, Shoeburyness, Biggin Hill and Warley)—51 Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E. 18.
MALTA—311 Strada Reale and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 Right Marina, Valletta, Malta.
GIBRALTAR—Alameda, Gibraltar.
EGYPT, PALESTINE—Agent—Mr. A. W. Glover, 4, Deir-el-Banat, Cairo.

Digitized by Google

GUNN & MOORE, Ltd.

The Leading House

FOR ALL REQUISITES

for

CRICKET
TENNIS
FOOTBALL

(ASSOCIATION & RUGBY)

HOCKEY, BADMINTON

GOLF, BOWLS, FIVES, BOXING, &c.

OVER 40 YEARS' REPUTATION

BUY BRITISH

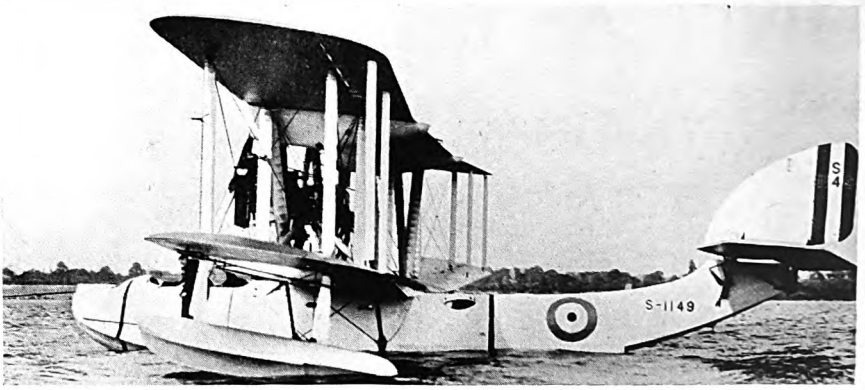
SEND FOR SUMMER OR WINTER CATALOGUES, POST FREE

49 Carrington St.
NOTTINGHAM

ENGLAND

Works: CASTLE BOULEVARD Telephone 714 Telegrams: AUTOGRAPH, NOTTINGHAM

Digitized by Google



SUPERMARINE "SOUTHAMPTON," METAL CONSTRUCTED, TWIN ENGINE FLYING BOAT

The metal-constructed "SOUTHAMPTON" Flying-boat fitted with two Napier Lion Engines is built of duralumin with stainless steel fittings eliminating both rust and corrosion. Weight saved as compared with wooden hull, 500 lb. Due to absence of water soakage there is a further saving of 400 lb. Four machines of this type have been selected by the Air Ministry to carry out as self-contained units the cruise to the Far East, via Egypt, India, Singapore, and then on round Australia.

DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED

THE SUPERMARINE AVIATION WORKS, LTD.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

KUMMEL BACZEWSKI

The Finest on The Market

J. A. BACZEWSKI

Lwów (Lemberg)
Poland

ESTABLISHED 1782

Digitized by Google

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

THE

SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

under its

DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM

OF WHOLE LIFE ASSURANCE

(Low Premiums with Limited Payments)

enables Officers to provide for those dependent on them

and under its

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE

SPECIAL FUND

Issues Policies which secure a Capital Sum payable at death or on attaining a specified age.

In times of peace, War and Climate Risks may be covered by a moderate extra premium ceasing after 5 or 10 payments, or on permanent retirement if earlier.

Full Particulars on Application

Head Office:

6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH

London:

3 LOMBARD STREET, E.C. 3;

17 PALL MALL, S.W. 1.

ESTABLISHED 1837

FUNDS · · £18,250,000

Digitized by Google

We made your
THRESHER
TRENCH COAT

and satisfied you and thousands of other officers with the best weather-coat the war produced.

The same quality of Tailoring, the same quality of material is offered you now in a series of raincoats and overcoats ready for immediate wear, the latter ranging from a light slip-on to a heavy travelling coat. All sizes in plain colours, or subdued plaid effects.

6 Gns. & 9 Gns.

THRESHER & GLENNY

CIVIL & MILITARY TAILORS

152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

NEXT SOMERSET HOUSE

OUTFITTING FOR INDIA AND THE TROPICS.

Officers proceeding abroad and other intending travellers economically equipped with clothing and everything essential for Civil appointments, Military Service, Residence, Sport and Travel.

Service Dress, Khaki and White Drills, Uniform and Mufti, Shirts, Hosiery, Helmets, Trunks, Packing Cases, Travelling Requisites, and Camp Kit.

Write for details :

152 & 153
STRAND,
W.C.2.

The Royal Society of St. George

Founded 1894

Patrons: HIS MAJESTY THE KING, HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
President: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

All Patriotic Englishmen are invited to join THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE, amongst the important objects of which are :—

1.—To encourage and strengthen the spirit of Patriotism amongst all of English birth or origin throughout the world irrespective of creed or party.

2.—To revive the recognition and celebration throughout the world of St. George's Day—the old English Festival Day of St. George—and the anniversary of the birth and death of Shakespeare—April 23rd.

3.—To disseminate Patriotic literature more especially amongst the young, and to present to English Schools the Flag of our Country.

4.—To advocate the direct and systematic teaching of Patriotism in Schools of every grade, and the founding of Chairs of Patriotism at our Universities.

5.—To further English interests by every possible means.

6.—To render assistance in furtherance of all English and Patriotic movements.

7.—To promote and encourage the physical culture of the English people.

8.—To publish a journal or magazine, "The English Race," to help to promote the foregoing objects, which are calculated to inspire our fellow-countrymen throughout the world with a jealous pride in all that concerns the welfare and greatness of their native land and Empire.

Full Membership is restricted to Englishmen and Englishwomen (or their issue) wheresoever born, being British subjects.

HOWARD RUFF,
Founder-Hon. Secretary.

5 BLOOMSBURY SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Digitized by Google

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TO CANADA

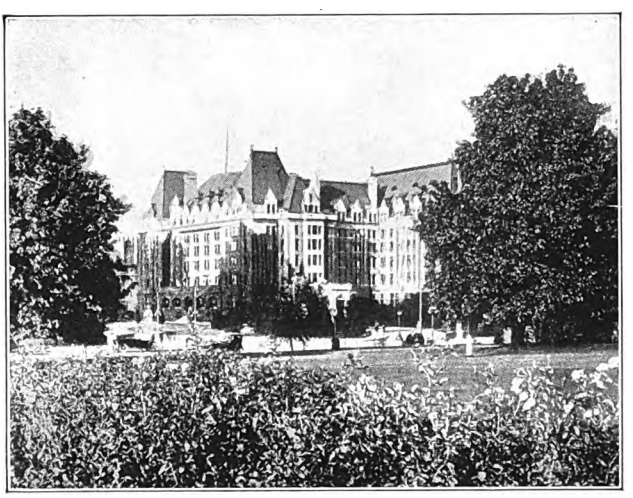
Many Retired Officers of the Fighting Forces have comfortable homes with all the amenities of country life, good educational facilities, moderate cost of living, a variety of scenery and a beautiful climate on

Vancouver Island, British Columbia

There are still many opportunities for the settlement of ex-officers and their families on the Island, particulars of which can be obtained from the

Canadian Pacific Railway

62—65 CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W.1
Or Local Agents Everywhere.



THE EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Digitized by Google

Tel.: Gerrard 3750 (3 lines)

MOSS BROS & Co LTD

Tel. Add.: "Parsee, Rand, London"

Naval, Military, R.A.F., & Civil Outfitters

KIT for every branch of the Services

READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR

Naval, Military and Air Force Uniforms, Full and Mess Dress. Naval Frock Coats, Swords, Camp Equipment.

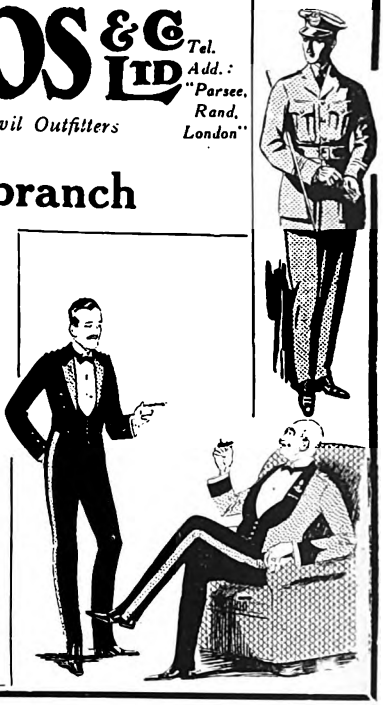
Every Department of Outfitting for Men—Mufti—Polo and Hunting Kit — Saddlery — Kit Bags, Trunks, Binoculars, etc.

ONLY ADDRESS

Corner of **KING ST** and Bedford St

COVENT-GARDEN

(JUST OFF THE STRAND) W.C. 2



J. BOSTOCK & Co

MILITARY WINE MERCHANTS

17 Water Lane, Great Tower St

LONDON, E.C. 3

The Firm which has established a direct link between the wine growers and over fifty regimental messes

Cellars stocked

Payment as consumed

Special terms to "Fighting Forces" subscribers

Digitized by Google

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED,

with which is incorporated the business of

Messrs. COX & Co.,

Army & Royal Air Force Agents,
formerly of 16, Charing Cross, &c.

Present Address: 6, PALL MALL, S.W. 1.

HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, E.C. 3.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED	£71,864,780
CAPITAL PAID UP	14,372,956
RESERVE FUND	10,000,000
DEPOSITS, &c.	341,434,332
ADVANCES, &c.	164,714,331

The Bank has over 1,650 Offices in England and Wales, and several in India, Burmah and Egypt. It also has Correspondents and Agents throughout the World, and is closely associated with the following Banks:—

The National Bank of Scotland Limited.
Bank of London & South America Limited.
Lloyds & National Provincial Foreign Bank Limited.
The National Bank of New Zealand, Limited.
Bank of British West Africa, Limited.
The British Italian Banking Corporation, Limited.

Digitized by Google

Sir!

Doubtless you have interests in some Company or other dividend-earning concerns that rely to a great extent on well-conceived publicity for the creation of "sales."

Have you ever considered the wide and wonderful circulation that every copy of "The Fighting Forces" gets?

You are in a position to appreciate, better than any body, the tremendous pull of a Magazine of such standing. Here, therefore, is a medium of proved value. Its advertisement pages command attention again and again.

Why not try it for the business you are interested in?

Rates, specimens and positions available from
ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER,
"THE FIGHTING FORCES"
(Central 0397)
2 AMEN CORNER, LONDON E.C. 4.

George Allen & Unwin

History of the 60th (London) Division, 1914-1918

Illustrated.

Edited by Col. P. H. DALBIAC, C.B. 21s.

"The history is very full and detailed . . the story is well told."—*Times.*

Napoleon

By EMIL LUDWIG. 21s.

Illustrated. (*5th Printing*).

"The most readable and the most illuminating book about Napoleon that has ever been written."—J. C. SQUIRE, *in The Observer.*

40 Museum Street, W.C.1.

Just Published

WHERE CAVALRY STANDS TO-DAY

BY

Lt.-Col. H. V. S. Charrington, M.C.

12TH ROYAL LANCERS

A clear and concise review of the present-day position of Cavalry as an instrument of modern warfare by a recent Instructor of the Staff College, Camberley

PRICE 3/6 POSTAGE 3D.

LONDON:

HUGH REES, LTD.

5 & 7 REGENT STREET, S.W.1

Digitized by Google

GRINDLAY & COMPANY

LIMITED

Bankers and Agents

ESTABLISHED 1828

Affiliated with National Provincial Bank, Limited

Directors—

AUSTIN LOW, C.I.E.
TREVOR J. MATTHEWS
STUART LOW, D.S.O.
R. MALCOLM
DONALD S. CAMPBELL, M.C.
T. H. BENGER
G. C. WILKINSON

Head Office: 54 Parliament St., London, S.W.1

BRANCHES at BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, DELHI, SIMLA, LAHORE and PESHAWAR.

AGENCIES at SOUTHAMPTON, MARSEILLES and PORT SAID.

Banking Business of every description undertaken. Pay and pensions of Officers in the Navy, Army and Air Force, and Civil Servants on the active and retired lists collected. Current and deposit accounts opened. Stock Exchange securities held in safe custody and dividends collected.

INSURANCES OF EVERY KIND ARRANGED.

Passages secured to all parts of the world free of charges.

Baggage collected and forwarded or stored.

Newspapers and periodicals despatched abroad. Price list on application.

Bankers to Fighting Forces, Limited

Digitized by Google

STAFF COLLEGES' ENTRANCE
AND
PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS

CARLISLE & GREGSON

5 & 7 Lexham Gardens, Kensington
W.8

prepare for the above by individual instruction, monthly classes and correspondence
also for
Commissions in Regular Army for Officers of Territorial Army and Supplementary Reserve,
for
Navy (special entrance), Army, Royal Air Force
and for
Universities

Telegraph: "Lexjam, Kens, London." *Telephone:* Western 1287

The Land for You

An Officer on retiring cannot do better than settle in British Columbia.

This fine Province offers wonderful scope to the enterprising. Its mineral and forest wealth is probably in excess of that of any other country in the world, whilst its fertile valleys provide splendid opportunities to engage in Fruit Growing, Mixed Farming, Dairying, Poultry Raising, Seed and Bulb Growing.

Both big and small game are varied and in abundance. Living conditions and educational facilities are excellent. Houses are up-to-date and good roads link up all places of importance.

For particulars, together with free set of illustrated post cards, write :—

The Agent-General for
BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH COLUMBIA HOUSE

1/3 REGENT ST. S.W.1

Digitized by Google

GLYN, MILLS & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1753

Registered with unlimited liability, 1885
incorporating
CHILD & CO. & HOLT & CO.
(Est. before 1600) (Est. 1809)

BANKERS

Official Army & Air Force Agents

Navy & Prize Agents

Managing Partners :

LORD WOLVERTON
LAURENCE CURRIE
LORD HILLINGDON
General The Hon. SIR H. A. LAWRENCE, K.C.B.
Brigadier-General A. MAXWELL, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
ERIC GORE BROWNE, D.S.O.
FREDERICK WILLIAM FANE
MARTIN DRUMMOND VESEY HOLT

Head Office : 67 LOMBARD ST., E.C. 3

West End Branches : 3, Whitehall Place and 44, Charing Cross, S.W. 1

Current and Deposit Accounts opened on the usual terms

The Bank has Agents or Correspondents in all the principal cities or towns throughout the world, on whom Letters of Credit and Circular Notes are issued.

The Bank undertakes the office of Executor and Trustee

Digitized by Google

THE PIPER IN PEACE AND WAR

By CHARLES A. MALCOLM

Foreword by the DUKE OF ATHOLL, K.T. *Illustrated* **10s. 6d.** *net.*

"An entrancing narrative, showing how this historic instrument can call forth tears or laughter, inspire contempt of danger, arouse pride of race and evoke readiness for self-sacrifice."—*Aberdeen Press.*

"This very full and engrossing history. The art and its performers could not have had a more enthusiastic or more industrious recorder. Mr. Malcolm has dealt worthily with a subject that is well fitted to inspire a Scottish pen."—*Scotsman.*

"Should be read by all who feel the fascination of the bagpipe."—*Evening Standard.*

The Oxfordshire Hussars in the Great War, 1914-18

By ADRIAN KEITH FALCONER. "The book supplies a permanent and dignified memorial to the Regiment's sufferings and achievements."—*Oxford Times.* Maps and Illustrations. **18s.** *net.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

"LIGHT"

A JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

The Official Journal of Spiritualism with weekly contributions from all the leading authorities.

Published every Thursday. Price 4d.
Subscription for twelve months, 22/-

HUTCHINSON & CO.

33-36, Paternoster Row - LONDON

Digitized by Google

TACTICAL SCHEMES

FROM PLATOONS TO BRIGADES WITH SOLUTIONS AND NOTES

including

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS SUITABLE FOR **PROMOTION** ON TOPOGRAPHY, MAP READING, FIELD ENGINEERING *and* FIELD ADMINISTRATION *also* SOLUTIONS TO SCHEMES SET FOR THE **STAFF COLLEGE** *also* ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HISTORY OF THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR

By A. KEARSEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., *p.s.c.*
(Late Lieut.-Colonel, General Staff)

7/6 NET. (By Post, 8/-)

"The military man who works carefully through this book should find in practice few tactical difficulties that have not been envisaged. . . . . The book is a valuable addition to existing treatises on military science."—*Western Morning News.*

"The title of this book is ambitious, but the author fairly lives up to his purpose. The 180 pages are replete with useful data and advice."—*Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, May,* 1927.

Printed and Published by

GALE & POLDEN, LTD.
WELLINGTON WORKS, ALDERSHOT

Basic Principles of Air Warfare

(The influence of Air power on Sea and Land Strategy)

By SQUADRON LEADER

Foreword by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDMUND IRONSIDE, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

7/6 NET. (By Post, 7/10)

"'Squadron Leader' holds the balance fair, discounting exaggerated claims on the one hand, while on the other hand emphasizing the vital importance in war of air operations conducted in co-operation with those of the other two fighting Services."—*Edinburgh Review, April,* 1927.

"A notable book, which gains force from its extremely moderate claims for air power, and its candid avowal of the present checks. . . . This book is all the more welcome as a starting point for thought and discussion and can give no offence to even the most conservative adherents of the other Services."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"'Squadron Leader' has performed a great duty to the State in writing this book, which is of the highest interest to all three Services. . . . . We recommend the book to all students of war and especially to young officers, who will find the many quotations of masters of war on the art of war with which the book abounds."—*Extract from "The Yorkshire Herald," March 5th,* 1927.

"'Squadron Leader's' book should be read by all officers of the three Services. It is the first serious attempt to formulate any doctrine of the employment of aircraft in war, and it is at the same time an excellent exposition of the art of war."—*The Aeroplane, May 25th,* 1927.

Printed and Published by

GALE & POLDEN, LTD.
WELLINGTON WORKS, ALDERSHOT
AND AT LONDON AND PORTSMOUTH

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *and* BRITISH EMPIRE AIR SERVICES DIARY, 1928

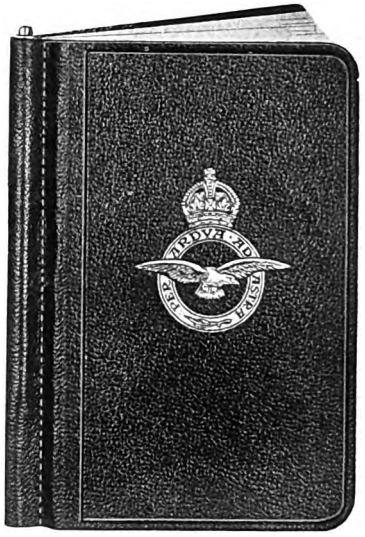
4th Year of Publication — *Many New Features*

10% of the published price of every copy sold will be handed over to THE ROYAL AIR FORCE MEMORIAL FUND

Bound in Blue Cloth, without loop and pencil
1/6 net.

Bound in Blue Cloth, with loop and pencil
2/- net.

Postage Extra



Bound in Royal Blue Leather with loop and pencil
3/- net.

Also published in refill form, complete in Solid Blue Morocco Leather Wallets
7/6
complete.

Postage Extra

Actual Size of Diary 5 inches by 3¾ inches

This Diary has been compiled by permission of

THE AIR MINISTRY

and will be found to contain valuable and exhaustive information in regard to the Royal Air Force, the Air Forces of the Dominions and Civil Aviation.

Forewords by H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G., K.T., G.C.V.O.; Lt.-Col. The Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL J. G. HOARE, Bt., C.M.G., M.P., Secretary of State for Air; Air Chief Marshal Sir HUGH M. TRENCHARD, G.C.B., D.S.O.

CONTENTS OF THIS DIARY INCLUDE:—

PART I.—The Royal Air Force and British Empire Air Forces. PART II.—Civil Aviation. PART III.—General Interest. PART IV.—Diary for the Year. PART V.—Résumé of Sport.

104 *Pages Daily Diary, ruled for notes and giving daily events, anniversaries, etc.*

Obtainable from

GALE & POLDEN, LTD., ALDERSHOT

Digitized by Google

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE BENGAL ARMY: 1758-1834

Alphabetically arranged and annotated with Biological and Genealogical Notices. By *MAJOR V. C. P. HODSON*, author of "Historical Records of the Viceroy's Bodyguard."

Part I. 21*s. net.*

Field: "A book which will be interesting to all those who have served in the Army in India."

Sunday Times: "Will be in constant use when nearly all the best sellers of to-day are absolutely forgotten."

CONSTABLE ORANGE ST. LONDON W.C. 2

The Life of
Sir Albert Hastings Markham

By M. E. and F. A. Markham

With a portrait, 4 plates, 13 text figures, and 3 maps.

Demy 8vo. 15s. NET.

"Renowned alike as a sea-officer and an explorer, he practised throughout his busy, arduous and varied career, the stern and simple ideals of faith and duty and kindness; and his life, so modestly and skilfully chronicled by the Misses M. E. and F. A. Markham, will become a classic among naval biographies. Every naval cadet should possess and study this enthralling volume." *The Morning Post.*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Digitized by Google

G. Bell & Sons

THE INDECISIVENESS OF MODERN WAR.

By J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. Eleven Essays by the distinguished biographer of Napoleon, on problems of war and national policy ... ... 10s. 6d. net

"The various subjects are treated with the fullness of knowledge, the accuracy and freedom from bias, which are the marks of all that comes from the pen of the Cambridge Professor of Naval History."—Professor Spenser Wilkinson in the *Manchester Guardian*

"A book which should be read by all who are interested in strategic and kindred problems."—*Outlook*.

BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARIES.

By Algernon Cecil. Studies in the Personality and Policy of eleven leading Statesmen from 1807 to 1916.

Just Out. 390 pp., with portraits. 15s. net

"Few people who take up this book will put it down without an effort. It is exceedingly entertaining ; it abounds in information ; its personal sketches are vivid and happy ; it runs easily . . . Mr. Cecil's interesting, stimulating book . . . will not lack critics, but it certainly should not lack readers."—*New Statesman*.

A SHORT LIFE OF MARLBOROUGH.

By H. J. Edwards, C.B., M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and E. A. Edwards. With Portraits, Maps and Plans ... ... 7s. 6d. net.

"At once scholarly and popular, it gives, within a small compass, a remarkably clear and readable account both of Marlborough's military career, and a lively and sympathetic picture of Marlborough the man . . . a well knit and well proportioned summary of a great career."—*Nation*.

WORKS BY DR. J. H. ROSE

LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT.

By John Holland Rose, Litt.D. (Camb.), Vere Harmsworth Professor of Naval History, University of Cambridge. 1262 pp. ... ... 15s. net

"Dr. J. Holland Rose has an acknowledged place among the very first of living historians, and this splendid volume—a really remarkable addition to historical biography—may perhaps be regarded as his finest achievement."—*Daily Telegraph*.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

1126 pp. with Portrait, Maps and Plans. 10s. net. Also a Library Edition. In two volumes, Illustrated ... ... 30s. net

"The best of all biographies of Napoleon yet published."—*Times*.

A SHORT LIFE OF WILLIAM PITT. ... 4s. 6d. net

"Pitt, as revealed in these pages, is a very human figure. By far the best study of Pitt which has yet appeared."—*Sunday Times*.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD., York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2

Digitized by Google

The

GO-ANYWHERE TRUCK

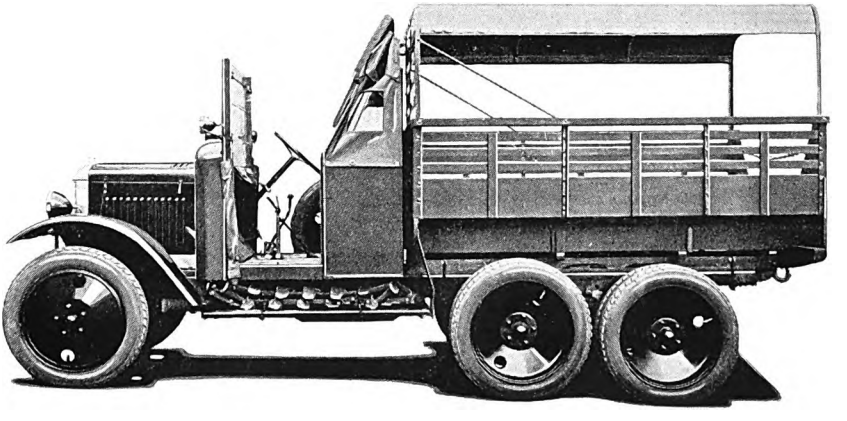
This MORRIS-COMMERCIAL Six-Wheeled vehicle is in a class alone.

Deep mud or swamp—rough virgin ground—steep hills or slippery surfaces, do not impede the progress of this versatile Six-Wheeler.

The whole scope of motor transport is widened, especially in undeveloped countries or where roads are few and bad.

The provisional price of this Six-Wheeled chassis is £450, including eleven wheels and tyres.

Send to-day for special catalogue.



MORRIS-COMMERCIAL

SIX-WHEELED VEHICLE

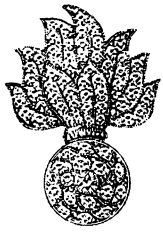
Are you interested in the "Go-anywhere" touring car ?
If so, write to us for full details.

MORRIS-COMMERCIAL CARS LTD., SOHO, BIRMINGHAM

Digitized by Google

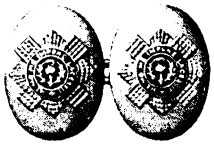
BY APPOINTMENT

Badge Jewellery



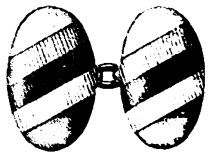
Grenadier Guards.
Rose Diamond,
Platinum and Gold
Brooch
£33 . 10 . 0

Royal Fusiliers.
Rose Diamond, Enamel,
Platinum and 18 carat
Gold Brooch
£36 . 15 . 0



Scots Guards.
Enamel, Platinum and
18-carat Gold Links
Per pair **£12 . 10 . 0**

Coldstream Guards.
Rose Diamond, Ruby,
Enamel, Platinum and
18-carat Gold Brooch
£33 . 10 . 0



18-carat Gold Links
with any Regimental
Colours in Enamel
Per pair . **£4 . 5 . 0**

ILLUSTRATED above are a few of the many fine pieces of Badge Jewellery produced by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. Exquisitely worked in platinum, gold and enamel, and set with diamonds and other gems, these Badge brooches, scarf-pins, links, etc., suggest attractive solutions to the ever-recurring gift problem. The Badge of any regiment can be similarly reproduced.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES SENT UPON REQUEST

The
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.

Jewellers & Silversmiths to H.M. the King

ONLY ADDRESS **112 Regent Street, London W.1.** NO BRANCHES
(Corner of Glasshouse Street)

Digitized by Google

"THE FIGHTING FORCES."

April Issue.

Not only is the British public taking an increased interest in Service matters, but the officers and men of the three services themselves are beginning to voice their opinions in a way that shows they fully realize their responsibilities as citizens as well as soldiers

These good results are largely due to the enterprise of *The Fighting Forces*, which continues to provide eminently readable articles on Service matters, of a very high standard.

The leading article in the April issue is a review, from the military point of view, of Mr. Churchill's latest volume of "The World Crisis." It pays a tribute to the amazing charm of style, and the beauty of language which this book discloses, and at the same time emphasizes the almost diabolical errors of the policy of attrition which came within an ace of causing this country's downfall, and which constitutes the main theme of Mr. Churchill's indictment. Col. Fuller, who is shortly to command the new mechanized brigade on Salisbury Plain, shows clearly in his article, "Tactics and Mechanization," how in future wars victory may be attained by *modern* methods without the appalling losses of the Great War, and clearly describes the *functions* of each branch of the Army of the future.

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, in a lucid and clearly reasoned article, discusses the co-ordination of the fighting services and shows the urgent need for quick action in this matter.

"Naval Grumbles," an unsigned article, tells in an attractive manner how the British Navy of to-day, though one of the healthiest, happiest and most efficient communities in the world, has its grumbles—and a few grievances. Another naval article of great interest is "Dartmouth or a Ducal Dream," which severely criticizes the Duke of Montrose's plan of scrapping the famous Naval College. An editorial article, "The Sea is England's Natural Aerodrome," makes a powerful plea for the flying-boat, the value of which is far from being realized by the authorities.

The recent outcry against the abolition of the Territorial bounty lends special interest to Lieut.-Col. Scammell's article, "The 40th Division, U.S. Army." There seems to be a better liaison between regulars and non-regulars in the United States than is the case in this country.

An innovation is the inclusion in the present number of two articles by serving non-commissioned officers.

There are many other interesting articles, five excellent stories, including a fishing story, "The Lost Trout," and the book reviews are specially good. No one should miss the first book review, "A Book of Distinction" (Field Service Regulations), which is hard to beat for pure humour.

The Editorial deals principally with the estimates, and shows there are likely to be some striking disclosures about Jutland in the near future.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

I'm ready

for

THE DAY!

I've got a

Baby Girl's Policy

with Marriage Benefits

Write for particulars to

LEGAL & GENERAL

Assurance Society Limited

10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

General Manager: W. A. WORKMAN, F.I.A.

Digitized by Google

OFFICERS
ON THE
ACTIVE LIST

見義不爲無勇也

will cordially endorse the old saying of Confucius, printed in the margin:—

"TO SEE THE RIGHT THING
"AND NOT TO DO IT
"IS WANT OF COURAGE."

Faced with the risk of Retirement in middle life, the Right Thing is to effect an

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE

affording Unconditional Cover against Service Risks with a provision against reduction of pay when Family Expenses are at their heaviest.

An Officer aged 25 can secure £2,000 at Death or Retirement at age 50 for a yearly outlay of £62 2s. 0d., allowing for Rebate of Income Tax and including a

World-Wide Service License

Write for Officers' Brochure to the

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO. Ltd.

61 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.2. 64 Princes Street, Edinburgh

Printed and Published by GALE & POLDEN, Ltd., Wellington Works, Aldershot, for the Proprietors, "Fighting Forces, Ltd." 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4. Overseas Agents:—INDIA: Thacker, Spink & Co. Calcutta and Simla; Thacker & Co., Ltd., Bombay: Higginbothams, Ltd., Madras and Bangalore. CANADA: Imperial News Co., Ltd. AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND: Angus & Robertson, Ltd. SOUTH AFRICA: W. Dawson & Son (S.A.), Ltd., 29 and 31 Long Street, Cape Town.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JUN 19 1928

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google